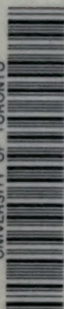
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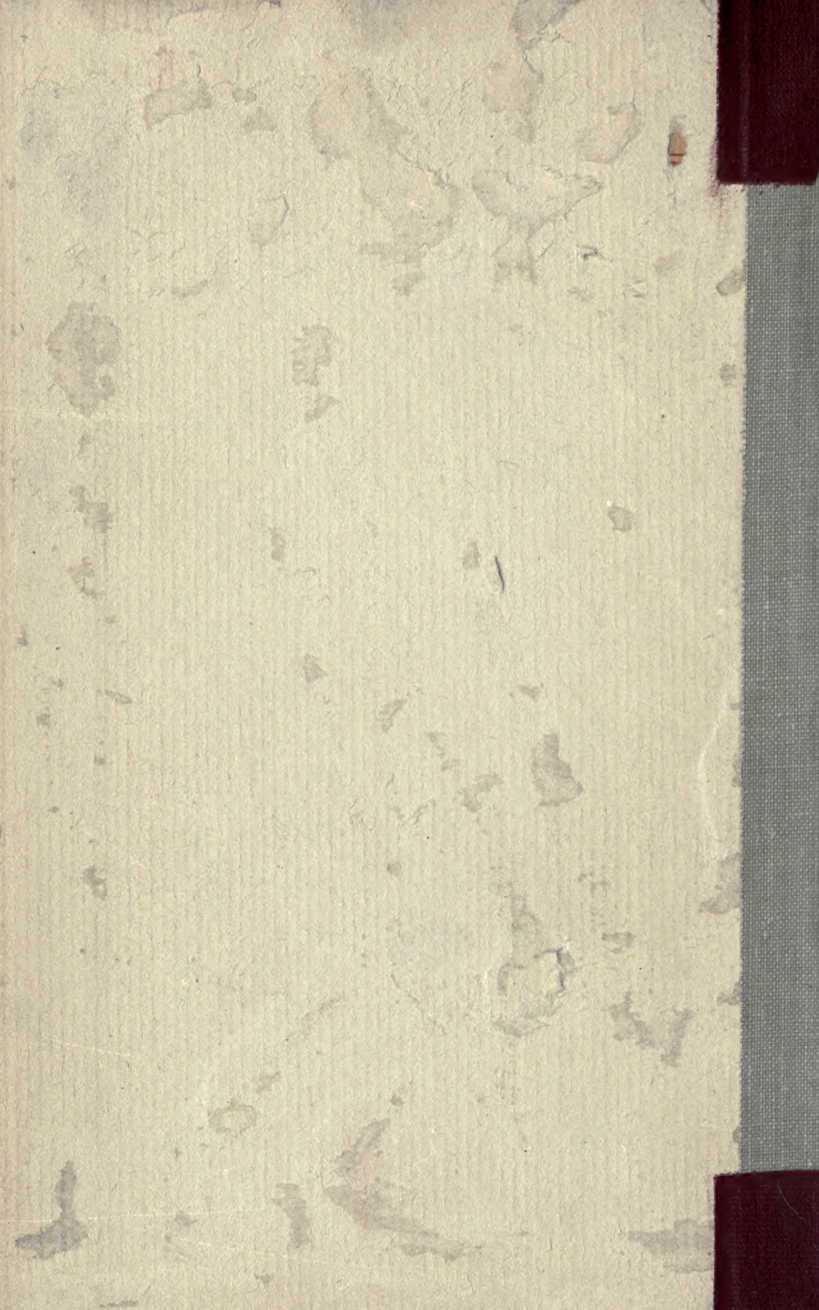

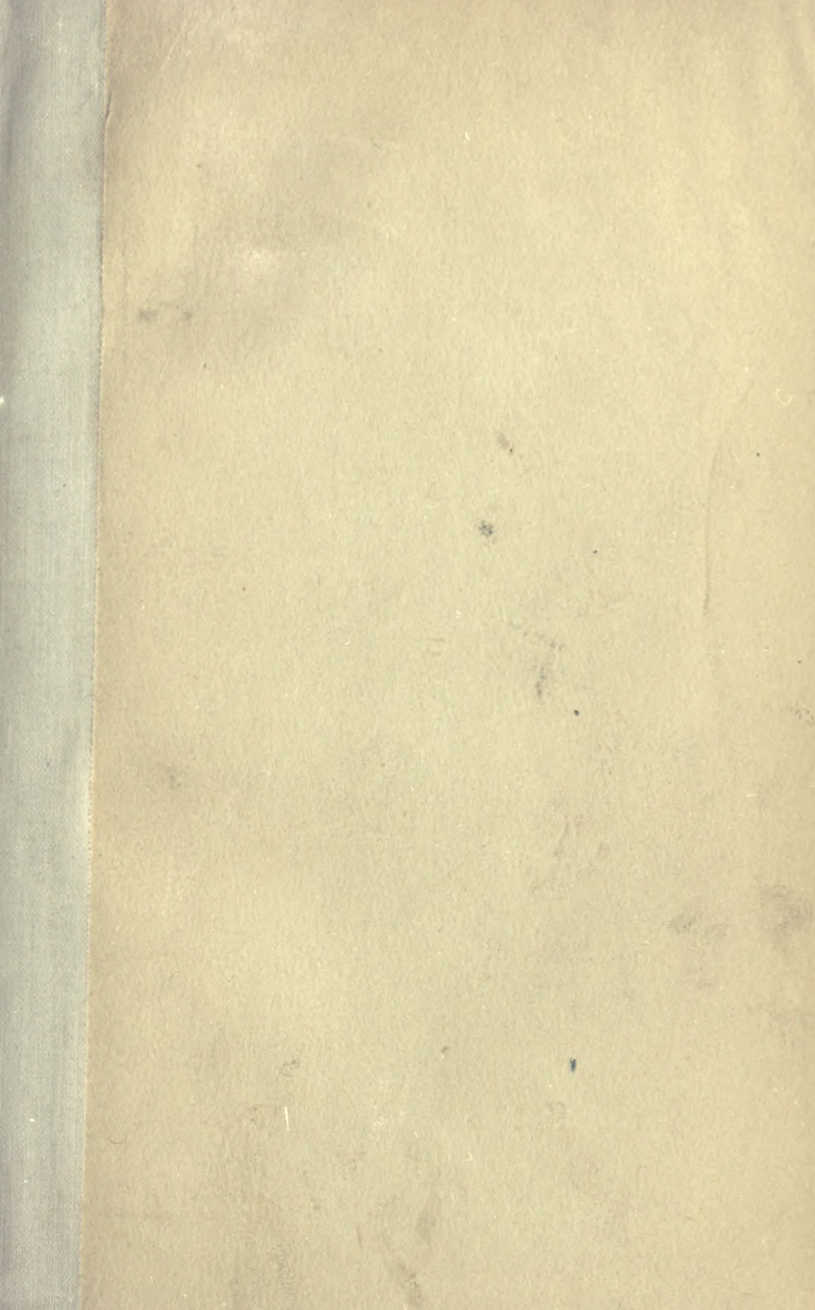

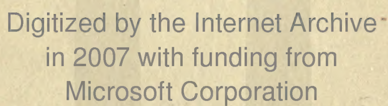
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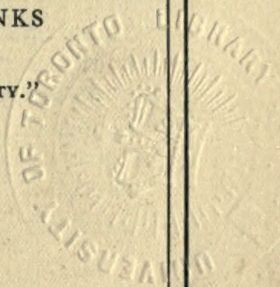
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "NEWSPAPER GIRL"

BY

ELIZABETH (L.) BANKS

AUTHOR OF

"CAMPAIGNS OF CURIOSITY."



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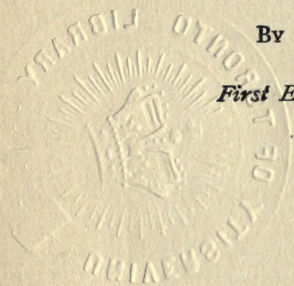
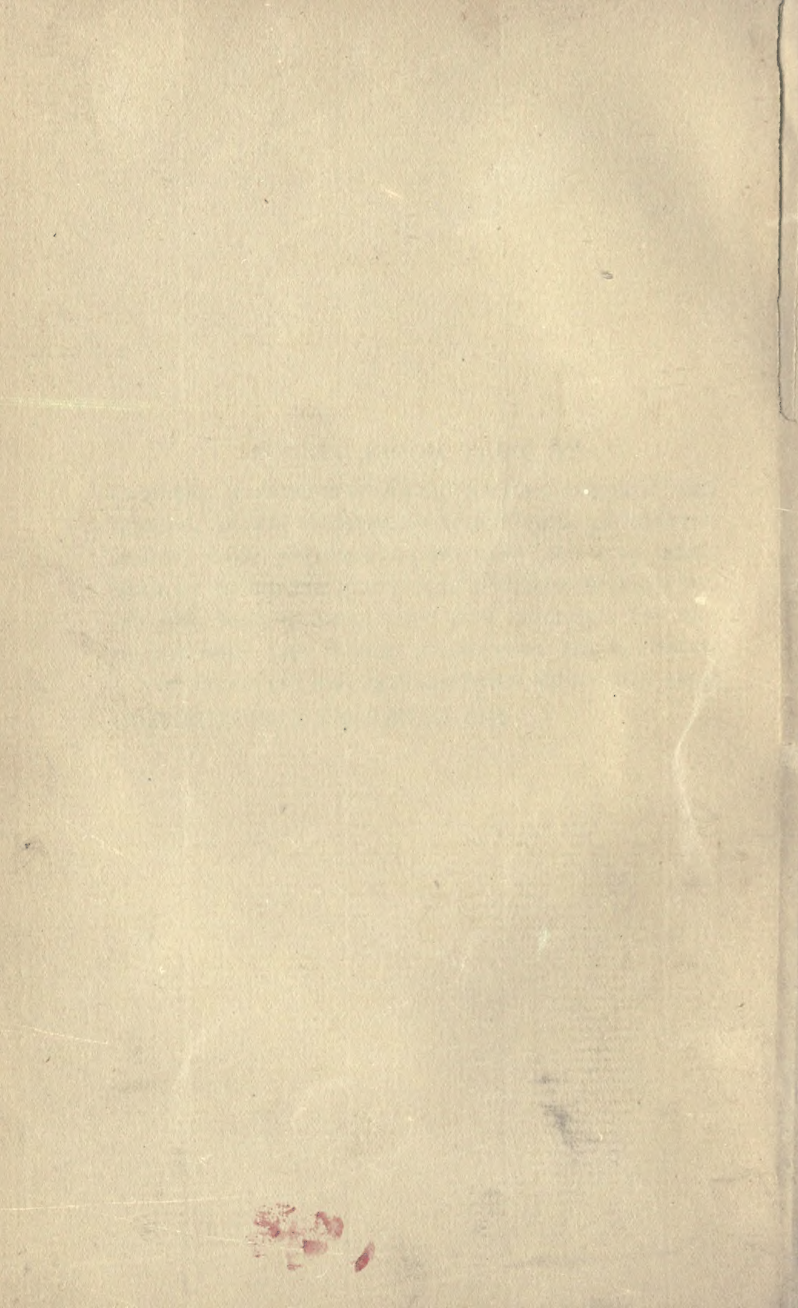


TO THAT MODEL EDITOR

WHO COMBINES ENGLISH COURTEOUSNESS WITH AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, WHO ACCEPTS MY ARTICLES BEFORE READING THEM, PAYS FOR THEM BEFORE PRINTING THEM, WHOSE CHECKS HAVE THESE SEVERAL YEARS HELPED ME TO KEEP THE POT A-BOILING, YET, WHO, BEING MODEST AND RETIRING IN HIS DISPOSITION, WOULD NOT WISH ME TO NAME HIM, THESE REMINISCENCES ARE DEDICATED BY

HIS CONSTANT CONTRIBUTOR.



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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A "NEWSPAPER GIRL"

CHAPTER I.

I AM COMMITTED TO THE CHARGE OF THE ANGELS.

"He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone."

This was the benediction that was brokenly spoken over me, by my venerable relative and guardian, when one day I left my Wisconsin farm home, full of youth and health and confidence, to earn my own living and make a career.

My going away was an important event in that quiet neighborhood, and there were gathered about the little village station in spring-seated wagonettes and hard-seated lumber-wagons, many farmers and their families who stood up high and waved their handkerchiefs to me as the train moved away.

Another time, a few years before, there had also been a little stir in the place over a leave-taking of mine. Then I had gone away to boarding school, a female seminary, where I was told I must study hard and learn my lessons and finally graduate with

honors, to show my appreciation of all the sacrifices that were being made in my farm home to give me the advantages of a college education.

"Now, remember," my relative had said to me at that time, "you are going away to school so you can make yourself capable of taking care of yourself when you are four years older. You are a poor girl, without a penny you can call your own in all the world. Think of that when you are tempted to have a good time instead of studying hard."

So during the four years at the seminary I remembered it, and though at school I never got the name of being a "book-worm" or a "goodey" — indeed, though I even became a member of a select set known as the "Society of the Ten Imps"—I did study hard, always with the end in view of preparing to support myself. As it seemed to me I should like best to earn my living by writing for the newspapers, I paid particular attention to such studies as I thought would help me in that way, and my "compositions," in which I never described anything that did not really happen to myself or some of my schoolmates, gained for me a sort of local fame.

Then in four years I graduated in a white frock with a piece of embroidery around the bottom—a frock that, I was informed by my relative on the farm, must be especially well taken care of, it having been procured at the village store in exchange for ten pounds of butter and eight dozen eggs.

When I had returned home the summer of my graduation, and my sheepskin diploma had been framed and hung in the parlor to be proudly ex-

hibited to every caller, I set myself to learning stenography and typewriting, with the idea of at once becoming a newspaper reporter. Then I wrote to the editors of all the newspapers I had ever heard of, and offered them my valuable services. Never an answer came back, though I had inclosed a stamped envelope for reply in every letter. I decided that editors must be approached personally, and not by letter, and I concluded that in order to get to the places where editors lived and newspapers were published, I must obtain some sort of situation in a large town. Then I sent out another batch of letters, this time to all the large stores, or shops, that I saw advertised in the semi-weekly newspaper that came to the farm, asking for a position as stenographer and typewriter, at any wages they liked to offer. Out of thirty letters I got one reply offering me a situation. It was from a wholesale grocer in a large Western city, who offered me eight dollars per week to write his letters and keep account of his cash. The situation was accepted, and then came my second leave-taking at the village station, and it was then that I went out into the wide world, happy and confident, though all alone, committed to the charge of the angels.

When I arrived in the city I hunted up a boarding house, where I was to be fed and lodged for five dollars a week. The landlady found me a washerwoman who would do my laundry work for fifty cents a week, and when the next morning I began work in my first situation, I saw that out of my eight dollars weekly

salary, I should have left over for clothes and sundries, just two and a half dollars.

For several months I wrote the grocer's letters, kept his cash accounts and made myself, as he frequently told me, his valuable assistant. The grocer's desk was near a very large window over which the curtain was never drawn. The table with my typewriting machine upon it was also placed near this window, and there, among the tastefully displayed exhibits of sugars, coffees, teas, soaps and canned goods, I sat all day and wrote on the machine. People stopped and looked at me, along with the specimen goods in the window, till my face would grow red, tears of embarrassment would roll down my cheeks and my fingers trembled as they flew over the typewriter keys. I knew that the grocer had no intention of making an advertisement of me, yet nevertheless I said to him rather bitterly one day:—

"Mr. Samson, don't you think you had better mark me 'Exhibit A,' so those people out there will know just where to place me among your goods?"

I pointed to the pavement outside, where half a dozen men stood looking into the window. The grocer pulled down the curtain with a bang and carried my typewriter and table over to an obscure corner, where I could no longer serve as an advertisement for the shop.

But just at that time I began to grow tired of the grocery business and decided it was time to start out in newspaper work. So I wrote a long article, heading it "All About Typewriter Girls," and sent it to the editor of the *Daily Hustler*, the principal news-

paper in the city, saying in my note to him, "Please publish this in your next Sunday's paper. It is all true."

Remarkable as it may seem, the next Sunday the article was published on the front page of the paper.

On Monday morning I said to my employer, the wholesale grocer:—

"I shall be leaving you on Saturday night. I am going to be a newspaper reporter."

My reason for thus summarily resigning was that I had seen my article in print, and I doubted not that all I had to do was to go and ask for a situation and find it ready to hand.

During the noon hour I went to the man I had heard referred to as the owner of the paper. His office was on the fifth floor of the great newspaper building. To my knock at his office door he answered "Come in," and then I confronted an elderly, white-whiskered man with a kind face.

"Do you own the paper?" I asked.

"I'm inclined to think I do!" he answered, looking rather amused and surprised.

"Then, will you please give me a situation on it? I had an article on the first page yesterday," I went on. "It was about typewriter girls. Now that I know I can write well enough to be published, I would like a regular salaried position."

"I read your article," he said, "and I thought the editor was giving too much prominence to the first effort of a beginner."

"Why, wasn't it good?" I exclaimed, amazed at such heartless criticism, and terrified at the thought

that I had resigned my situation at the grocer's. "I thought you'd give me a place right away, and I told my employer I wouldn't work for him after Saturday night, because I was going to be a newspaper girl."

"A newspaper girl, a newspaper girl!" the old man repeated to himself, musingly. Then he exclaimed suddenly, "Don't think of it, my poor child! Be anything, but don't be a newspaper girl. Go back to your wholesale grocer and tell him you made a mistake."

He passed his hand over his brow as though trying to smooth out the wrinkles and collect thoughts concerning something that had happened in a time gone by.

"I won't go back!" I replied, planting my feet firmly before his desk and looking at him defiantly. "I won't have the grocer laugh at me, and I'm determined to be a newspaper girl. If you won't give me a place on your paper, I will go to Chicago and get a place. There are lots of papers there, you know."

"Don't go to Chicago, no, no!" he called out as he jumped up and rushed towards the door through which I was making my indignant exit. "Come here to my office next Monday morning at nine o'clock. You are so little, I will see if I can find a hole to stow you away in."

The next Monday morning I appeared, smiling and radiant. The old man showed me a beautiful new typewriter with a wonderfully convenient desk.

"I bought it Saturday, especially for you to write on," he said. "You will be my confidential clerk and secretary in the mornings, and in the afternoons you

may try your hand at writing pieces for the editors upstairs. I'll pay you ten dollars a week to start on. It isn't much, but it's all my conscience tells me you'll be worth for the first two or three months."

When I returned to my boarding house one night, I found there a letter, announcing the death of my Wisconsin relative. I cried myself to sleep, and in my dreams I heard again the old familiar voice saying, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee," and I was comforted.

So it was that I became a "newspaper girl."

CHAPTER II.

THE "ANGELS," AND WHAT THEY WERE LIKE.

For about two months I was a sort of private secretary and confidential typist to the proprietor of the *Daily Hustler,* whose office, though in the same building, was far away and removed from the excitement and din of the editorial and reportorial rooms.

During the long intervals between letter-writing, letter-filing, indexing and the straightening of papers on my employer's desk, I would be bidden by the proprietor of the bustling Western paper to think up things for newspaper stories, to go out and walk about the town and see what was happening, to look into shop windows and observe all the new fashions, to go among the city poor and discover their joys and sorrows, to ride on the cable cars that traversed the principal streets of the town, and then to return and write about the things I had seen and heard, on my typewriting machine. Then, seated in his great office armchair, he would critically adjust his gold-rimmed spectacles and read over my first attempts at journalism before they were sent upstairs for the editors to pronounce judgment upon.

"That's very bad. Don't send that up," he would sometimes say, as he sadly shook his head over a particularly unpromising literary effort. Or again,

"Well, well, that's not so bad. You might try it on the city editor, but, mind you, I can't promise you that he'll print it. I never interfere with the editorial department." So into his waste-basket went some of my writings, up to the editorial offices went others, till one day my employer said:—

"I hear they have a great fashion-opening round at the Murrill Stores this afternoon. Suppose you go and see if you can write a funny piece about funny fashions. I don't know if they want anything like that upstairs, but if they do, and your piece is up to the mark, they might use it on Sunday."

The "funny piece about funny fashions" made its way to the editorial rooms, and, to my great delight, it appeared the following Sunday, gayly illustrated and signed by a new pen name, "Polly Pollock." A few days after that, appearing at the office one morning a little later than usual, I discovered that the corner which had been taken up with my desk and typewriter was empty. The old man sat busily writing at his desk, and wheeled about to look at me when I shrieked out in tearful and terrified accents:—

"Where's my machine, oh, where's my machine? Is it stolen or have you dismissed me?"

"Yes, I've dismissed you, Miss Polly Pollock," he said, half smiling, half frowning, "but you've got another situation. My managing editor has engaged you as a society reporter and requires you and your typewriter upstairs in his domains. Go up now and see your new office and your new employer, but don't

forget your old one. You're a full-fledged newspaper girl, now, and must take your chances with the rest."

So I graduated to the top floor of the newspaper building, and was turned over to what proved to be the very tender mercies of the managing editor and his assistants. When I worked in the proprietor's office I had always gone to my duties at nine in the morning and left off at five or six. Now, different hours were required, for I was to be a society reporter, and in the world of society nothing happened before three o'clock in the afternoon, and then things kept on happening till one or two o'clock the next morning. I was told I need not arrive at the office until the middle of the afternoon, and I must expect to stay every night until my work was ready for the next morning's paper.

In the pursuit of news I flitted hither and thither among the leaders and would-be leaders of fashion, taking notes of how Mrs. Brown was giving a pink tea and how Mrs. Green was going to pay a thousand dollars for a dress to be worn at a ball. It was as a society reporter that I gained my first introduction to the world of snobs and snobbery as well as to a world where there was much tenderness and sympathy and charity,—all under the guise of fashion. Shall I ever forget how I was once left on a hat-rack seat in the hall of an aspiring social leader (whose father was a blacksmith and whose mother was a washerwoman) while I heard the lady say to the servant:—

"A reporter, did you say? Well, I suppose I must see her. She may be of use to me."

How the hot tears dropped on to that polished hat-rack seat, as I reflected upon the vulgarity and common origin of the woman who thought I might be of "use" to her! And did I not on my return from that interview burst in upon the city editor with denunciations of the lady in question, demanding that I be allowed in my own special column to "do her up!" It was then that I received my first lesson in the art of returning good for evil in the newspaper profession, for instead of being allowed to "do her up," I was instructed to give her a "good send-off," her husband being a large advertiser.

But one night a silver lining appeared to my journalistic cloud, when I went to the Governor's great mansion on the hill to report the state ball. The Governor's wife told me to come in the next day and have luncheon with her, when she would give me notes of a great many society events that were coming off, and that after that I might call on her once a week, when she would make a point of keeping me well informed of all that society was doing that was worth knowing about. Then she introduced me to her son, who was home for the holidays from Yale, and he said:—

"Will you give me the pleasure of the next waltz?"

"I am sure reporters are not expected to dance when they go to report state balls," I answered. "And besides, I'm not properly dressed. Why, I've even got a coat and hat on!" but I showed in my face a great longing for the waltz, which I felt that newspaper etiquette bade me refuse.

"Oh, just throw the coat and hat off! Say, mother,

do you object to your son's dancing with a girl in a high-necked dress?" he said banteringly, turning to the first lady of the state.

"Do dance with him," said the lady entreatingly. "Your dress is as pretty and stylish as possible."

So I danced with the Governor's son, and during the dance I forgot I was only a newspaper girl, all alone in the world with nobody but the angels to take charge of me. The Governor's son put me in a cab and told the driver to "drive like lightning back to the *Hustler* office," and I wrote a very glowing description of that particular society "function." The city editor praised it, and I said, "Oh, but the ball was lovely! I took off my coat and hat and waltzed with the Governor's son."

He looked hard at me, then whistled, then tried to smile and look unconcerned, and when I was moving away from his desk, I heard him say to another editor who sat near him:—

"Poor little girl! I didn't have the heart to tell her that she was hired to report balls and not to dance at them with governors' sons."

Then I knew for certain that I had broken a rule of newspaper etiquette, but I could not make myself feel more than half sorry.

I thought I was a very good American in those days, believing, according to the Declaration of Independence, that all men were born free and equal, and that birth and pedigree were not to be considered in the Land of Freedom, but many times after that ball I meditated upon the fact that the Governor's lady was said to be descended from a long line of

British aristocrats, and that in her boudoir she treasured a certain book that told all about her family tree and her coat of arms and what mighty deeds were done by her great-great-great-grandfathers in the times of old England. Then I would think indignantly of the hat-rack experience with the daughter of the washerwoman, and I pondered all those things in my heart. Shall I impress the readers of my memoirs as being altogether un-American, if I confess that even now, over here in England, I am pondering them still?

Honesty compels me to say that during those first few months of my journalistic career there were not very many kind hands stretched out to me by the members of my own sex with whom my reportorial duties brought me in contact. A great many doors were slammed in my face at times; patronizing airs were shown me at other times, and there were also cringings to me because of the power I was supposed to possess in a newspaper way. So many people "used" me. Flowers were often sent to me—wonderfully costly roses and orchids, tied with ribbons—and there were boxes of candies and presents of books. Along with such attentions, however, came photographs of aspiring society belles and matrons, with very crudely written notices to the effect that Mrs. or Miss So and So, whose photograph was inclosed, was giving a ball or a reception or was going to Europe, so that I early learned not to over-value the flowers and the bonbons.

Once I was sent to a hotel at a summer resort, and a society woman, shaking hands with me, said, "I'm

all alone, if you like to have dinner with me to-morrow night. I have no such silly notions, as some persons have, about associating with newspaper women, though, of course, I wouldn't want you to repeat that you had dined with me."

"Don't fear that I shall repeat it, since I will never dine with you!" I replied.

During the winter, only occasionally, when I tramped through the snow on late nights to the various society "functions" to get descriptions of dresses, decorations and people, would the fact that I was cold—so cold sometimes that I could scarcely move my fingers to write the necessary notes—appear to be taken into consideration by society women. They seemed to regard me as a machine to make notes, to hurry away and write them up for my paper. Once, near midnight, I was going my round of evening parties, when, on the piazza of a grand stone mansion from which issued sounds of the revelry of the town's best society, I met a young woman, crouched under one of the porch pillars, a newspaper reporter like myself. She was nearly frozen, her teeth were chattering and she could scarcely speak. After a while she succeeded in explaining to me that she had got her report of the doings at that house, and was waiting on the porch for a cab which she had ordered to call there for her.

"But why didn't you stay inside the house till it came, instead of waiting here in the snow and wind?" I asked.

"Oh, because when I got my report, I told them I had a cab coming for me and would have to wait, and

I was ushered out of the door, the lady of the house saying, 'Very well, I suppose it will be along in a minute.' Oh, how cruel everybody is!" went on the girl, bitterly. "How I hate them all, how I hate them, and won't I get even with them all, one day!"

Had it not been for the kindness of the mankind, with what I may charitably term the "thoughtlessness" of the womankind, I met in those early days, I should have been in danger of becoming a pessimist and a cynic as regarded humanity; but somehow the "angels,"—who turned out to be just plain, practical, ordinary Western American men,—kept my foot from dashing against the stone of unbelief.

Frequently I found difficulty in filling my allotted space, yet notes for that society column I needs must have, so one day it occurred to me that I would call upon the husbands and fathers of the women and girls who gave balls and parties. Into the offices of lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers and brokers I made my way.

"Your wife gave a party last night, but I couldn't find anyone who would bother to tell me about it. Please tell me what sort of dress she wore, what people were there, and everything."

Thus I would accost the busy merchant at his desk or the much-engaged lawyer among his briefs.

"Why, bless my soul! I'm not a society man. I leave all that to the women folks. Half the time I'm not even present at their goings on. What's that you say? *Obliged* to have a report for Sunday's paper? Well, now, let me think."

This was the way I got my news of many an important event. I would be confidentially informed of things that were coming off in the future so that I could go and see about them; and there was more than one business man in that town, who, taking no interest in the fashionable world himself, yet took the pains to jot down little society notes and send them to me at the office. Other news, besides that relating to society affairs, would also come to me in the same way, so that I was often able to go to the city editor and tell him that, although such and such a thing was not in my line, I could put him on to great happenings in the political and commercial world, and he became my firm friend and advocate, prophesying a brilliant future for the latest addition to his staff.

The most unpleasant thing about my work was the late hours which society reporting made it necessary for me to keep. Balls were only in full swing at midnight, and they must be personally attended in order to be described in all their glory. To go to a ball at midnight, get notes and return to the office to write them out for publication in the morning paper, very frequently made the hour at which I could go home as late as one or two o'clock in the morning. At that hour the cable cars had ceased running, and the question of my getting home from the office was at first one that gave me many a bad half hour. I had, without intentional eavesdropping, heard this very subject discussed among the editors and reporters the first time my work had kept me at the office till after midnight.

"Wait here in my room till I see how you are to get home," the city editor said, when I handed him my "copy," and then he went into the big reportorial room, where between fifteen and twenty men were writing away for dear life.

"Of course, we'll have to look after her when the cars are stopped," I heard one of the men say. "One of us one night, another the next, and so on, don't you know."

"Well, *I* can't do it to-night, anyway. Shan't be finished more than a minute before the paper goes to press. Two hours steady work at this blamed stump speech!"

"See here, old stick-in-the-mud over there! You've got to take the little girl home to-night, do you hear? You haven't a thing to do now, and you're just hanging round to watch the rest of us work."

"All right," I heard a voice say, and there was a scraping of a chair over the floor. "But I tell you what. It's an all-fired shame for girls to be working in newspaper offices at night, and I don't care how nice they are as girls, they're nothing but nuisances in a place like this at midnight. While I'm walking home with her, I'll ask the young lady to marry me, and that'll put an end to all our troubles."

I did not wait to hear any more. In consternation, indignation and self-pity, I rushed out of the office, jumped on to the elevator, and, descending from the top to the ground floor, made my way out alone and sorrowful into the midnight street. Never, I vowed, would any member of that newspaper staff

again feel obliged to ask me to marry him in order to rid the office of a nuisance.

At first I walked rapidly along the dark and deserted streets which led to my boarding house. My indignant bravery soon gave way to fright and hysterical tears. All the horrible stories I had read and heard of wicked, prowling city ruffians came vividly to my mind. I began to run, when I heard footsteps behind me. Some one was following me. Yes, as I ran faster, the footsteps behind me seemed to turn into long and mighty strides. I ran on, sobbing aloud, and by this time almost crazed with fear of I knew not what. Suddenly, I felt my arm clutched. I was caught—and by a policeman!

"What's the matter with ye? Where ye goin', and where ye been to, all alone at this time o' night? What ye makin' all this noise about? I've been chasin' ye fer five minutes!"

When the upholder of the city's laws thus addressed me, I sobbed out:—

"Oh, I'm so scared! I'm a society reporter at the *Hustler* office, and I started to go home alone and I ran because I was afraid."

"A reporter! Great Scott! Why, I thought ye was a criminal, fleein' from justice!"

The policeman began to laugh, then suddenly sobering, he said: "Come along with me. I'll see ye get home safe to-night."

For several blocks he walked by my side, giving it as his humble opinion that somebody ought to introduce a law into the legislature forbidding young ladies to do newspaper work. At a corner, he stopped.

"Now, I can't go any farther with ye, because this is the end of my beat, but I'll put ye in charge of the officer in the next beat, and he'll go as far as he can, and give ye to another officer, till the first thing ye know ye'll be safe home."

A low whistle brought another policeman to the corner.

"What have you got there?" asked the newcomer.

"A little reporter, scared out of her senses. I've brought her this far, and I wish ye'd see her as far as ye can and then give her over to the officer of the beat where she lives and tell him to take her home."

So I was handed over on that eventful night from the first officer to the second and from the second to the third, who delivered me safe and sound at my own door. I had no sooner closed it behind me than there was a violent pull at the bell. Opening it, I saw standing on the step one of the chief editors of the *Hustler* staff.

"Thank God you're safe!" he exclaimed. "I just came to wake up your landlady to ask her if you'd got home, and if not we were going to search the town for you. There's a fine row over you at the office, the city editor raising Cain generally and every man blaming every other fellow for allowing you to go home alone. Now, I'll go back and tell them you're all right, so their minds will be at rest, but you mustn't do this again. There's not one of us but would consider it a personal insult for you to think you had to go home alone."

He trudged back to the office to report my safety to the anxious staff.

Right here in the midst of writing my memoirs, thousands of miles away from the town where the *Daily Hustler* is published, I pause to send greeting to the members of that staff. God bless them! Here's to them, from an American newspaper woman to those American newspaper men!

The fear of becoming a burden, instead of a valuable acquisition to the staff of the *Hustler,* was ever with me after that first exciting night of my home-going; so when my work was done I got into the habit of stealing quietly out of the office by myself. But I was no longer afraid to walk from the office to my home, for I was well looked after by my friends, the police officers. The one who had first protected me from my fears convinced himself that he must always see that I was safely escorted, so night after night there sounded the low whistle of himself and his brother officers, as I passed from one to the other on my homeward route.

"What is it?" would come the question.

"The little reporter," would come the answer, and always during my stay in that city, I felt it no dishonor and not derogatory to my dignity to be known among the police only by that name,—"the little reporter."

"It's a bad night for ye to be out, little reporter," said one of my custodians to me on a night when the western winter was at its worst. "It's not fit work for a girl like you, this reportin' business—writin' up their crazy sociables and describin' the dresses and the gimcracks the society folks wear. I've been

thinkin' these several nights when I've been takin' ye home and protectin' ye like, that ye'd oughter have a protector all the time and a good home, and it worries me. Now, if ye'll marry me, I'll just see that ye don't have no more of this unwomanlike work to do."

CHAPTER III.

I GO TO PERU AS A "GIRL-DIPLOMAT."

I HAVE always thought that my refusal to become "Mrs. Policeman" must have been an exceedingly tactful one, for though I remained in the western town for some months after the police officer so chivalrously offered me his lifelong protection, he continued to be my friend and champion during my midnight walks from the office to my boarding house, and I never missed his cheery "Good evenin', little reporter!" till I left the city to become what the members of the staff were pleased to call a "girl-diplomat." This was during the administration of President Harrison.

One day when I was writing my society notes on my typewriter I received a letter from a Wisconsin editor saying that sometime before he had received a letter from me asking for a position on the staff of his newspaper. This, I should state, was while I was employed in the wholesale grocer's establishment, and before I had had my first article published in the *Daily Hustler*. The editor of the Wisconsin paper informed me that he had been appointed to go to Peru as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, and he begged to know if I would accept the

post of secretary, and I immediately telegraphed back "yes."

Loud and hearty indeed were the congratulations showered upon me by my co-workers, and what write-ups they gave me, to be sure! "Our Girl Diplomat!" "The Administration Takes the Pick of Our Staff!" Thus they headed the columns they published about me, along with my photograph. Then many other papers, in the East and West and the North and South, sounded my fame and praises; so it was with a great flourish of newspaper trumpets that I started off on my journey to the Land of the Incas, eight thousand miles away from home.

I have since heard that Mr. Blaine, who was then Secretary of State in the President's Cabinet, smiled dubiously and made a rather discouraging remark about what might happen if the United States started in for "school-girl diplomacy." He is dead now, and I bear him not the least malice. I am sure that I never did my country any harm while I was a "diplomat," though, on the other hand, I have no reason to believe that I ever did it any particular good. My position, I should here state, was not a strictly "official" one, for I was not to be Secretary of Legation, but only "secretary to the Minister." Still, I was looked upon somewhat in the light of a heroine and I became a sort of nine days' wonder, for I was, I believe, the only American woman who had ever been employed in a clerical capacity at any of our Legations.

After a three weeks' voyage I arrived in Lima, the Peruvian capital, the place which, in the olden time,

when Pizarro, its founder, held high carnival with the golden plates and goblets of the ill-fated Inca King Atahualpa, was given the name of "the City of the Kings."

In a strange-looking house, built of mud, or "adobe," as it was more elegantly called, over the portal of which was a shield bearing a picture of the American eagle and the inscription *"Legacion de los Estados Unidos,"* I took up my residence with the members of the American Minister's family, the only American girl in that whole large city, and a curiosity, as I soon learned, to all the inhabitants.

The second day after my arrival there, wishing to go to a shop to buy a spool of cotton, I looked in my Anglo-Spanish dictionary to find the Spanish term for that article. I found it was *"algodon,"* so I wrote it down on a slip of paper that I might not forget it, and, donning my light covert jacket and gayly-trimmed white straw hat, I left the Legation to go shopping in a town where I knew but one word of the language of its inhabitants—*"algodon*—cotton to sew with." In and out among strange-looking women, all wearing a black garment, which draped the head, neck, shoulders and hips and fell gracefully over the black skirt, I made my way, the one bright-looking thing in the somber throng, till, looking back, I saw the Jamaican negro *major domo* of the Legation rushing after me, wildly gesticulating and with a look of horror on his ebony face.

"Señorita, Señorita," he cried, in the good English he had learned as an old servant to previous American Ministers. "You must not go to shop

alone. His Excellency sent me after you. It is not the custom of this country. I will go with you!"

"Go back! Go back! I will not take you out shopping with me. I'm just going to buy a spool of cotton. I know the Spanish word for it. It is *'algodon!'* " I made this last announcement rather proudly, but nevertheless the *major domo* insisted on accompanying me.

"You cannot go out here without a servant with you," he explained. "The Peruvian ladies, either young or old, never do, and if you go out alone the Peruvian gentlemen will speak to you."

"But I will go out alone in broad daylight," I answered. "I'm an American girl and can take care of myself, and I won't have anybody tagging round after me."

The head of the domestic staff said nothing in reply, and, having bought my *"algodon"* with him standing by my side, I went back to the Legation, where, under the outstretched wings of our emblem bird, there took place a new Declaration of Independence.

After that I wandered where I would throughout the city. It was at first suggested that I don the *"manta,"* the national female garment of Peru, which I have already described and which I wore for a day or two. But finally I decided this would never do, since, robed in that garment, I might be mistaken for a Peruvian girl who dared to be unconventional and go out alone, in which case the high-caste Peruvian ladies would be horrified and give me a wide berth, and the chivalrous Peruvian gentlemen would

insult me. Therefore, when I took my walks abroad I dressed just as I would have dressed for a morning or afternoon stroll in New York or London, and my Anglo-Saxon costume proved to be my shield and protection. Once, it is true, a Peruvian officer, wearing his full regimentals, stopped in the street, looked at me in astonishment, swept the ground with his military hat and said in musical Castilian, *"Ah! Señorita bonita!"* Now, this form of salutation, which I had learned meant in English "Oh! pretty girl!" was the Peruvian gentleman's method of attracting the attention of a woman whose acquaintance he wished to make. I drew myself up haughtily, looked him full in the face and said defiantly:—

"Señorita Americana!" for I had learned the Spanish for "American girl." Then, gathering together all my spirit and all my Spanish forces, I said angrily and rapidly: *"Señorita Americana, Legacion de los Estados Unidos!"*

I think he understood then that I was a "girl-diplomat" at the American Legation, for he sped down the street and never after that was I addressed in the street by male Peruvians who had not been properly introduced to me at the Legation.

The first few weeks of my experience as a diplomat were very disappointing to me, because nothing seemed to happen. I had always thought of a diplomatic life as one of exciting experiences where there would always be dispatches to send off to the home government concerning war or rumors of war, accounts of double dealings with the heads of the country to which one was accredited and a continual

plotting and counter-plotting with underhand methods and possibly a sort of "secret service." But the days went calmly by and I did not seem to be doing much in the way of "experiencing things," the only relaxation and change from eating, sleeping and doing nothing, which was the Peruvian method of spending the time, being the assistance I could render the Minister in the daily writing of his diary, which we both thought would be interesting for friends and relatives in America to read.

But, as though an attempt were being made to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," just when I thought I should actually die of pure *ennui,* something happened. One morning, between five and six, I was awakened from my sound sleep by so violent a rocking of my bed that I was tumbled out upon the floor, from which I hastily tried to rise, rubbing my eyes in wonder and terror. From the streets there came sounds of terrible groanings and rumblings and hoarse cries and shouts as of thousands of people.

"It's one of those South American revolutions which they are always having down here," I thought as I dressed myself in short order, though I tumbled down and reeled round and round in my excited efforts to do so. I was really glad of the revolution, because I thought it was going to break up the almost unbearable monotony of my diplomatic career.

Through the door of my bedroom, out into the hall, then across the court-yard or *patio*, as it was called, to the Legation offices in the same building, I rushed, while up from the streets there rose the cries and shouts of the multitude.

"Save us! Save us!" came the shrieks in Spanish.

I doubted not that these cries came from the hapless victims who were being mowed down by the soldiery and the mob. I felt very sorry for them, but, being a diplomat, and apparently the only member of the American Legation who was awake, I felt I must do my duty. For myself I had no fear. I knew that no one would dare to harm those who lived under the protecting wings of the American eagle. I threw the tin cover off my typewriter on to the floor and sitting down began to pound out a dispatch to the Washington Department of State, my idea being to finish it up and then give it to the Minister to send by cable.

"To the Honorable James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington, U. S. A. From the American Minister in Lima, Peru:—

"A revolution broke out at five this morning and nobody knows what it is about. The streets run with blood, the populace cry 'Save us! Save us!' while the soldiers run them through with bayonets. The President of Peru will be beheaded and his head stuck up on the top of a pole in front of the Cathedral, as it is customary to treat presidents during revolutions. All the staff and family of this Legation are safe. Will wire you again later."

Thus ran the first dispatch which I, as a diplomat, ever wrote for the Department of State. Just as I was pulling it out of my typewriter, loud and excited noises were heard in the Legation itself. Then I heard a scuffling and a banging of doors and the black *major domo's* voice calling loudly, almost tearfully:—

"Señorita! Señorita! Where are you?"

"Have you searched in every room?" came the voice of the Minister. "Surely she cannot have gone out on one of those rambles of hers at this time in the morning."

"I have searched in all the house-part, your Excellency, and she does not go to the Legation rooms until eleven o'clock," returned the servant.

Another scuffling, other shouts, but not from the street now; only from the Legation rooms came evidences of excitement. I started towards the door and called out across the court-yard:—

"I'm all right! Nothing's happened to me, and I've got it all ready for you to cable!"

"What ready? What cable?" shouted the Minister as he came running around the court-yard accompanied by the scared-looking *major domo.*

"The dispatch to Washington about the revolution. Please see if it's all right, so we can get it off."

"What dispatch? What revolution?" exclaimed the Minister. "Great Heavens! has the poor girl gone mad?" Then turning to the *major domo,* he asked in a terrified sort of way, "William, do earthquakes send people crazy?"

"I'm not mad," I said indignantly. "They've got a revolution down in the streets and I've written a dispatch about it. Haven't we been waiting for a revolution these many weeks?"

"There's an earthquake, Señorita," said the *major domo,* respectfully.

"An earthquake!" I repeated, half dazed. Then I turned to the Minister.

"I'm sure there's a revolution, though it's quieter now. They always calm down a minute and then they break out again. My first intimation of it was when my bed rocked and I heard the rumble of the cannons. Come here to the window and I'll prove to you there's a revolution."

We looked out of the window. Not a soul was in the street, and the Minister began laughing uproariously as he read my dispatch.

"It was just an earthquake, Señorita," said the *major domo,* trying hard to keep a solemn and respectful look on his face. "When the earthquakes come, all the people run into the streets and shout and pray, 'Save us!' and when the earthquake goes away, they go back to their houses again and go to sleep."

I am sure I was not either bloodthirsty or war-loving in my disposition, but my chagrin at discovering that my "revolution" was nothing but an earthquake was many a day in passing off, and it certainly was rather annoying to have the Minister occasionally repeat, "The streets run with blood, the populace cry 'Save us!' while the soldiers run them through with bayonets," after which he would shake with laughter and declare that being a diplomat in Peru was not so devoid of excitement as he had thought.

The first time I went to church in Lima I noticed that I seemed to be the object of a great deal of attention from the congregation and that the minds of the worshipers were much distracted. However, I had become accustomed to creating a sensation wherever I went, because I was the only American

girl in the town and also because of my, to them, peculiar style of dressing; so I sat down quietly with the other women. Suddenly I felt someone meddling with my hat and, looking up, I saw a lady with a beautiful face and with the finest and most richly embroidered *manta* I had ever seen. She pulled the hat-pins from my hat and placed them in my hand, then took my hat off and putting it on the seat beside me, smiled, patted me on the shoulder, said *"Si! Si!"* and went back to her kneeling stool. I was very much astonished at this strange procedure, but I said never a word. Indeed, how could I, not knowing the language of the country? The service over, I left the church, and, still carrying my hat-pins and my hat, walked along the pavement towards the Legation.

"Si! Si! Ah! Señorita!" I heard a melodious voice say behind me, and with that, the same beautiful lady took the hat-pins and hat from my hand, placed my hat on my head, pinned it tightly, and patting me again on the shoulder, glided away. I afterward learned that by going to church wearing a hat I had broken one of the strictest rules of Peruvian etiquette, and that had it not been known that I was a member of the American Legation I might have lost my hat altogether. This little incident of the hat was repeated by the Peruvian lady to all her friends, and the fact that I had not even attempted to replace my hat after I had got outside the church, redounded, it seemed, very much to my credit, and I became, in a sort of way, what one might term "the fashion." Unknown ladies, walking with their servants, passing

me on the streets, would take from the bouquets, which the servants, never the ladies, carried, wonderful sprigs of tuberoses and other flowers and smilingly place them in my hand, saying *"Señorita Americana! Si! Si!"* forcing them upon me, and then bowing, go on their way.

It was all very sweet and pretty, but this being a continual heroine and curiosity to the inhabitants palled upon me. I was always finding new barriers known as "customs of the country," over which I must leap, if I would not give up my native-born independence.

When I accepted the position of secretary to the American Minister, I was not well acquainted with him; indeed, I had only seen him once, and that was when we drew up our contract. I could not, of course, be expected to know anything about his peculiarities or fads or fancies any more than he could know mine, and I had been in Peru only a very few days when I came to the conclusion that he certainly had a very strange and eccentric way of dictating his dispatches and his diary. We only worked two or three hours each day, but those hours soon became to me times of terror. I had traveled on the same ship with the Minister and had noticed nothing peculiar about him and I was not prepared for any developments of eccentricity when we got started in our diplomatic career.

On the third day after our arrival, there being an American mail going out, the Minister sat down to go over some dispatches which the First Secretary of Legation handed to him.

"Now, about this note to the State Department—Great Scott! This is enough—" and with that, the Minister, red in the face, jumped off his chair like an automaton, landed on the floor and began stamping with his feet, after which he executed a hornpipe dance.

I stared at him. Was this the way diplomats of all nations carried on, or was it a peculiar and distinct phase of American diplomacy? Was the Minister in a temper and had I possibly offended him all unwittingly?

"I hope I haven't done anything to offend you," I said meekly and quietly.

"No, not a thing!" answered the Minister, doing a reversible waltz over towards the window.

"Can I do anything for you?" I again asked, solicitously.

"No, no, no!" shouted the Minister. "You can't do a thing. Nobody can do anything. I wish they could!"

After a polka of the two-step order and a sort of a shake-down such as I had seen done at the end of a country dance, the Minister seemed to "come to," and walking over to his desk, went on with his instructions, quite sanely and pleasantly.

"You must not mind me when I get to taking on like that," he said, smilingly.

Not mind him! Then my worst fears were confirmed! He was "not right!" Or, stay. Was he subject to fits? Whatever it was, there surely was not a very pleasant outlook for me. If it were neither madness nor fits, but only a new kind of "eccentric-

ity," even then I didn't see how I could stand it if he were taken that way often, which, I gathered from the way he spoke, must be the case.

The days passed on, and the poor man was seized daily, sometimes hourly, with his strange convulsions. At first I thought I would speak to the First Secretary about it and ask him what was the name of the Minister's peculiar physical trouble, but this gentleman, I knew, had not met the Minister till he came to Peru, and so could not know any more than I. There was the Minister's wife, but it is not etiquette to speak of the peculiarities of a man to the members of his immediate family.

Occasionally a day would pass and no symptoms of the disease would show themselves, and then I would think joyously that perhaps the peculiar air and climate of Peru were doing something for my unfortunate chief, but the next day the jumping and stamping and strange, almost profane, exclamations would come on again. We would sit down quite calmly to work on the "Diary of a Diplomat" when suddenly the aforesaid diplomat would topple over his ink-bottle, clench his fists, beat his breast, dance out into the middle of the floor and then run into the room where the First Secretary sat. What puzzled me most was that on such occasions the First Secretary laughed long and loudly when the Minister descended upon him in these paroxysms, and I called it very rude and unkind of the First Secretary to do this. As for me, I never laughed. I was too terrified to do aught but wonder and I sometimes, in my heart, blamed the United States Government for

sending so very eccentric a gentleman abroad to represent his country.

Things went on like this for about two weeks when one day a Peruvian gentleman, one of the great dignitaries of the state, dropped in, and having been introduced, I tried to take part in conversation with him by means of what little Spanish I had then learned and numerous gesticulations. In the midst of the conversation up jumped the Minister and began his St. Vitus' dance actions. I really thought it was too bad he could not have contained himself till the Peruvian gentleman had taken his leave. A pretty story this statesman would go back and tell at the executive mansion! I thought he might get frightened and leave without ceremony, but to my astonishment he only smiled slightly and said, *"Ah! Pulga!"*

"Si! Si! Pulga!" answered the Minister, giving a kick against the desk and then starting off again on a prance about the room. The Peruvian gentleman began to talk excitedly in Spanish, which I knew the Minister did not understand any more than I did, and I left the room to call in the Legation interpreter.

"Pulga! Pulga!" I repeated to myself, "what does that mean, and what has that got to do with the Minister's peculiar affection?" I repeated it several times so as not to forget it while I made my way to my room to get my Anglo-Spanish dictionary. Frantically turning the leaves I finally found the following: *"Pulga*—a peculiar kind of flea which infests South American countries in great numbers and is more troublesome to human beings than to animals."

The poor Minister! I laughed until I cried and

then I laughed again, thinking of his antics and his evident desire that I should be kept in ignorance of the cause. Human fleas! Had they not been the bane of my own existence ever since I had landed in that terrible country? Had I not talked the matter over with the chambermaid and tried all sorts of homemade remedies she recommended for the curing of their bites? Truly, the Minister was not the only member of the family who had suffered and in silence, if "silence" his actions could be called!

This estimable Jamaica negress, later on, told me that no foreigner could hope to get rid of fleas or become indifferent to their attentions under at the least a year's residence in Peru.

I did not remain the year which was necessary for my acclimatization in Peru. Not only the fleas, but loneliness and the longing for the companionship of girls of my own age who spoke my own language, contributed to my unhappiness; for I had not, in those days, many resources within my own self. Besides attending to my secretarial duties I did some newspaper correspondence, which included a weekly letter to the *Oshkosh Northwestern.*

When I ended my career as a "diplomat," I returned to my native land. Then again I took up secretarial duties, this time to an astronomer and inventor, but not for long. A journalist I was determined to be, and when I was offered a position as society editor on a Southern paper, I left astronomy and invention behind me and traveled to the sunny South, again to take up my interrupted career as a "newspaper girl."

CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD OF JOURNALISM.

CERTAINLY no woman could ever have entered upon a journalistic career under pleasanter and more encouraging circumstances than did I, as far as my first editors and my co-workers were concerned. Just as I shall never forget the Western heartiness and kindness shown by the men on the staff of the *Daily Hustler,* so shall I always remember the Southern thoughtfulness and chivalry that took me in charge when I became the only woman member of the staff of that Southern paper. The managing editor was an ex-confederate colonel who had very exact and old-fashioned notions on the subject of "woman's sphere," and he was of a very decided opinion that a newspaper office could not possibly be included in the said "sphere." Nevertheless, his opinion on that subject had been over-ruled by the decision of the proprietor that a woman was needed on the paper, and he set to work to make my surroundings so altogether pleasant and agreeable that if I really was out of my proper sphere it never occurred to me to suspect it.

The colonel's office was separated from the main room, in which worked all the other editors and reporters, by a half-partition. In this big room, when

I arrived on the scene, an attempt was made to give me a little privacy by boarding off a corner with what might be called a "quarter partition," since it extended only three or four feet in height. In that corner, with a brand-new desk of wonderful manufacture, a revolving chair and some nails in the wall in lieu of a hanging cupboard, I was installed as a sort of reigning queen. Frequently on a morning I would find some new convenience or luxury added to the furnishings of my little den, and on inquiring the name of the donor, would be informed by the reporters and editors, "Oh, all we fellows clubbed together and got it!" It was thus that I was supplied with a gilt-framed looking-glass, a tumbler, a footstool, a box of lead-pencils—all carefully sharpened, new-fashioned kinds of blotters, a variegated flower-vase, which was always kept filled with flowers, apples, big as pumpkins, boxes of candy and an apparatus for making lemonade in the hot summertime. One morning I arrived to find that my corner had been further walled in by the addition of a skillfully twisted wire whereon hung, all unhemmed, a rainbow-hued print curtain. This, being placed over the partition, made a wall fully six feet high.

"We fellows did it!" I was informed when I investigated the matter, and it turned out that the real cause of my barricade was that as the hot Southern summer came on, the question of the propriety of working in shirt-sleeves with a lady in the office had been mooted, and the high print curtain, which would prevent my noting this breach of etiquette, was the result.

Several other newspapers in the town had also solitary women reporters on their staffs, and great was the rivalry between myself and those other women. I had been engaged to do what was known as "society and woman's work" on the paper, and my constant ambition was to obtain for the page of which I had entire charge, "scoops" of various kinds—news of events that the women on the other papers would be unable to get. It was for the Sunday edition that I made especially strong attempts in the "scoop" line, and Saturday afternoon and evening was a very busy time for me.

One Saturday I got wind of a great social event that was to be expected in the near future. I had only a "hint" and no positive information whatever. All day long and all the evening up to eleven o'clock I chased that "hint," but the people who were in the "know" refused me the information, one of them going so far as to say: "I don't like your paper nor your paper's politics, and you must expect no information from me. I have told all I know about the affair to the young lady who represents the *Daily* ———."

It was the last straw. Instead of "scooping" the other newspaper girls in that town, as was my wont, *I* was going to get "scooped" by one of them on the morrow. In a terrible state of excitement I went back to my own office, and the city editor, who knew of the mission on which I had gone, called out, "Hello! Have you got it? You'd better hurry up writing it, or your page will be late going to press."

"No, I haven't got it," I cried; "but that isn't

the worst, Miss Jackson across the way *has* got it, and she's going to print it in to-morrow's paper and I shall be "scooped."

The terrible word escaped me with a groan, and every man in the room turned from his work to look at me and take in the meaning of what I said. "Scooped, scooped!" I murmured falteringly as I passed on to my desk to get my page in form for the composing room, and after me there followed like an echo the sympathetic voices of the men—"Scooped, scooped! Our girl is going to be scooped by the other paper's girl!"

It was after midnight when I went home, and as I jumped into the cab which a thoughtful management provided for me when I was kept late, a little knot of the men reporters came rushing down the stairs and one of them called out after me: "Say, don't you worry about that 'scoop,' because it'll be all right. Now, be sure you don't worry." But I was not to be comforted and I went sorrowing home and to bed, believing that I should awake in the morning to find myself "scooped."

The next morning, in looking over the paper and glancing at my own page, I was struck with a certain strangeness about its appearance, though I had as usual seen a final proof of it before leaving the office. I discovered that a special article I had written to "fill up space" had been taken out and another article was in its place. Who had dared to meddle with my own special, particular page,—the page of which I alone was the editor? I looked again at the article which I had *not* written—the one which was inserted

in the place of one I *had* written—and, wonder of wonders! I discovered it to be an extended and glowing account of the great society event, the information which I had striven so hard to obtain! I wept for joy. I was not "scooped" after all, but how in the world had that article got there?

I did not do Sunday work, but I could not resist the temptation to go to the office that night to inquire about the wonderful thing that had happened. At the office door stood the very coterie of reporters who had cautioned me "not to worry" when I got into the cab the night before. They were apparently enjoying a tremendous joke, for they were laughing uproariously.

"Who did it? Who got the information? Who put it on my page?" I exclaimed breathlessly.

"We fellows did it," they replied in unison. "There were five of us had a hand in it, for it was terribly late and we had to get it into press in short order, so maybe it sounded like patch-work, but it was all there, just the same, and you didn't get scooped."

"But how did you get the information? Did the man that refused to tell me tell you?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Oh, no! We didn't have time to fool around much. We just went and took it."

"Took it!" I repeated, bewildered.

"Yes. Didn't you say they had it over at the other newspaper office? Well, we took it."

"You mean you took Miss Jackson's manuscript—stole it from her, and printed what she wrote on my page and she hasn't got it in her own paper at all?"

"No, Miss Jackson's got it in her paper, and what's

in your page, isn't written like hers a bit, but the facts are all there."

That was all the information I was ever able to obtain from the chivalrous young Southern men who had come to my assistance and kept me from getting "scooped." I was never let into the secret, but I have always been of the opinion that they in some way made a raid on the composing room of the rival paper, got their information by word of mouth from one of the printers, who suspected nothing, and thus saved me from what I should have felt was disgrace. As I have said, I am not sure just how "we fellows did it," but if, as I suspect, they used some method which might have been the least little bit underhand, I hope the recording angel has neglected to note down in his book that part of the proceeding.

There were no hard and fast rules laid down for me as regarded the office hours. I was told that I might come and go as I liked, as long as my work was done in time. Such privileges in a newspaper office have, I am sorry to admit, a tendency to spoil a woman, and I was no exception to the rule. Once when I had got my report of a certain women's meeting which I was to write up, I stopped in at a theater instead of returning directly to the office, with the result that my "copy" was very late in reaching the city editor's desk and the first edition of the paper was late in coming out. Now, that city editor was a Northern man, and straightway he went to the managing editor with the suggestion that I be admonished to work first and play afterwards. Over

the partition came the sound of his indignant voice saying, "In some ways she ought to be treated the same as the men. Now, don't you think so?" whereat the doughty Southern colonel replied:—

"See here! I wasn't the one who started this female journalism racket on this paper. I never approved of having a woman on the paper, but the rest of you wanted a woman, as you said, to do woman's work, and now you've got her I guess you'll have to put up with any little fads and fancies and shortcomings she may have! I never knew of a newspaper office that wasn't upset with a solitary woman in it. Where they keep a couple of dozen, as they do in Chicago and New York, it's different, but one woman's bound to get spoiled in an office of men."

The next day I said to the colonel, "I couldn't help hearing what you and the city editor said yesterday. Hereafter you are to treat me just like a man, else I'll resign."

"All right! So be it!" was his laconic reply.

A day or two afterwards when a thunder storm was raging and I had crawled under my desk for safety from the lightning, I was bidden to the managing editor's office. There sat that chivalrous Southern gentleman on the only chair in the room, his hat on the back of his head, a cigar in his mouth, his feet on the table.

"I want you to go out at once and report that three o'clock meeting at the Methodist church," he said, without so much as removing his cigar or lowering his feet.

"But how can I?" I objected. "It's thundering

and lightning and the rain is like a torrent. Why can't one of the men go?"

"Because I tell *you* to go!" was his answer.

I stood speechless in my surprise, for I was his subordinate and he was my chief.

"How do you like it—being treated like a man?" he suddenly asked, a grim smile illuminating his face.

"I don't like it at all," I confessed.

"I thought you wouldn't. Now, you may go to your corner and get under your desk till the lightning stops. I suppose we shall have to put up with that along with other fads and fancies. I'll send one of the men to do this woman's temperance meeting, though, as you know," he added half banteringly, "it's a part of your regular work to attend to the women's meetings."

So I was restored to my former happy state of mind, but the incident taught me a lesson. I had conscience enough to know that the city editor was right in his suggestion that work should come before play, and I was never again late with my "copy." When material for my woman's page was scarce, I begged the city editor, who was one of the most enterprising of journalists, to put me on to other and broader kinds of work, so that I might be able to deal with subjects other than those of interest to women only. So I was frequently asked to do "specials" for the news department, such as the writing up of political meetings, and then I was sometimes sent over to Washington for a day, to take a look at the lawmakers of my country and examine into their

ways. I began to do interviewing, and thus I got just a little peep into the wide, wide world of journalism.

That "peep" was the beginning of ambitions and also the beginning of sorrows. When I ceased to be merely the editor of the woman's page and started to become what might be fitly described as a "general" in newspaper work, my experience was very like that of a girl who suddenly goes out from the shelter of home and into the world to fight her own battles. Up to then, the "angels" into whose charge I had been committed away out in Wisconsin, had always seemed to be about and around me to help me over the stones. Now, I elected to walk alone, for whither I went they could not always follow.

One day a stranger entered the office, and, seeing me in my corner, said, "Ah! I see you've got a lady editor in your office!"

"Well, yes," responded the city editor, "but besides being the lady editor, she's one of the best all-round reporters I've got on my staff."

It could not have been half an hour after that remark was made, when the city editor came over to me, with the air of having an important commission for me.

"I've got a fine thing for you," said he, "if you can pull it through."

Then he explained that a certain well-known actress, who had appeared in a play the night before at one of the theaters, had suddenly forgotten her part, put her hand to her head and gone off the stage, as though in a dream. The play was almost brought

to a standstill, but her understudy had managed to take her place till the fall of the curtain. It was thought the actress was intoxicated. In former days she had been an American society leader and had got stage struck. When she had given up her home for the foot-lights a very disagreeable scandal had followed her.

"Now," continued the city editor, "I've sent four different men to see that woman to-day, trying to get an interview and her version of last night's affair on the stage, but she sends down word she's ill and confined to her room and unable to see anyone. But I believe she'd see you, because you're a woman and can go right up to her room. Go and interview her. It'll be a great story, and we'll even scoop the New York papers. Find out if she was drunk last night. Find out everything you can from her. Make a big special of it. You can have all the space you want. If you manage it—well, I'll just say you won't be sorry you tried to please me."

In fifteen minutes I made my way to the hotel where the actress was stopping, sent up my card and was admitted to her bedroom. So beautiful had been the pictures I had seen of this woman, that the wan, thin face, actually ugly from dissipation, that looked up at me from among the pillows, gave me a most disagreeable start.

"I'm glad a woman has come to me at last," she said, as she tossed her head from side to side. "I'm in disgrace, alone, forsaken, even by my own parents. I've made a mess of my life. Listen, and I'll tell

you how I did it and about last night at the theater too."

Then, without my having asked her a single question, the woman poured into my astonished ears a story of such pathos and horror as made me start back and cry: "Hush! hush! Don't talk to me any more. You will be sorry to-morrow; but then it will be too late."

"No! I shall not be sorry," she exclaimed, "I must talk or I shall lose my reason. I must tell some one of my troubles. Your face does not look hard and cold. Though you are a stranger, something tells me you are my friend."

"I am a newspaper reporter," I said simply. "You knew it from my card, and I told you I had come from a newspaper as soon as I got to your room."

The woman rose up on her elbows. Her yellow hair lay scattered over the pillows, and with her bloodshot eyes gazing intently into my face and clutching my hands tightly in her own, she exclaimed:—

"Yes! Yes! I knew you were a reporter, but you are also a woman and I know you will not write a word of what I have told you. I have told you my story in confidence, and you will keep it."

"No! No! Not that! Not in confidence!" I cried, trying vainly to snatch my hands from her grasp that was now like iron. "You have talked not to me, but to my paper. Oh, you knew it, you knew it. I must print it. I am helpless to keep it out. Why, I'm a woman with a living to earn. I have no

one in all the world but myself to depend on. I must do what my editor tells me. He has sent me to get an interview with you, and you have given it to me. I owe a duty to him, to my paper. It would be cheating to hold it back."

The woman's eyes burned into me, her nails dug into the palms of my hands as she tightened her grasp. She had told me, of her own free will, a story for my newspaper, a story for other newspapers, a plot for a novel, and now she said, "I have told you in confidence and you will keep it!" I thought of my city editor, waiting at the office for my return. I could see him smile the "Well done, good and faithful servant" smile upon me when I should walk in and stop at his desk to say: "Yes, I've got a great story from her! She talked and told me everything!" This woman, who clutched my wrists so hard and said to me, "You will keep it!" who was she, that she should cheat me out of what was mine, should block the way to my future success, should hurt me in the beginning of my newspaper career? An outcast! A woman disgraced and spurned and disowned!

"Let me go! Let me go! You talked to a reporter, knowing she was a reporter. Now take the consequences!" I made another effort and got my hands free from her while she sank exhausted on the bed. "I must go now," I continued; "I am sorry I cannot see things the way you seem to see them. I am a working woman, with a hard struggle before me. When my editor tells me to do a thing I have no choice but to obey. The world is very hard on women. I'm sorry for you."

I was turning the handle of the door. "Come back, just one minute," said the woman. "I will not touch you, I won't take your hands again."

"You said just now that the world was hard on women. So it is. And *women* are also very hard on women. I've had more experience than you have had. I know the world. Let me tell you that very seldom has a woman gone to destruction but another woman has had a hand in sending her there. By printing what I have said to you this afternoon, you will ruin me."

"You are ruined already," I said doggedly, "I cannot hurt you."

"You will send me to hell and others with me. You will make my name a by-word in the gutters. By making a public character of me again you will bring renewed shame to my parents. You will make my little sister, who has all her beautiful life before her, hang her head in the presence of all her companions. I say you *will* do this. I mean that you *can* do it. Are you going to do it? Tell me, are you going to do it?"

"I will not do it," I said. My hands fell limply at my side and I stood transfixed. "I will not print a word you have told me, now or ever. I promise." The woman had conquered.

"You have promised! Oh, you have promised!" she exclaimed, a glad look flooding her poor, thin face. "Will you promise me something else?"

"Perhaps," I answered. I was crying now. I was not a journalist. I was only a woman.

"Promise me that in your work, as long as you live,

you will never try to get fame or money by writing things that will hurt women like me. Promise that you will never for the sake of your own success tread on another woman and try to crush her."

"I promise!" I answered simply. Then I slipped out and closed the door. Once outside the stifling air of the room and away from the woman's presence, a strange, unaccountable feeling of terror took possession of me. I seemed to have bound myself in chains of iron and when I reached the street I gave myself a shake, under the impression that perhaps the fresh air and the blue sky and the sunlight would make them drop from me; but the chains still seemed to bind me. What had I done? I had entered into a compact which, at that moment it seemed to me, would be a sort of mortgage on my whole future life. I had promised always to refrain from writing anything that would hurt women like the one I had been talking to. I promised never to crush any other woman in my climbing of the ladder to success. Again I shook myself, but the chains still clung, and, thinking that I could really hear them clatter as I walked along the street, I returned to the office.

I passed by the city editor's desk. "Hello! It took a long time!" he exclaimed. "Did she talk?"

"Yes," I answered, "she talked a great deal, but I promised her I would not write a word she said."

He jumped from his chair, an angry light in his eyes. "You promised! What do you mean? Have you a story, the story *I* sent you after, and do you say you will not write it?"

"That's it, yes," I answered. "She forgot I was

a reporter and told me everything, and then I promised I would not write it."

His face grew first red, then white. He was angry and justly so, but he made a tremendous effort to control himself. "If you were a man," he said, quietly, "I would dismiss you from the staff instantly for rank disregard of the interests of your paper. As you are a woman, I will say that you have not the journalistic instinct. You will never be able to do big things in journalism. You can edit your own page, but you'll never be a really successful journalist. The fact is, you're all woman and no journalist."

I remained on the Southern paper for some time after that and attended conscientiously to my woman's page. The city editor grew friendly again, but he gave me no more "special features" to do, for "special features" could only be worked up by "real live journalists," as he frequently explained to me.

One day I went into the managing editor's room and said to him, "I am going to London."

The colonel looked up from the editorial he was writing.

"You will starve in London!" he said.

Then I came to London.

CHAPTER V.

IN LONDON TOWN.

MY ARRIVAL, MY DOG, MY FLAT. AND DINAH.

I ARRIVED in London with four hundred dollars, my typewriter and my dog.

I have not referred to my dog before, because it did not seem necessary; but now he must take his proper place, which is a large one, in my reminiscences. I cannot even begin to tell about the flat and Dinah unless I first tell about Judge, for it was on his account that I took them both. He and I became great friends and pals some time before I came to London. He came to me on a very dark night to keep me from getting too lonely and thinking too much about myself, indeed, to save me from myself.

Judge is a beautiful black French poodle, not of the "stringy" variety, but covered with silky curls, and nearly as large as a Newfoundland. In the winter he goes unshaven, but in the summer I have him clipped to keep him from suffering with the heat. He usually wears a necktie of blue or pink or yellow. He is even more clever than the majority of French poodles are known to be; he is a dog of some literary ability, and knows the difference between the various

London newspapers. If I have left the London *Star* or *The Times* on a chair or the floor together, I have only to say, "Judge, go and bring me *The Times*," and he does it; or, if I want the *Star*, I have but to tell him so. Some of my friends, however, insist that he distinguishes only on account of the difference in *weight*.

It was very expensive for me to bring Judge to London and keep him here for the first few days. He occupied the stateroom with me on the ship, and I got an extra steamer chair for him on deck. All this was, of course, against the rules and regulations of the ship, but there is no law or rule in existence that I would not break for Judge's sweet sake.

On the ship I kept him covered with an Astrakhan cape when the officers passed our steamer chairs, and when they would take a notion to come over and talk with me, though I was always in terror lest the cape should get too animated, I gave them my best smiles and compliments. Once when the captain made a remark about none being so blind as those who would not see, I found myself wondering if this gruff-looking seaman were a typical middle-aged Englishman, so susceptible to smiles and flattery and so thoroughly "manageable" was he. Without definitely committing myself right here, I will say, after a larger and longer experience than I then had of middle-aged Englishmen, that he was not exactly what I would call *un*-typical.

The English ship servants were also very manageable and blind,—the effect of a mixture of smiles and sixpences. So were the railway guards of the train

that brought me up to London. So were they at the hotel—the very, very expensive hotel, where the cabman took me.

"We don't allow dogs," said the manager.

"No, I know you don't," I answered, "but from my experience on an English ship and an English railway I find you have a delightful system over here of making all sorts of rules and regulations, and then not seeing the people who break them. I must say I do think Englishmen are very nice and kind to American women traveling in their country. Now, how much would you charge a day for *not seeing* my dog, if I'm very careful of him and don't allow anybody to be troubled with him? I shall take all my meals in my own room and take him out wherever I go."

"We really don't want dogs. We don't allow them. But we will charge fifteen shillings extra a day not to see your dog."

"Oh, Judge, Judge!" I cried, when we had got up to our room. "Four hundred dollars in our inside pocket, and fifteen shillings a day for you, to say nothing about me and my expenses! We can't stand this, do you hear? The first thing to-morrow morning we must go out and take a walk and see what turns up."

So in the morning we both went out for a walk on Regent street and something did turn up. It was Dinah. After Dinah came the flat, and after that the deluge—but that belongs not to this but to another chapter.

Judge was wearing a necktie of American flag ribbon.

"Oh, my! Yo' niggah dog, an' from Ameriky, I do 'clare! Come heah, honey, an' let ole Dinah pat yo' head!"

I felt a jerk of the chain by which I held Judge, and turning, beheld, there on Regent street, the United States of America in the shape of a stout, middle-aged negro woman showering pats and endearments on the head of my dog.

" 'Scuse me, ma'am, but I knowed he was from my country by de ribbon bow, an' so's yo', ain't yo', honey?"

"Yes, I am," I answered, "and I'd know you were from there, too. How in the world did you get here?"

"It's not a question ob how I come, but how I'se to git away from heah! If I could only git back to ole Baltimoah, I'd neber ask anyt'ing agin ob de good Lord! I'm Dinah Mooh, from Baltimoah, ma'am."

Now, though I myself had once lived in Baltimore, I had never had the pleasure of Dinah Moore's acquaintance; but I found she had been in service with people I knew, so I considered her properly introduced. I wanted a place where Judge could take a run without his chain and get a taste of London grass, and Dinah conducted me back to Piccadilly and then to Hyde Park, where we both sat down, while Judge joyously kicked up his heels.

Dinah told me all about herself. It seemed she had come to London a few months before with an

American lady, in whose family she had once been a servant. The lady had taken a small flat, furnished it and set up housekeeping with Dinah as maid of all work. Now the lady was ill and poor. She wanted to get rid of her flat and the furniture and go to Germany to some relations. If she could sublet the flat and sell the furniture, she could pay Dinah's wages and her second-class passage back to America, since she could not take her to Germany with her. But, as Dinah said, "she didn't seem to hab no luck."

"Is it very expensive?" I asked.

"No, ma'am," answered Dinah. "I reckon Mis' Saxon 'ud sell de furniture fer a hundred an' fifty dollars an' de flat rents fer what dey calls sixty poun's a year, an' I heah her say yo' don't hab to keep it on moah dan six months longah."

I made a quick calculation and found I could get flat-rent for about six dollars a week. It seemed very cheap to me compared even with what I was paying for Judge's right to exist in London.

"Dinah Moore," I said, "we're strangers, but we're both from the same country and must take each other on trust. I'll buy the furniture and rent that flat if you'll live with me and do my work and take the very best care of my dog. I'm a poor American girl and it'll take nearly half of all the money I have in the world to buy that furniture, but I've got to have a home and live as cheaply as possible. Now, will you come for say two dollars and a half a week as wages?"

"Yes, I'll come, ma'am! What's yo' name, please?"

I properly introduced myself, but when we went to

housekeeping together, Dinah, happening to see a newspaper letter of mine signed "Polly Pollock," took a great fancy to it and from that time afterwards she always addressed me as "Miss Polly," declaring it was more homelike and reminded her of the young ladies of the family she used to live with in "Baltimoah."

Within three days of my arrival in London, I moved into the flat, and did my best to make it look as American as possible, using the Stars and Stripes for a couch cover, and hanging a picture of George Washington over my writing desk. With Dinah to keep Judge company while I was out, I was able to go about by myself to see the Tower of London, St. Paul's, Madame Tussaud's, Westminster Abbey, and then I thought I knew all about England. I described my first "impressions" for several American papers, and in that way earned enough money to keep the flat going. Dinah and I lived together in perfect harmony. She would do anything in the world for me except to put on a cap I had bought her, with long, wide streamers, such as I had seen the London servants wear. I begged her only to try it on, but she refused on the ground that it was both un-American and unbecoming. Dinah, even after living in England ten months, was the most *American* American I ever knew. She never hesitated to air her hatred of England and its backwardness to the tradespeople and the boys who delivered goods at the flat, they being the only people outside the "fambly," as she denominated ourselves, with whom she had an opportunity to talk. So things went on till Christ-

mas, the first Christmas that either of us had ever spent in England.

The day after Christmas I went on top of an omnibus and remained out nearly all day getting notes for a special American letter I was writing. When I returned late in the afternoon I knew something had happened. Dinah and Judge were in a terrific state of excitement. There was a sound of barking and growling from Judge and whenever there came a lull in it Dinah would clap her hands and say, "Sic 'em, darlin'! Sic 'em an' skeer 'em off!"

I burst into the flat with my latchkey and tumbled over Dinah's trunk, all strapped, as if ready for traveling.

"Dinah, Dinah! What's the matter? Whose trunk is this? Why are you making Judge bark? We'll be put out of the flat!" I exclaimed, as I picked myself up off the floor.

Dinah appeared with her sleeves rolled up, her bandanna cap tilted to one side, her big black eyes showing fire.

"Mattah! mattah!" she returned, stamping her foot on the carpet, "I'se goin' back to 'Meriky dis werry day! I neber did b'leeve in monarkshal governments! I neber did 'prove ob dis yere country, as I hab often told yo', Miss Polly, but now I'se had 'nuff—yes, plenty 'nuff, an' I done wash my han's ob it all!"

"But what is it? What's happened?" I asked, bewildered.

"What's happened! Why, I'se been insulted, an' I neber was used to it. I'm 'cused ob keepin' people's

things what doesn't b'long to me, an' I ain't goin' to stan' it nohow!"

"Oh, Dinah, you must be crazy, for I never accused you of anything!"

"No, not yo', Miss Polly. It's other people what's been comin' heah dis afternoon."

"Now, Dinah," said I finally, "if you are not crazy, tell me what you mean. Who's been here? Who's accused you and what did they accuse you of?"

Dinah got out her handkerchief and, fanning herself with it, began: "Well, Miss Polly, soon as yo' lef' dis afternoon, de doah sounded wid de rat-tat what means de pos'man. I opens de doah, an' he says kinder saucy, 'Has yo' got my Chris'mas box?' 'Why, no,' I says, 'I hasn't got it! How should I hab it? I didn't know as we carries on a express office in dis yere flat. I reckon yo' be off yo' base.' Then he says, 'I specs yo' missus has got it. Is she in?' 'No, she hain't in,' I says, 'an' she hain't got no box o' yourn neither,' says I. Den as I slammed de doah on him, he jes' grinned and 'lowed he stop again this ebenin' or to-morrer mornin' cause he knowed yo' had it.

"Then, Miss Polly, he hadn't been gone so much as ten minutes, when I see de baker's boy an' I asks what fer he come so late wid de bread. 'I didn't bring no bread,' says he, 'I come fer my Christmas box!' I was dat mad, thinkin' de pos'man had sent him round to bother me, dat I gave him one hard slap on de face he'll 'member awhile, an' pushed him out de do' befo' I thought what I was doin'. Well, honey, in about half a hour de laundryman come

an' says, 'Ain't yo' got my Chris'mas box?' Says I, 'No, I hain't! Go 'long wid ye! Did dat debil ob a pos'man send yo' heah, too?' Dat's de way I answered him, an' I tol' him not to dare show his ugly face here again fer our washin' work! De las' thing I heard as he went away was dat he'd 'form yo' of my 'havior!

"An' he wasn't de las' ob dem imps. De milkman an' de paper boy was bof heah sayin', 'Has yo' got my Chris'mas box?' an' a man which say he was licensed to sweep de street, come too, askin' me to give him his box, an' de fust thing I knows ef I stays here I'll be in a court house an' arrested fer something I neber done, so I'se goin' home, an' ef yo' knows what's safe, yo'll come, too, Miss Polly!"

Before I had time to collect my senses and come to any reasonable comprehension of Dinah's remarkable tale, a double rat-tat at the door was heard and she started off to get what I supposed might be a telegram clearing up the mystery. I heard the word "box," and then came the sound of Dinah's voice:—

"Yo' imperent rascal! What yo' mean, comin' here insultin' me an' my missus? Does I look like a forwardin' agency, carryin' on a Chris'mas-box business? Is we delegated to run a express office? De only box I'se got fer yo' is a box on de ears!"

I rushed to the hall to find a little telegraph boy in the arms of Dinah, getting such a shaking as he must have remembered for a long time. Before I could interpose, she had pushed him out, banged the door after him, and gone back to the kitchen, using

such a string of negro epithets as I had never heard before.

What it was all about, I could not understand. I knew nothing more about the boxes than did Dinah. I thought at first that perhaps an express company had once occupied the flat, and then I concluded that some one was playing a practical joke on poor old Dinah. Then the knocker sounded again, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevailed upon Dinah to go to the door. Immediately there came a blood-curdling cry, and Dinah tumbled back into the sitting room, screaming:—

"Oh, Lor', it's the policeman, Miss Polly, says he's after dat box! They'll put us in one ob dem prisons when we's innocent, like Mis' Maybrick, 'cause we's 'Mericans!"

By this time I, too, was thoroughly frightened, even with all my consciousness of innocence, but thinking it well to be as calm as possible in an emergency, I marched bravely into the hall, with Judge following me. The policeman from the corner—the one who had always been so polite to me and Judge, who held up his hand many times a day to keep me from getting run over—stood there, half smiling, half embarrassed.

"I have called for a Christmas box, please, Miss, or rather you know about the policemen's ball. You see, Miss——"

"No, I don't see!" I interrupted. "We haven't anybody's box, nor anybody's ball, either! My servant says a dozen persons have been calling here this

afternoon asking about some box they said she had. Will you please clear up this mystery for me?"

"Why, Miss, didn't you know this was Boxing Day?" asked the policeman.

"Boxing Day!" I repeated. "I never heard of such a day. Is it a day similar to our April fool day?" I was suddenly enlightened. Yes, the day after Christmas was England's silly day, when practical jokes were played on people, especially unsuspecting and uninitiated Americans.

But the policeman further enlightened me, explaining the full meaning of Boxing Day, the reason of poor Dinah's misunderstanding, and he also told me that he had some tickets for a policemen's ball that he would leave with me to be paid for when I had the change handy. Then he departed, and I went to the kitchen to explain to Dinah the reason for the strange happenings of the day. She unpacked her trunk, meanwhile expressing her opinion of English as spoken in England:—

"If dey wants money, why doesn't dey say so, or why doesn't dey say dey wants a present? How is I to know a Chris'mas box means a shillin' or fi'pence? In 'Meriky a Chris'mas box is a box which comes by express. It ain't money, nohow. An' they's nothin' but beggahs to ask fer presents. In 'Meriky dese w'ite trash is given a dollah or so on New Year's day w'en dey comes 'bout reg'lar business, an' dey don't need to ask, but heah dey takes time by de fo'lock an' fly to de doah. It's de fust time I eber see anybody hurry in dis country. My! Dey

does rush when dey wants a Chris'mas box, sho' 'nuff!"

After the Boxing Day episode, we again settled down in tranquillity for a while.

Then I thought I would try to write for the English papers. I could see no reason why I shouldn't do my humble part towards lightening the burden they seemed to be carrying. I bought a lot of London newspapers and, in Dinah's vernacular, I "hefted" them, one by one. Then I tossed off a light and airy production on my typewriter, and, selecting the heaviest paper, sent there my maiden effort. Two days later it appeared in print and shortly afterwards I got a check. I did not know then, as I do now, that, in that editorial stronghold, the audacity of an American girl in daring to attack it had so amused the editors that they decided to let me in.

That first success gave me an unlimited amount of confidence. I proceeded to call on several of the London editors. I had a sort of triumphal progress from one office to another. Not a single editor refused to see me. I was very much surprised to find them all so pleasant and chatty. I thought them much nicer than any American editors I had ever met. They all shook hands with me in the most friendly fashion, and one of them accepted a subject right off when I told him some of my ideas for articles.

At first I was rather taken aback when on my saying, "Good morning, I'd like to do some work for you. You see, I'm an American," each individual editor laughed very heartily while shaking hands

with me; but I got accustomed to that habit of theirs, and it was not till a long time afterwards that I suspected why they had laughed when I said, "You see, I'm an American."

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I BEGAN TO STARVE IN LONDON.

I HAVE a conscientious objection to fulfilling people's prophecies about myself, when they take it upon themselves to foretell unpleasant happenings.

When I was a freckle-faced, red-headed little girl in Wisconsin, I remember that one of our neighbors, a Methodist deacon, calling at my home and witnessing an exhibition of the fact that I had a temper to correspond with my hair, put his hand upon my fiery locks, and said portentously:—

"This child will come to some bad end!"

"That's a story-lie!" I retorted, hotly, shaking my mane free from his hand and eyeing him defiantly, "I won't! I won't!"

I have a very keen and lively recollection of the shock and commotion which thereupon ensued upon my showing "such behavior before company"; of the early supper that was hastily provided for me, of being escorted to bed ere the sun had gone down, and how I added a rider to my evening prayer:—

"God bless me and make me a good girl," I prayed fervently, *"just to spite old Deacon Jones!"*

When I had lived in London several months, I woke up one summer morning with another prophecy

that had been made concerning me ringing in my ears: "You will starve in London!"

It was the half-pitying, half-threatening prophecy made by the colonel, when less than a year before I had walked into the managing editor's office and suddenly informed him that I was going to London.

I had just twopence, half penny, that morning when I so vividly recalled the colonel's prophecy. It was all the money I had in the world and I could see no prospect of getting any more. How I finally got down to a beggarly "tuppence ha'penny" would make too long a story. Suffice it to say that, doing the best I could, I had spent what money I had brought with me and all that I had earned and had mortgaged the furniture of the flat besides, and that every day I was having a headache, the kind of headache that comes from irregularity in the matter of meals. Then on that particular morning I suddenly remembered that it had been prophesied I would starve in London; so while I brushed my hair—that had grown darker to match the temper that had become calmer during the years that had intervened since Deacon Jones, all unwittingly, had started me out in life with a very good weapon against its pitfalls—I determined that it should fare with the prophecy of my dear good friend, the colonel, as it had fared with my old-time enemy, the deacon, and as I looked at myself in the mirror of my dressing-table I exclaimed:—

"That, too, shall be a lie! I will *not* starve in London!"

The sun came streaming through my bedroom window, with its pretty white dimity curtains, tied back with blue ribbons. There, on an easy chair, sunning himself, watching the people and traffic in the street below, sat Judge, my dog, a golden crown of light upon his shaggy head, a highly-polished silver collar round his neck, topped by a huge bow of yellow ribbon. On a chair beside him lay the half of a puppy-biscuit. On the floor, with towel for tablecloth, were a saucer of milk and a bone, with gristle and meat on both ends of it, by which signs I knew that Judge had eaten what breakfast he wanted and was not hungry. I thanked God for that. If I had ever suspected Judge of being hungry, I might have been capable of going into the street and knocking down any little butcher's boy who refused peaceably to deliver up to me the contents of his wooden meat-trough; or, failing that, I might have attempted to forge a check or have committed any other crime which seemed to promise something for Judge to eat.

About ten o'clock that morning, I put on my hat and fastening Judge's chain to his collar, I called out to Dinah:—

"Good-by, Dinah; Judge and I are going out for a walk."

As I went out of the flat door, there came from the kitchen sounds of scrubbing and the scouring of tins, and Dinah's singing, in her sweet, melodious voice, an old-time darky camp-meeting tune:—

"Oh! de Judgmen' Day am rollin' roun',
Rollin', yes, a-rollin';
I hear de trumpet's awful soun',
Rollin', yes, a-rollin'!
Oh! Some seeks de Lawd, but dey don't seek him right,
Rollin', yes, a-rollin'!
Dey prays in de daytime, but not in de night,
Rollin', yes, a-rollin'!"

I laughed as I shut the door on Dinah and her ecstasy. I had managed my experience of hard-up-ed-ness very well indeed, so far, and had tactfully kept the state of my finances from Dinah. How I was to continue the deception longer I did not know, but I had an abiding faith that there must be some way.

"Which way, Judge?" I said to my dog when we had got outside the building. I had then, as I have now, a fancy for holding on to Judge's chain and letting him lead me at his will. Judge headed towards the Houses of Parliament and I followed. Then he turned towards Westminster Bridge, and finally we crossed it. Then we wandered among the streets of Camberwell, where children were playing in front of the small houses. Judge, in all his beauty and splendor, attracted the attention of a group of tiny tots, who immediately gathered round us. I was dressed rather well and stylishly on that occasion, and my appearance did not betray the very low state of my finances. To those children, Judge and I were "quality folk" from the West End, walking about to gratify our curiosity concerning the doings of the poor and the East End folk. One little girl, pretty,

though ragged and dirty, interested me greatly. I asked her name and where she lived, and found that her home was in a lodging house, with an older sister who did sewing.

"If yer ever want any sewing done, laidy, the plain kind, me sister'll do it fer ye," said the child.

"How much money can your sister earn by sewing?" I asked.

"About one an' sixpence every day," returned the child.

I was about to walk on when Judge, hearing me say "good-by" automatically put out his right paw to the child to shake, whereupon she seized it, exclaiming:—

"Oh, laidy! Please lemme show yer dawg to me sister! She ain't never seen no such hanimal, an' 'e's so cunnin'!"

So to please the child, Judge and I climbed up several flights of stairs and into a room where I saw poverty of a different kind from that which I myself was experiencing, different from any that I had ever seen before. A girl of perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three sat sewing, and rose to meet her little sister with an exclamation of horror as she saw her visitors. It was a rather absurd situation, and the humorous aspect of it appealed to me. I had been dragged up those stairs by a ragged little London girl to be shown off to her sister as a rich West End lady with a beautiful dog to amuse a tired working girl—I, with tuppence ha'penny, confronting the problem of how to keep from starving in London! The sew-

ing girl took her apron and dusted a chair, bidding me be seated. The little sister begged that I would make my dog "do tricks for Sister Molly."

"Your little sister tells me you do sewing," I said, for the sake of starting conversation. "She says you earn only one and sixpence a day. Can't you engage in some employment that pays better? It seems so little."

I stopped suddenly, and, in a half-dazed way, remembered that I myself was not earning one and sixpence a day.

"No, miss, I can't do anything else," answered the girl.

"There's domestic service," I said, innocently.

Just why I happened to think of domestic service in connection with the girl, I do not know. I talked only for the sake of saying something. I took no particular interest in her. But her face blazed up at the mention of domestic service, and then and there she gave me to understand that she was no menial. She would rather sew and have her liberty, she said, than be a servant and have none, and, as for caps and aprons, did I expect a self-respecting girl to put them on?

After that I had nothing to say, and, bidding her a hasty good morning, Judge and I descended the creaking stairs. When I got out in the open air, the humorous side of the thing again struck me. I, to suggest to others a way to earn their living, when I was in such difficulty concerning my own! "Now," I thought to myself, "if I were that girl instead of

myself, I would have an easier time of it. The thing for her to do is to become a housemaid. Why, if I were a sewing girl earning only eighteen pence a day, I'd jump at the chance of being a servant, and——"

Then I did jump, as though I were struck. I *was* struck—struck with an Idea! Judge and I had been walking back from Camberwell the way we had gone, and again we were on the edge of Westminster Bridge. I went over to the railing and looked down at Father Thames. Then I stooped down lovingly to pat the head of my pedigreed poodle. He it was who had led me in the way of that Idea which was to prevent my fulfilling the colonel's prophecy.

"Judge," I said, looking him full in the eyes, and taking his paw there on Westminster Bridge, "I'll go out as a housemaid and write it up for the papers, and so I shall get my start in London, and there are better times ahead. And it's your 'idea,' Judge, not mine, for you led me in the way of it. I mustn't put it in the newspapers just how the thing came about—how I determined I wouldn't fulfill the colonel's prophecy, and how my dear doggie was commissioned of Heaven to save me. We can't put it in print like that just yet, old fellow, but one of these days, yes, one of these days, my dog story shall be written. Ha, ha! Judge! we've got it,—haven't we? —the Idea! London's got to give us a living, a decent, comfortable, satisfying one. It's got to give us three square meals a day and afternoon tea besides. It's got to give me hats and dresses and theater tickets, and you, great wide, all-silk ribbons for neckties. It's got to give us rides in hansoms,—eh,

Judge?—and once in awhile a drive in the park in a victoria. You'll like that, Judge, and so will I. Why, Judge, you and I are young, and we love the follies and vanities of the world, and we're going to have some of them. Why shouldn't we, if we earn them? We're going to work for Old London, honestly and honorably, and Old London has got to pay us our wages."

I released Judge's paw. He wagged his tail in agreement with me and trotted along beside me over the bridge. When we were nearly across it, I took a final look at Father Thames, and a sudden inspiration seized me.

"Father Thames," I said, leaning far over to gaze into his very depths, "here's tuppence ha'penny for you. With it, I'm what they call 'broke.' Without it, I'll be penniless and 'dead broke,' and, as I'm taking a new start in life to-day, I'll start even. Here's to your next century's scraping, Father Thames, and treasure-trove to the monarch then on the English throne!"

With that I threw all my financial resources into the Thames, taking defiant aim three times in succession. One penny dropped upon the water, then another, then a half-penny.

Holding tight to Judge, I left Westminster Bridge a "dead broke" American girl in London, and when I opened the flat door with my latchkey, I called out:—

"Dinah, come and take Judge. He must be hungry by this time, so give him the bone and the milk he left from breakfast. And, oh, Dinah, I've had an

accident! I was standing on Westminster Bridge, looking into the water, and I dropped all my money into the river. Have you got any money left from your last month's wages, Dinah?"

"Oh, Miss Polly! I done got seven shillin's, an' I ain't got no use fer it, an' I len' it to yo' and welcome, but oh, Miss Polly, yo' done drop *all* de money yo' hab into de ribber? Did you take it *all* out when yo' lef' de flat?"

"Yes, Dinah, I took every penny out with me, and I dropped it all into the river," I answered, turning my own eyes in which shone the light of truth, to her affrighted ones. "But don't worry, Dinah! There's always something to be thankful for. If the amount had been larger, it would have been worse, you see, though perhaps if there had been more of it, I wouldn't have dropped it. Anyway, I've got to go right out again to a newspaper office. You can use your seven shillings to buy stores for the kitchen, and I'll pay you back in a day or two."

"Yes, Miss Polly; but oh, Miss Polly, ob all de misfortunes what happen to us, it am de werry wust fer yo' to drop yo' money into de ribber!"

But I was off, leaving Dinah to make her lamentations to herself and Judge, who, I was thankful to remember, could not talk English and tell her the truth about the exact amount of the money I had dropped into the river and the particular method I took to drop it.

I did not borrow bus fare from Dinah because it suited my whim to "start even" and "dead broke" with that Idea of mine, so I walked all the way to

Fleet street, then turned into Whitefriars street, and, with another turn, went into the office of a newspaper that had published three short articles of mine at the rate of a pound apiece. I found one of the editors, and asked to see the editor-in-chief.

"He can't see you, I know," was the answer. "Why, he's writing four articles this very minute!"

"He can't write four articles at once. Even an American editor couldn't do that," I retorted.

"But he can, and he's the only man in London that can do it. He's dictating one article to a young woman typist; another to a young man typist; another to a telegraph operator, and the fourth one he's writing himself."

"Dear me!" I replied. "If he's a man of so many ideas, perhaps, after all, he wouldn't pay any attention to me, for I'm only a woman with one idea. I wanted to tell him about it. I know it's a good one."

"What is it? Tell me. I'm acting editor, and if it's anything important, I'll lay it before him and give you an answer."

"My idea is to go out as a servant and write up my experiences as a serial for your paper. Everybody is interested in the servant question. Lots of people want servants and can't get them, and lots of girls are starving in London. Now, I propose to advertise and get a situation, and then write my true experiences, without giving any names or addresses, of course, and tell whether or not, in my opinion, it would be a suitable employment for gentlewomen as well as working girls. Now, shall I go out as a servant for your paper?"

"What, *you?* Why, you couldn't get a place, to begin with, and, if you did, you couldn't do the work. Your idea is not practicable."

"Well, I'm going, anyway," I answered.

"Going where?"

"Going out to service and going to write my experiences, and, if you don't want it, I'll find some other editor who does. As a matter of fact, I intend to find such an editor this afternoon."

"Wait a minute, will you?" he said, as he left the room. He returned in about ten minutes.

"I've talked your matter over with the editor-in-chief, and he thinks the idea all right, but says you can't do it. He agrees with me that it would make interesting copy if you could do it, but you couldn't get a place."

"But if I get a place and write the serial for you, say in six installments of two columns each, how much would it be worth?"

"But we can't agree to take things we've never seen and you've never written."

"No, that would be unbusiness-like, I confess," I returned. "But let me put it to you in this way: If I get a place as domestic servant in London or in the country near London, and write up my experiences and you like them and think them suitable for your paper, how much would you pay me?"

"Twenty pounds."

"All right! I'll do it! You won't hear from me again till I'm somebody's parlor maid or housemaid. I'll write to you from my situation and tell you how I'm getting on."

So the "bargain," if bargain it could be termed, was sealed. Twenty pounds seemed a great sum of money to me in those days, especially when I multiplied it by five and thought of it as one hundred dollars.

That evening, at the flat, I summed up the situation thus:—

"I have found a newspaper editor who says that if I can do a thing which he knows I can't do, and then write a series about it in such a way as shall please him, he will publish it and pay me twenty pounds. To do the thing I must have enough money to live on for at least a month, and must have cash at once for advertising, buying caps and aprons, print dress, black dress, collars and cuffs. There is no money in the flat, but enough food on hand, bought with Dinah's money, to last three or four days, if used very economically. Puzzle—how to get some cash!"

Then I went to bed, with the unsolved puzzle in my mind, and the next morning I knew what I must do—sell my typewriter! The furniture was mortgaged. The old tin pan which was called a piano was hired, but the typewriter was my own. I had brought it with me to London as a necessary adjunct to my proposed newspaper work. I had grown to love my machine. To me it was not an inanimate but a sentient, living thing. I had dealt tenderly and carefully by it, oiling and dusting and polishing it every morning, and at night time had sometimes lovingly patted it when it had earned for me a five dollar bill or a sovereign. When I knew I must sell it, small wonder that I cried over its keyboard. Then,

when I had cried, I washed my face, donned my hat and went out and made a bargain, selling the thing for twelve pounds, though it was as bright and capable as when I had bought it for twenty. I sent a man to look at it and he bought it and took it away.

Then I was rich—that is, passing rich, with twelve pounds. I paid Dinah what I owed her, and went out again and negotiated for another typewriter, to be bought on the installment plan, paying three pounds down and signing an agreement to pay two pounds a month afterwards.

When I had got through with this somewhat peculiar sort of business transaction, I sat down and admired my own cleverness. I remembered my difficulties at college with even the simplest of mathematical problems, and the prophecy of my teachers that whatever else I might do I would never become a good business woman. Here again was a prophecy unfulfilled. How little did those instructors know of my capabilities in a business way when the emergency should arise! I woke up that morning without a penny, though I had a typewriter. I went to bed the proud possessor of another typewriter, just as good, *and* nearly nine pounds. What a deal, to be sure! In the morning, a typewriter and no money; then money and no typewriter, and then money and typewriter both! Given my circumstances, who could have done better than I? Buoyant and full of hope and faith that evening, I sat at the old tin pan and played and sang gleefully, while Judge danced about the room with his ruffled paws. Dinah hesitated over the laying of the supper table and looked at the new typewriter in the corner

"Done got machine fixed werry quick fo' dis country, w'ich am allus mighty slow, didn't dey, Miss Polly?" she observed.

"Yes, Dinah," I answered; "it was done in something of a hurry and I got some money to-day, and things are looking up."

"Glad o' dat!" returned Dinah, bustling back to the kitchen. She was under the impression that I had sent the machine out to be repaired and had got it back. I found that a very easy and plausible explanation to make to her, when one man had come to take the first machine away and another had come, apparently, to bring it back.

I wrote out my advertisement for a situation on the new machine that night, and on August 23, 1893, it appeared in the *London Daily Telegraph*. It was a peculiar sort of advertisement, and brought me one hundred and fifty answers. In reply to them I spent about two weeks tramping over London, and then came my reward in the shape of an engagement, or, rather, two engagements.

Shall I ever forget that starting out into service? How several times I went out of the flat door, then flew back again to give Judge just one more pat and make Dinah renew her oath of allegiance to my dog during my absence. It was agreed that she and Judge were to meet me every evening near a certain pillar-box at about ten o'clock, where I would go nightly to post the letters of the family with whom I had engaged as housemaid. It was in this way that I kept in touch with my little home circle while I essayed to play the part of maidservant.

CHAPTER VII.

I BECOME A MAIDSERVANT.

I HAD resided in England something less than a year when I donned a cap and apron with the purpose of getting experience as a London servant and turning that "experience" into newspaper copy. During those few months I had gained but little knowledge of English home-life, English customs, and English manners. My English acquaintances, too, were few, and my friends, using that term in its proper sense, were none. I had not, at that time, ever visited any of the women's clubs, or the houses of any prominent Englishwomen, and, with the exception of such persons of art and letters as were celebrated in my own country as well as in England, I had then been given no opportunity of discovering "who was who" in London.

It is therefore not at all strange that, when I became a housemaid in the metropolis, I happened, all unwittingly, to enter the service of a family, several members of which were rather well known in certain circles of society. When I made this discovery, I was extremely sorry for the chance that had led me in that particular direction, and, had my circumstances permitted me to do so, I would have given up that situation at once and started out in

another, leaving the first experience entirely out of my newspaper write-up. But my time was limited, my health and nerves not in the state which warranted my beginning all over again, and my necessities were great.

I have a keen recollection of how, on the second day of my experience in service, I sat upon the edge of the bed in the room that was assigned to myself and my fellow servants as a sleeping apartment, and argued the whole question out with my mind and my conscience, and how, applying the rule by which I tried to guide all my actions—"This, above all, to thine own self be true"—to the situation in which I then found myself, I decided that I was justified in taking advantage of the means for helping myself that seemed to have been thrown in my way. It had been very difficult for me to obtain any situation at all. My lack of a "character" from a former mistress, my suspicious American accent, my diminutive stature and my far from robust appearance had all stood in my way. I had been refused a situation by over one hundred London mistresses. Only one other woman had given me encouragement to hope that she might engage me. She had half promised to take me, but could not let me know until the following week. In the meantime a sure thing had been offered to me and I had accepted it.

As I sat on the bed, I kept asking myself over and over again, "Shall I give up what may be my only chance? Shall I give it up, and, perhaps, after all, fulfill the colonel's prophecy by starving in London?"

Both my common sense and my conscience an-

swered, "No! a thousand times no! You have got your chance. If you throw it away, you may never get another one. Under these circumstances, as well as under any others, you can be true to yourself and therefore not false to anyone."

Then, on that second morning, I hurriedly pulled on my stockings, buttoned my boots, donned my print dress and my morning cap and apron and started out to do my work to the best of my ability.

I have forgotten just how many times I went up and down the four flights of stairs that morning before breakfast. I do remember, however, that what with the carrying of hot water, the preparing of baths, the sweeping and dusting, and the shaking and brushing of the family skirts and trousers, I was more tired physically when I sat down to the kitchen breakfast than I had ever before been in my life. Along with my weariness had come an appetite for solid, substantial food. When bread and butter and coffee were placed before me, I created a diversion in the kitchen by asking innocently, "Where's the meat?"

"What meat?" asked the parlor maid, surprisedly.

"The meat for our breakfast," I returned, still more innocently.

Then I was informed that the regular kitchen breakfast was bread and butter and coffee, or tea, if one preferred it.

As the household was somewhat upset, and the regular number of servants had not been engaged, we were on board-wages for a time—one and sixpence a day. I had some money with me, a part of the pro-

ceeds from the sale of my typewriter, so I added what seemed to me to be a necessary sum to the board-wages and went out that day and purchased certain kinds of food, substantial and nourishing, which I thought would help to keep me in proper condition for the task I had undertaken.

As I have said, I knew little of London in those days. I had, in the flat, known what it was to economize and "do without things" when the state of my finances demanded it, but I did not know then, as I have since learned, that one and sixpence a day was the regular rate of board-wages usually paid to London servants, nor did I know what one and sixpence was capable of buying in the way of eatables. I therefore looked upon the sum as inadequate and considered that allowance a rather mean one. I said to the parlor maid:—

"How can one get proper food on one and sixpence a day?"

"Well, you'll have to," was the answer; "it's all she gives."

I suppose it is not necessary for me to state that the "she" referred to was the mistress of the house, who, except upon very rare occasions, was known in the kitchen only by that title.

When the regular staff of servants was made up, which happened within two or three days, the board-wages were withdrawn and the servants had their meals provided by the mistress. Then was I more than ever surprised to find that bread and butter and coffee still figured as the only breakfast for the servants, and, when I was informed that such was the

regular morning diet, I was overcome with astonishment, which finally led me to ask the mistress herself if it were true. Yes, it was true, she told me, and she further informed me that I was not likely to suit her. As I had gone to the place only for a week on trial, to see whether or not I was likely to suit, the ordinary "notice" was not deemed necessary on either side, and as I had no intention of remaining, in any case, longer than a week, I was very glad to be dismissed by my mistress instead of being obliged to offer her my resignation. But I had still several days before the end of my week, and I applied myself to the business I had undertaken.

To keep up my strength, I daily used a part of my own money for the supplementing of the breakfast and supper allowed to the servants. The dinners I found were wholesome and ample. What most astonished me was that the rest of the servants seemed not particularly discontented with the bread and coffee breakfast and the bread and cheese supper which were provided for them. What they lacked in variety they made up in the quantity of bread and butter they ate, and I do not think any of them were ever hungry. I have since learned that such breakfasts and suppers are very often the only kind allowed to many of the London servants, though I am still of the opinion that it is neither good sense nor economy for mistresses to allow so large a consumption of bread and butter in their kitchens to the exclusion of other food. I have noticed that some servants are capable of eating enough butter at one meal to pay for a good substantial bit of meat or bacon or a couple of eggs.

One of the pleasant things I have to remember of that week in service is the good, sound, healthy sleep I enjoyed. The bed was hard and springless, and all the appointments of the room which I shared with two other servants were as different as possible from those of the dainty bedroom, with its mortgaged furniture, at the flat. But so tired was I when bed-time came that no such thing as insomnia ever troubled me, and every morning at six o'clock I rose with a prayer of thankfulness for the blessing of sleep.

Nearly all of the tasks I was given to perform I did well and conscientiously. I say *nearly* all, for there were certain kinds of work I thought it well to attempt in peculiar and original ways in order to draw out observations from my fellow servants and occasionally to note the effect upon my mistress. I did not allow myself for one instant to forget that I was a journalist seeking "copy" and I had no notion of letting any opportunities for getting that all-important article slip by me.

Thus it was that one day, when I had a lot of candlesticks to clean and noting that a bronze Minerva among them was badly mottled with grease, I innocently remarked in the presence of the other servants:—

"It's an awful job to clean the candle grease off that female figure. I wonder if there's any way to get it off quickly?"

"It do take time for that sort of thing," observed one of the servants.

I began carefully scraping off the grease with a

hairpin. It took nearly an hour. When I had finished, I remarked to the parlor maid:—

"It seems as if there ought to be a way of getting that candle grease off without spending so much time. How did you get it off when you were housemaid?"

"Oh, I didn't use a hairpin! I used my finger nails," was the reply.

"But don't you think if we put her in the oven and baked her well, the grease would come off, on a paper or something?" I asked, with serious eyes and guileless face.

"Bake a candlestick?" exclaimed Annie. "Anybody could tell you never was taught how to work!"

"Or boiled her in some hot water—don't you think that would do it?" I continued.

"Did you ever see such a fool?" I heard one ask the other as I left the kitchen with Minerva, and, when the door was shut, I laughed softly and then fell to wondering why somebody did not start a school for would-be housemaids and parlor maids in London.

The thing that most impressed me during my career as a housemaid was the need of many American housekeeping conveniences in typical English homes. When I assisted the parlor maid in carrying food and dishes from the kitchen to the dining room I sighed for the "dumb-waiter" or lift, of which we make use in our modern-built American houses. The continual running up and down many flights of stairs with hot and cold water—instead of having it laid on, if not in each bedroom, at least on each floor,

—was the most tiresome and wearing of all my tasks. Up and down, up and down, always up and down, I seemed to be going from morning till night. The helplessness, too, of Englishwomen, as compared with the activity of my own countrywomen, was also a thing of which I took note. In America the woman who has not a personal lady's maid, has a habit of waiting upon herself. In England I learned by my own experience, and by gossiping with the servants, that no woman who kept even so much as a "general" attempted to brush her own skirts, rub off her boots, or put coal on her fire.

But of all the things that worked most "wear and tear" upon my nervous system, the constant dread in which I lived of being "found out" was the worst.

Once my heart almost stopped beating when the cook, exasperated by my contention that no servant had a right to hold letters written by her mistress over a candle in order to attempt to read the contents of them, exclaimed:—

"Oh, you! you're nothin' but a spy and houtsider, any'ow! You ain't no proper servant!"

"I don't understand," I answered faintly.

"Easy enough to understand," she returned. "You breaks a dish and you goes and tells. You don't want the parlor maid to tell me any of the interesting things about the family, and you *pertend* you don't read any of her letters when you dust her desk."

I must again explain that the "her" referred to was the mistress of the house.

"I just hates underhand dealin's and spyin' about, and you're a spy," continued the cook.

I breathed freely again.

"All right!" I answered, as I went upstairs with a can of hot water.

It was true that although a "chiel amang them takin' notes," I endeavored in every possible way to avoid obtaining or imparting knowledge concerning the private, personal affairs of the family in whose service I was engaged, and whatever of such information was forced upon me I kept to myself and made absolutely no use of in the "write-up" which I subsequently made of my housemaid experience.

My first place I left at the end of one week, going from there to take a situation as parlor maid in Kensington, a situation I obtained by calling on a lady when the time for my Sunday afternoon out came round. There I found a kinder, more considerate mistress with most incompetent, unaccommodating servants. The more privileges given them, the greater and more unfair were the advantages taken, so that when at the end of another week I went back to the flat, I was not by any means an advocate of increased "liberty" for London servants, and my sympathy for London mistresses equaled, if it did not exceed, that which I felt for London servants.

That return to Dinah and the flat, after two weeks spent in domestic service, was a stirring event. I remember that when it was all over I proved myself the typical, ordinary woman, who, having held her own and exhibited surprising strength and fortitude in an emergency, falls down in a faint when the emergency is past and nothing more is required of her. I burst into the flat and sprang upon Judge

and Dinah like something wild and crazy, crying, "Dinah! Dinah! put me to bed! I'm going to pieces! There's something snapped in my back and in my head!"

After that there were ten days spent mostly in bed and an occasional visit from a doctor, whose subsequent fees needed no microscope to be seen largely. There was rest and sleep and sympathy from Judge, interspersed with murmurs from Dinah of, "Oh, Miss Polly! I done tol' yo' so! I say many de time when yo' talk 'bout dat sarvant bus'ness, lemme go an' do de work an' tol' yo' all about it an' yo' write 'em for de paper, 'cause scrubbin' am for niggahs an' w'ite trash!"

But, like Truth, crushed to earth, I rose again, and soon the flat resounded with the noise of my typewriter, as I wrote out the true account of my experiences under the title of "In Cap and Apron."

I use the word *true* in almost, if not quite, its strictest sense. My real reason for going into service, which was that I might get a start in English journalism and thus put myself in a fair way of earning my own living in London, I did not state, in so many words, believing that that way diplomacy did not lie. I reasoned it out that if London knew that the amateur housemaid, who essayed to put her experiences into print, was quite as much compelled by necessity to go into domestic service in order to earn her living as was any real housemaid who ever applied to a London mistress for a situation, then London might not be so much interested in the story of her ups and downs, on the principle that the poor it had ever with it.

So whatever was sad, whatever was tragic, and, to a certain extent, whatever was serious, I determined to leave out of my "In Cap and Apron" series. I knew there were plenty to write fiction, plenty to write tragedy, so I chose what afterwards proved to be the better and more popular part of trying to write brightly and entertainingly of my brief experience as a servant. The fact of my being an American girl I kept to myself, although it very comically leaked out, when my articles appeared in print, through some "Americanisms" such as "wash bowls and pitchers" instead of "basins and jugs" and my demand for a meat breakfast. I also did what might possibly be termed a little "posing" during the course of my narrative, by letting it appear that I was not well up in the art of housework, and unacquainted with the proper method of scrubbing, cleaning bronze candlesticks, etc., and thereby brought down upon my head the ire of many a British housewife who took the relation of my attempts at scrubbing and candlestick cleaning in a too serious manner. The fact is that I was then and am now, like the majority of my countrywomen, a very good houseworker, and what I did not know by experience I knew by instinct, and if, as was afterwards poetically asserted by Sir Walter Besant, I "housemaided it with zeal and also pranks," I acted thuswise for the purpose of trying to break up the monotony of the daily life of myself and my fellow servants, thus furnishing somewhat more interesting "copy" than I otherwise could have done. All work and no play is bound to make one a dull journalist.

The names of my employers, the neighborhoods in which they lived, their professions and the position which they occupied in London society, I carefully concealed in my write-up, substituting names, addresses, and occupations as different as possible from the real ones, and if ever in the years that followed it became known in what particular London families I had acted the part of maidservant, it was not through any information that came from me, either in my writing or my conversation.

When two chapters of the "In Cap and Apron" series were written and handed to the editor to whom I had first carried my Idea, the story of my adventures began to appear in print, it not being considered necessary to wait until I had finished the whole.

In the midst of the publication and of my writing, I was sent by the same editor to go touring through the mining towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, where the great coal strike of 1893 was in progress. I was commissioned to write about the distress of the miners and their wives and children, but I had no sooner arrived in the mining towns than my own "distress" became greater than any I witnessed among the colliers, for my sympathies were not all with the miners and their wives, though they abided always with the innocent children. Beer and wastefulness and filth I found everywhere among them, and in the midst of their drunkenness they described to me their "wrongs" and told of children "clemmin" at home while both parents caroused in the public houses. Thus my own "distress," the distress I felt at having to apparently "side with" the colliers

when it seemed to me that justice and right were partly with the mine owners, doubtless showed itself in the reports I daily sent on to the London paper that was upholding the cause of the strikers, and before the end of the week a pertinent telegram, "Come back," brought me to London.

"Your reports were not exactly the thing," said the editor, when I again stood before him. "You seemed to lack sympathy."

"Not at all," I responded. "I can't tell you how much I sympathized with the mine owners as well as the strikers."

"I thought so," he laughed. "But your servant girl series has caught on, and we shall want the third installment at once."

So I returned to the flat, and during the next three weeks I wrote six more chapters of "In Cap and Apron," making eight in all, I having discovered that six, as originally agreed upon, would not hold all I had to tell. Then for eight weeks ran the story of my adventures, in the press.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I FOUND MYSELF A "HEROINE."

"* * * She is, in her highly becoming cap and apron, the heroine of the town. Her strange, wild, and curious adventures are the common theme of conversation in thousands of English homes, where the pros and cons of the case are eagerly discussed by both the parties concerned. Indeed, mistress and maid, should a good understanding subsist between them, exchange views on the position taken by the author. That position is really untenable. We contend that she, in her confessed ignorance of the duties of the profession, which, for journalistic purposes, she undertook, was not properly equipped for her essay in servanthood. * * * She announces at the outset of her voyage of discovery her inability to darn a sock! Does there actually breathe a woman in whom the domestic instinct is so dead as this? * * * She cleans a bronze Minerva candlestick with a hairpin! * * * An ivory ornament was resolved into its component parts, under her incompetent hands, in a pail of hot water, and, contrary to her fellow servant's advice, she insisted on confessing to having broken it. * * *"

Thus ran a part of a column article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of November 22, 1893, and *I* was the

"heroine." I did not, however, see it on November 22d. I could not afford the luxury of buying newspapers in those days, and so it happened that for several days, though I was a "heroine," I was entirely ignorant of that encouraging fact. Think of it! In those days, there stood only a penny between sadness and gladness for me, and I could not spend that penny.

It was several days after the 22d of November that, walking along Piccadilly, I met an American newspaper man whom I had not seen since I left my native land.

"Lo, the conquering heroine comes!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and making a low obeisance. "It took an American girl to stir 'em up and show 'em what's what in journalism. You didn't starve in London, after all, did you?"

"No, I didn't starve," I answered, "but I haven't lived on canvasback duck nor lobsters and things. But I've got a little start, now, and I'm going to stay in London till I do something. I've got a series running in one of the papers now."

"Stay till you do something! Got a 'series' running now! Why, you seem to have a series running in all the papers, or something mighty like it, as far as I can make out! I haven't picked up a London paper since I've been over that didn't have something about you in it. Why, the papers are full of you, and the London correspondents are cabling over home about you! You've done us all proud. You don't mean to say that you don't know you're the talk of London,—a regular right-down heroine?"

My compatriot looked at me suspiciously, and I returned his look quite honestly, as I replied:—

"No, I didn't know it. I've scarcely seen a paper, and I haven't been up to much since I got out of service."

"Well, you're the most indifferent, not to say non-progressive and *un*-energetic American girl I ever knew! Why, even I have got my pocket stuffed full of you,—that is, things about you that I've cut from the papers. I'm going to write a great story about you to send over. Come on in here and have lunch, and while we're eating you can read all about how you're the greatest show on earth."

With that, he conducted me into a restaurant where Americans in London largely foregather, and, as the meal progressed, there were spread before my astonished, though delighted, eyes, the evidences of the success which my "In Cap and Apron" series was achieving. What kind, encouraging things the London papers were saying about "the American girl," to be sure, even the most staid and conservative of them! Some took my journalistic exploit as a far more serious affair than it was. They opined that I was a reformer and a philanthropist, bent upon solving the domestic servant question, and delivering both servants and mistresses in England out of bondage. Other papers viewed the whole proceeding as a "lark," and declared I had entered upon it in a spirit of mischief and was writing it all up "for the fun of the thing." Both surmises were kindly meant, but both were wrong.

It was just about this time that letters from all

parts of Great Britain began pouring in upon me, letters addressed in care of the paper in which the series was appearing, asking me to tell my real object in going out to domestic service. Servants begged me to become president of their leagues, mistresses wanted to know what good I expected to accomplish. I was accused of being a "busybody" trying to set the English servants against their employers, and putting false notions of equality into their heads. "Why did you do it? What was your aim and what do you expect to accomplish by it?" were the questions asked me in hundreds upon hundreds of letters.

To those letters I could not reply, first, because the writers neglected the formality of inclosing postage stamps, and, second, because I had neither the time nor the physical strength for entering upon so arduous a task. I remember that shortly after that there came to me an invitation to a gathering of women, which I thought it might be well for me to accept. At that meeting a woman writer came over to me and said:—

"Now, tell me exactly, what was your aim and object—your serious one, I mean,—in going out to service and writing about it? It is a question we are all asking."

"I did it for 'copy,'" I answered; "to earn my living, you know. I knew it was a subject that would interest everybody."

I shall never forget the shocked expression on that woman's face, nor fail to remember her exclamation of surprise and disgust, as she replied:—

"'Copy!' You mean to confess you had no phil-

anthropic aim, that you did it for mercenary reasons, merely to earn your living?"

"Yes," I returned, looking her squarely in the face, "I'm not a hypocrite and I won't pose as a reformer. I did it to earn my living; but, of course, if my published experience helps others to earn theirs, I shall be very glad. I have done my best with this series and have been absolutely honest and impartial. I have taken no sides. I have simply told the truth."

"Oh! I really never thought any journalist would sink to such a level, or make such a confession, even though it were true! I must say that I have never written anything except with the object of benefiting somebody by it."

"Perhaps you have an income aside from your writing, which I have not," I answered; "and then, I am sure you have never undertaken the hard kind of work I have just done. Would you scrub floors and carry water up five flights of stairs and make yourself ill in mind and body, doing work to which you were not accustomed, from motives of philanthropy?"

I got only a disgusted "Oh, what a motive!" in answer to my question. I left the place soon afterwards. The atmosphere seemed not congenial. My unblushing confession of my "motive" in going out to service was repeated in London's female journalistic and club circles, and it was never accounted unto me for righteousness.

It seems now a very long time ago, since, trying to be honest by answering honestly a simple question that was put to me, I suddenly found myself looked

upon in certain quarters as a sort of journalistic pariah, outcast from some circles of the truly good and worthy female writers for the press. "Tell the truth and shame the devil," said somebody once upon a time, but "tell the truth and shame yourself," was the way it seemed to me the saying should run in those early London days. There have been occasions since that time of struggle against hunger when I, too, thank God! have been able to write from pure love of and interest in my subject; when I have seen the weak and helpless abused, the right downtrodden and the wrong rising triumphant, and have said, "I will wield my pen in the cause of righteousness for mere righteousness' sake," and have been able to donate the fees I received to the upbuilding of the cause I have championed. Happy those writers who can always do this; who know not what it is to write merely as a means of money-getting; who have needed never to write the "pot-boiling" article or the "pot-boiling" book. Happy are they and blessed, for truly they have entered into the Kingdom of Heaven—the Kingdom after which the rest of us ever strive with hard work and longing.

But it is not for them to sneer at us who work honestly and conscientiously at our trade. Rather let them follow the command of the Man of God and sell all that they have and give to the poor, and start out penniless, and learn the lesson of working for a living. Let them have to report a Sunday night's sermon in order to pay for their Monday night's dinner, or rather let them have to go without their Monday night's dinner because payment is only made

on Saturday nights at the newspaper offices; let them know the pain that hunger can give and the aches and diseases that fireless grates bring on; let them see their dear ones dying for lack of medicine; the dead bodies of those they love waiting in one room for a shroud, while in the next room they must write a comic story for a comic paper in order to buy it—let them experience all this and more, ten thousand times more, and then, if they do not fall upon their knees crying out, "Money! money! Oh, God, give me ideas which I can turn into money—money to satisfy hunger, to build a fire, to save my dying, to bury my dead!"—then, why then, they are not human, but only monstrosities.

Who that is breakfastless and dinnerless can write an article on "The Need of a Christmas Feast for the Poor," merely and solely for the sake of those who are known as "the poor"? To that "feast" the hungry journalist is not invited, for who suspects that she may be hungry and far "poorer" than the "very poor" of the East End of London or the East Side of New York? The journalist writes of the need of the feast and receives as payment two guineas or ten dollars. That is what the hungry journalist writes it for—the fee; and, if she is honest, she will admit it. But, stay! along with the fee and the satisfaction of having earned some food for herself there comes the added satisfaction of having helped to fill other empty stomachs than her own. This is one of the compensations of the working, "pot-boiling" journalist's life.

A few years ago when I was engaged as reporter

on a New York paper, a girl artist and I were told by our editor to go out and get up a true story on the "Hottest Day Among the New York Poor," for which we were to be paid at space-rates. The editor gave us an order on the cashier for some money, saying we might use it at our own discretion, as long as we expended it in getting him a good story and some good sketches—all true and no fiction. We decided to spend this money in buying a small load of ice to distribute free among the poor who lived in the worst section of the city. An illustrated story of how the poor children scrambled after the ice would, we thought, be sure to please the editor, so we went with our ice on to the East Side.

"Please, Missus, is ye an angel, bringin' us ice all fer nothin', when we's so hot and it's so 'spensive?" asked a tiny, ragged tot, her great eyes staring with delighted wonder.

"No, little girl," I said, "I'm only a reporter. I'm writing a story about you for my paper, and the other lady is making pictures for it. Stand still with your ice pail, like that, and let her put you into the picture."

"I declare!" said the artist to me at the office, when at midnight we were just finishing our work, having had no time for either luncheon or dinner that day, "I'm horribly tired and ravenously hungry, but the memory of how those youngsters enjoyed that ice fairly does me good!"

"The feeling does you credit," I laughed, "and I've got it too, so I take it we're both in what they call a 'state of grace.' "

I bring in this little New York episode here, where it may seem to be a digression in a chapter devoted to a part of my London experiences, in order to illustrate what is my conception of the attitude that may be rightly taken by the honest working woman journalist whose income must be derived from her pen.

I had a code by which I justified and do now justify my entry into domestic service—entry even under what some of my critics rightly called "false pretenses," for I gave a false name and a false address, and, in order to get the situations I obtained, though I told a part of the truth, I kept back a part of it. Again, I justified myself when I became a flower girl and sold flowers in the West End streets and in Piccadilly Circus; again, when I became a laundry girl and pretended to be what I was not; also a dressmaker's apprentice, and a crossing sweeper, and when I assumed the role of American heiress, trying to buy a pedigree and a presentation at court.

These experiences came, the one after the other, in as quick succession as I could bring them to pass, for, once having made my name as the "exponent of the newer and American journalism" with my "In Cap and Apron" series, the London editors, many of whom were known as belonging formerly to the conservative class of journalists, wrote to me and "asked for more." In vain did I visit many of them personally, suggesting subjects which seemed more suitable to the particular style of newspapers which they published and were certainly more to my own taste and inclination, and required less of physical strength

and nervous energy which I knew, even without consulting a wise old British doctor who was continually shaking his head at me, were being all too rapidly used up.

"Oh, but we do not want the ordinary sort of writing from you," the editors would say. "You've started this newer and more entertaining kind of journalism over here, and you must keep it up."

Then I would be offered three times the regular rates of the papers to tell how I went up in a balloon, or worked among the sweat shops.

"But I ask only your regular rates and I really can write on ordinary subjects," I would answer; but vainly, vainly. So I prepared to go out as a flower girl, and, when I was all ready with my queer-looking costume and my basket of blossoms hanging about my neck, I sat down on the stairs that led from the flat and cried and felt I never could do it, and then I went back and bathed my eyes and started out again, and became a flower girl for a day. The next day I was worn out and remained in bed, also the next. On the third day I got up and wrote what the critics said was a "vivacious and entertaining account" of my experiences. Another day was spent sweeping crossings, two more days in bed, a day in writing it, and so two articles were done for a magazine.

One day, having heard that Mr. A. Gibbons, the then editor of *The Lady's Pictorial,* had spoken kindly of my work, I went to his office, and, introducing myself to him, said, "Would you care to have me write something for *The Lady's Pictorial?*"

"Nothing would please me better!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've been going to send for you to come and see me these many weeks! I expect you're full of suggestions and ideas, so let me hear some of them."

"I will write you an article about girls' boarding-school life in America," I said.

"No, you won't. I wouldn't look at it," he replied.

I suggested a dozen other subjects, none of which met the approval of Mr. Gibbons. Finally, I said I would return home and communicate with him by letter after I had thought of some other subjects. I was moving towards the door when Mr. Gibbons jumped up. "No, indeed, you won't go home! Sit you down there on that chair and put your wits to work and I'll put mine to work, too. If you've had the effrontery to come to *The Lady's Pictorial* without an idea in your head, you're not going to leave it till you get one."

I am bound to state that I began to get a bit nervous, so altogether different was Mr. A. Gibbons from any other London editor I had met. Certainly, I decided that he was a character in the literary world of London. It was about two o'clock when I went into his office. He sat at his desk thinking, I sat at the other end of the handsomely furnished room, fitted up more after the manner of a drawing-room than an office, till four o'clock.

Then spoke Mr. Gibbons. "Have you any ideas yet?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"H'um! I've heard of American cuteness, but I don't know, I don't know!"

"I think I'll go now," I said, beginning to rue the fancy that had made me think I could write for the fashionable *Lady's Pictorial*. "I've got an engagement."

"You've got no engagement that's more important than this one. Do you have to earn your living writing for the papers?"

"Yes," I said.

"Very well! Just sit there till you think or I think of a subject. Of course one of us is bound to hit upon something."

The hands of the clock went round, and when the hour of five had arrived, and I had sat waiting three hours for an inspiration, Mr. Gibbons exclaimed:—

"I've beaten you! British wit is quicker than American! Go down to Kent and pick strawberries with the common pickers and then write all about it."

"It will be too awful; I can't!" I answered.

"You said you had a living to earn. This will help you. Good afternoon. I'll write you a letter, stating the terms and telling you how many columns."

He shook hands with me, brusquely, yet kindly. In the morning there was a letter offering me the most liberal terms I had ever received for any London work. I went to Kent one night and engaged lodgings with a quaint little lodging-house keeper to whom Mr. Gibbons gave me a letter of introduction. The next morning at three o'clock I was gathering fruit with the strawberry pickers of Kent. The rain poured all day, but I kept at my work till eight that night, wet through, of course, to the very skin, and

my shoes full of water. The next morning, waking with the pangs of rheumatism in every bone, a kind friend got me back to London, and, with Judge and Dinah attending me with all love and sympathy, and my one-time mild-mannered but now infuriated doctor declaring that he washed his hands forever of so idiotic a patient, and writing prescriptions in the meantime, notwithstanding, a week went by, and Mr. Gibbons heard nothing from me except a hastily scribbled note to the effect that I had done the strawberry picking and would send him the manuscript as soon as possible. The following week I wrote up an account of my experiences, telling of the rainy day, and a few rheumatic twinges, but keeping back a part of the more serious results. After a part of the story had appeared in print, I received a peremptory summons to call on Mr. Gibbons. He eyed me fiercely, as I entered the office, and exclaimed:—

"I want to say that I consider you've treated me very shabbily about that strawberry-picking affair!"

"I don't understand!" I said, amazed. "If you did not like the manuscript, you ought to have told me so."

"I did like it! It's exactly what I wanted, but I ask you, in the name of all that's honest, did I tell you to go out and pick strawberries in the rain and run the danger of killing yourself?"

"No, you didn't; but it rained the morning after I got to Kent, and, as I had engaged to go to work, I went."

"Didn't I tell you I'd pay all your expenses while you were down there?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then why didn't you stay there in the boarding house till a fine day came and then go and pick the berries? I say, why didn't you wait and take a rest and behave like a sensible, reasoning human being? Instead of that, you've got me talked about as a slave driver. Why, yesterday an old friend of mine, a doctor, called here flourishing the last copy of the *Pictorial* in my face and screaming: 'Gibbons, you're a brute! If that girl had died from the effects of picking berries in the rain, you'd have been tried for murder, and quite right, too!' I told him I didn't know what day you had picked strawberries, but I knew you were not so foolish as to pick in the rain. When I read your manuscript I thought you brought in the rain to make the thing dramatic. My friend faced me up and down that it did rain and I said it didn't. Now, I ask you, did it rain?"

"Yes, it rained," I answered.

"Have you been ill and had a doctor's bill on account of it?"

"Oh, no, of course not!" I replied, for I thought that here was a place where the truth need not be told.

"I was going to say that of course you could add the doctor's bill to your expense account, if you had one," he returned, with a relieved expression on his face; "but I'm sorry you picked in the rain. Take better care of yourself, and hoard your strength. You'll need it."

The next day I found that in order to finish the strawberry-picking series with satisfaction to myself

and justice to my subject I required a column more space than Mr. Gibbons had agreed to pay for, and I wrote asking if I might be allowed to add this column without extra charge. His reply was characteristic: "Of course, do the extra column, and, of course, you will be paid for it. Herewith the check for all."

Mr. Gibbons was known as "the gruffest editor in London," so I was afterwards told. To me he was one of the kindest, and I have often laughed over my first experience with him,—waiting three hours for an inspiration and then having his British acuteness win the contest over my American.

One day when my first article had appeared in the *Nineteenth Century,* I called at his office and was greeted at the door with "Good afternoon! You've got a new name. Hereafter you will have dropped the title of 'The American Girl in London' and shall be known as 'The Frivolous Contributor of the *Nineteenth Century!*' "

Then there was another day that I called to see him. I had been in America for a long time, and had brought back a head full of ideas that I thought would please him. I handed my card to the office boy in the little anteroom.

"For Mr. Gibbons," I said, "and ask him, if he's busy now, to please make an appointment for another time."

"Mr. Gibbons is dead," said the boy.

Then I turned away, half-chokingly, as I went down the stairs. I had lost not only a kind and considerate editor but a good friend—one of the earliest of my editorial friends in London.

CHAPTER IX.

WHY I DID NOT BECOME A SALVATION ARMY "LASSIE."

One of the last situations I entered in London, during my search for "working-girl copy," was a large steam laundry where I became a laundry girl. It was not only the beginning of the end of the peculiar kind of work I had taken up, but was also the hardest task I had ever undertaken in that line. The laundry was called a "sanitary" one, but it was in many ways the most insanitary sort of establishment I ever saw. Upon the floor of the wash-house part of the laundry,—where numbers of the girls, including myself, were obliged to walk up and down dozens of times a day,—water, dirty, slimy, and ill-smelling, always rose to the height of several inches. Whenever I stood or walked about, my feet slipped up and down in the water that penetrated into my boots, and so my feet, all day long, were wet far above my ankles. I had every reason to believe that my lungs were of the strongest and would allow of any reasonable amount of carelessness on my part, but I contracted a hacking cough, which, happily, did not last long after I made my final exit from the atmosphere of soapsuds.

While engaged at work, however, I was constantly

in terror of getting maimed or killed with the machinery, and so, as I had given a false name and false address to the manageress of the laundry, I wore always in the locket round my neck a thin slip of paper, upon which I had written particulars of what was to be done with me should any accident befall me.

But at the end of a little over a week's work, I left the laundry quite whole, and as sound in mind and body as one could have reason to expect after such an experience. The writing up of the story of my career as a laundry girl was all done in bed, my typewriter being placed on a tea-tray in front of me.

That task accomplished, I was up again, and as it was not to be published for some time, and I would not receive any money for it till after publication, I looked about me for another way to earn some ready money. Again I made a tour of the London editors, with whom I had by that time become pretty well acquainted, suggesting subjects for articles of a different nature from that with which I had started my career in English journalism. The editors were kind, but firm in expressing their opinion that it was foolish for me to think of doing "ordinary" things in journalism, when I had proved myself so capable of doing the "extraordinary" things. Then I attempted to get a position on some one of the daily or weekly papers at a stipulated salary, and though I was then talked about and written about as "one of the most successful women journalists in the world," I would gladly have accepted a weekly salary of three or four pounds, and I even offered my services at that price

to several editors in turn, each of them laughing at what he termed "such nonsense."

"Why," said one of these editors to me, "you have introduced a bright, new, attractive kind of journalism into London and are Americanizing our papers. Keep it up, and you should, without the slightest difficulty, earn an income of at least fifteen hundred pounds a year."

I was very discouraged when I left that editor's office, and at the bottom of the stairs I met a young Englishwoman writer.

"Oh! if you've been up there, I suppose it's no use for me to go and talk to Mr. —— about one of the ordinary articles I want to do for him," she said, laughingly. "I expect you came away with an order for a five hundred pound series, didn't you?"

I laughed. "No," I said, "not quite so much as that. But you'd better go up and I hope you'll sell your article."

She did sell it. I found that out the next week. Meantime, I walked over to the office of a paper that had recently been started, the editor of which, I understood, wanted me to do some of my "new kind of journalism" for him.

"Take some work from you? Certainly!" he said, when I had introduced myself. "Now, what *haven't* you done in London? I want something quite fresh and startling."

We went over ideas and suggestions, and it was finally decided that I was to write up the Salvation Army "from the inside," which meant that I was to become an Army "lassie."

"Don't go into it with the idea of an 'exposé,'" said the editor, "but join the Army just as you became a housemaid, and write up your experiences."

Then we arranged terms, which were, if I remember rightly, nearly four times the ordinary rates he paid to contributors.

"I shall, of course," I said, "need a small amount of money over and above the column rate, for expenses."

"How much?" he asked.

"Oh, not more than three or four pounds," I answered.

"Very well. I will pay you four pounds down, now."

Handing me an order for that amount on the cashier, and bidding me buy a "uniform" with it, and anything else I needed for the adventure, he bade me farewell, till I should bring him my "copy." Then I went out shopping, buying thick boots, such as I thought I should need for "marching," and such other belongings as seemed suitable for a humble Salvation Army girl, keeping intact an amount sufficient for the purchase of the poke bonnet and dark blue dress, which I thought I would not get until I had spent a few days investigating what was the best way to join the Salvation Army.

The next day I stopped in at the office of the editor of one of the most prominent and conservative of London's papers, and who, by the way, up to that time, was the only editor who had given me any encouragement to do a different sort of work from that by which I had made my name, he having even gone

so far as to take two anonymous articles from me, paying me at his regular rate.

I explained that I had called to see if there were anything else of the sort that I could do for him, but there happened to be nothing on hand just then.

"I hope you are not doing any more of that 'new journalism' now," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I am. In fact I am just about to start on what I suppose will be the biggest thing I have ever attempted, and will probably create the greatest sensation."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you."

"I wish you would tell me. Perhaps you ought not to do it, and, if so, I might persuade you to give it up."

"Yes, I *ought* to do it," I answered, half-defiantly, "and it would not be right for you to persuade me to give it up. But I will tell you what it is in the strictest confidence, though I will not tell you the name of the paper I am going to do it for. I am going to join the Salvation Army, and write an account of my experiences in a poke bonnet."

I saw a look of horror come over the kind, good man's face. He jumped up from his desk.

"No! no! You must never do that! It would be a terrible thing! Promise me you will give up that scheme. It is not nice. It is not dignified, and it will create a prejudice against you which you will never be able to live down."

"But I must do it. I have engaged with an editor to do it. He will pay me well for it," I answered.

"Pay you well! He cannot pay you well, no matter what he offers you! I don't ask you who this editor is, but I do ask you in your own interest, for your own good, to go back to him and tell him you find it impossible to do this work."

He began walking up and down his office, and, as he walked, he explained to me the enormity of the task I had undertaken. He told me I would ruin my whole future literary career, that I would prejudice all the religious people of England and even of my own country against me, and, as he exclaimed, "I tell you you will be ruined, ruined, ruined, if you do this thing!" I began to get as thoroughly frightened as though I had been about to commit a crime; and, as I listened to all the dire consequences which he prophesied would follow in the wake of my proposed undertaking, my hair almost stood on end and my eyes fairly popped out of my head. I was almost tempted to give it up, when I suddenly remembered the money that had been advanced to me for expenses, a good part of which I had spent and had no means of replacing.

"You don't understand," I said, faintly, "but I am in honor bound to do it!"

"How, in honor bound?"

"Oh! because I promised the editor," I answered, evasively.

"Go and ask him to release you. That is quite a permissible and honorable thing to do."

I was passing out of the door, afraid, bewildered, sick at heart.

"Promise me you will not do this thing! Promise

you will go to that editor, whoever he is, and ask to be released from this commission!" he said, solemnly, looking me full in the face, as he shook hands. "Remember, you have now come to the parting of the ways, and your whole future depends upon your giving up this Salvation Army scheme! Up to now, you have amused, but never shocked, us staid Britishers. But this thing! Well, you are not going to do it, are you?"

"No, I am not going to do it," I answered. "I will run all the way to the editor to ask him to release me." I turned and flew down the stairs, lest he discover the tears I knew I was ready to shed. Then, out in the open air, I thought of the promise I had made with a sort of shock, and I felt like a criminal, who had taken a newspaper's money and spent it and could not return it, though failing, yes, refusing, to keep my engagement. How dared I go and say, "I have spent the money you advanced me for Salvation Army expenses, and I have no way of paying it back, but I will not do the work for you"?

What did other people do when they were in such straits? Borrow? Yes. I knew they did that. But I had never borrowed any money since I came to London, except the seven shillings from Dinah, and I never intended to borrow. There were periodicals in London at that time for which I had done some work which had been accepted and of which I had corrected the proofs. I knew my articles would be published some time in the future and that then I should get paid for them. Should I go to the editors, explain my necessities and ask for payment before,

instead of after, publication? Yes, that seemed the sensible thing to do. I started for one of the offices, climbed the stairs to the editor's room, was about to walk in, then turned and sped down to the pavement. I found I could not do it. I had courage for many things, but not for that.

Then I went home and slept not through the live-long night. But in the morning I suddenly remembered a good Irish Catholic priest whom I had met in one of the mining towns of Lancashire when I had been sent there to write up the distress among the strikers' families. He had been very kind to me in those days, and on parting, had said:—

"Remember, my child, if you ever get into any trouble and need a helping hand, just write to me and tell me all about it. And, see here! I'm a poor man, but I sometimes have a few pounds put by, so if you're ever in need of a little money, just write and tell me."

So I wrote to the good father all about my troubles, keeping back nothing, and in the end, informing him that I wrote as "under the seal of the confessional," asked him if he would lend me four pounds till the magazines paid up. By return of post the money came, and with it in my hand, I went to the office of the editor who wanted the Salvation Army written up, gave it to him and begged to be released from my undertaking.

"It's all right," he said, when I began to make excuses. "I'm glad you've given it up. I can't exactly say why, but I'm glad."

Two months later I sent four pounds and ten

shillings to my good friend, the priest, in Lancashire, four pounds in return for the loan, and ten shillings for one of his pet charities. In reply, came this specimen of his ready, Irish wit:—

"Money received. Shall be glad to lend you some more on the same terms! Little Mary O'Flannagan is the better, for that loan to you, by a new pair of boots, and I have instructed two other poor little girls to say a prayer every night for you."

CHAPTER X.

A DEAL IN ANCESTORS.

I CAME to England with the knowledge that I had no pedigree worth speaking of on one side of me—the English side, that is. Perhaps I should correct that statement, for, of course, if I thought about the matter at all, I knew I did have a pedigree of some sort, but I did not know what sort it was, whether honorable or dishonorable, plebeian or aristocratic. The fact troubled me but little for a time. I was altogether too busy trying to earn my own living to spend time and trouble and bus fares running about investigating how my ancestors earned theirs, or whether they got it in some much less respectable way than earning it. I knew, however, that they could not have been rich, or, if they were, that they must have been selfish spendthrifts, since nothing in the way of legacies in English land or bonds had been handed down to me. On this account I always felt something of a resentment towards them, and it was my own private opinion that if I ever found out anything about them I should discover that not only financially, but socially and morally, they were a pretty poor lot, and I had no notion of claiming them.

When I had been in England something over a

year a relation in America, whose grandfather was my grandfather as well, wrote and begged me to go to the British Museum and hunt up some data among the B's in the records of the Harleian Society. I would there find, he said, that we had among our common ancestors, some knights, baronets, and things. With the "clew" that my relation sent me, I went to the British Museum, and, though I found the knights and baronets, I found also confirmation of even more than my worst suspicions concerning my ancestors. One had died in an almshouse; one had been a sort of pirate captain as far as I could make out; one had fought against George Washington; concerning one there was but this simple record, "Born ——, Dyed ——, not worth a groat." One of my far-away removed grandmothers, who, horror of horrors! bore the very name which was bestowed upon me at my christening, had conducted herself in so shameful and disreputable a manner, that her "husbande," my far-away and removed grandfather, had compelled her to sit upon the steps of the meeting house from midday till the going down of the sun, publicly confessing her fault, which was, indeed, a most grievous one, "and the ladye," so the record ran, "did confesse."

I slammed together with a bang the book that gave me this scandalous bit of information, and started back to the flat, not altogether pleased with my afternoon's work. I had in my purse two pounds, two shillings and seven pence, money for which I had many and very urgent uses. The distance to the flat was great, but I did not take a bus, thinking to

walk and save the pennies. Passing an old second-hand shop, I noticed some old and curious-looking objects in a corner near the door, and I stopped to examine them. They themselves proved useless, but back of them, in a mass of dirt and rubbish, with the dust of ages, as well as more modern secondhand iron kettles and tin saucepans piled upon it, I discovered a good-sized oil painting without a frame. When I had got the things off of it and dusted it, I discovered it to be the portrait of a kind-faced old gentleman, with brown eyes, gray hair, and an aristocratic expression of disgust at his squalid surroundings. At least, that was the way he seemed to look, and one couldn't blame him. From the fashion of his clothes I fancied he had lived over a century ago and had been something of a swell.

"Want that, Miss?" asked the man who kept the shop, noticing me at the door.

"Oh, I don't know!" I answered. "How much is it?"

"Eighteen pence!" he answered.

I was astonished. Eighteen pence for a fine old oil painting! I looked at the portrait again, and it seemed to me the old gentleman had a pleading look in his eyes as though appealing to me to take him away from so horrible a place. "Why, you must see this is no place for a gentleman!" he seemed to be saying, "and so cheap! Only eighteen pence! Do buy me!"

"I'll have it," I said to the secondhand man. I took the painting home and washed it with soap and then greased it and hung it on the wall, and the old

gentleman smiled upon me and looked pleased and happy. The room was really a very pretty and dainty little place, and though perhaps in the bygone times he had lived in a grand old mansion, yet he must have felt that in becoming a part of the furnishings of my abode, he was coming to his own again. Before I hung the oil painting up the room had been merely pretty. Now, it took on an air of grandeur when I looked in that particular direction, and before I went to bed that night I had fallen quite in love with the dear old gentleman and had named him "Grandfather." The next morning when I went to look at him he was still smiling, and I smiled back, and Dinah remarked:—

"I do clah, Miss Polly! Dat's de same kin' o' pixcher w'ich dey done hab in my ole massa's house in Virginny!"

When I went out that day I passed again the old secondhand shop, and I stopped and peered again into the dark corners and on the walls, though, of course, I knew I must not buy anything. Hanging on the wall was an empty gilt frame that seemed to be about the size of "grandfather."

"How much is that?" I asked, pointing to it.

"Well, it really aren't salable," returned the shopman, "as there be'nt no pictur for it! It's sca'cely wuth sixpence!"

"I'll buy it!" I said quickly, and the bargain was consummated.

I afterwards discovered it was too large for the oil painting, so I set to work with hammer and saw to reduce it in size, with the result that in the evening

"Grandfather" was framed, elegantly and properly as befitted him, for the frame turned out to be a really fine thing, after a washing and polishing, the sort of frame one must pay at least thirty shillings for if purchasing new. "Grandfather" seemed to smile more broadly than ever, even when Judge, coming upon him unexpectedly, stood before him in amazement and barked a full five minutes at him.

I had hung the old gentleman's portrait directly over my typewriter, and all the next morning he smiled down upon me while I wrote my London letter to an American paper. His smile seemed to follow me out of the room and out of the flat as I went with my letter to the post, and after I had dropped it in the box I took a walk among some of the curious, dingy, old-fashioned streets of the West Central district where pawn shops, antique and secondhand shops abound. As I walked about and peered into the doors and windows I kept thinking of the pleased old gentleman who hung over my typewriter, and I said to myself:—

"What a pity he couldn't have been one of my ancestors instead of those horrid creatures I've found out about at the British Museum! I don't believe he died 'not worth a groat' or fought against George Washington, or went pirating, and I don't believe his wife ever had to sit on meeting house steps and confess unutterable things! Poor old man! I wonder how he got into that dirty secondhand shop, anyway, and got sold to me for a beggarly eighteen pence! Nice old man! If I could have had him for a great-great-great-grandfather, it would have been worth

while!" After all, I thought, why not? Why not imagine it? Why not adopt him as a great-great-great-grandfather? Indeed, why not adopt a lot of ancestors who seemed to be a decent sort, rather than claim descent from those apologies for ancestors which I had found in the British Museum records? I knew plenty of my country-people adopted ancestors, ancestors that weren't half so nice, in appearance, at least, as was my old gentleman.

"I'll do it!" I exclaimed, half aloud, as I stood before one of the curiosity-shop windows. "I'll see if I can buy some more cheap. I'll fill the whole flat with ancestors at eighteen pence apiece."

I looked in my purse. There were still my two gold sovereigns and a few coppers. The money I had in those days was usually spent before it was got, "booked ahead," as it were. The installment on my typewriter was nearly due, and most of what I had on hand I had intended to use for that. But all ideas of economy, sense, or reason took flight from my head. The desire for ancestors swallowed up all other desires. It became a sort of intoxication, or rather it became like what I fancy might be the desire and determination of a man to have a drink, no matter what happened in consequence. It became a passion, an over-mastering one, and the only bit of reasoning I did was to say: "It must be I ought to do it, else I wouldn't feel like this! If I want anything so badly as this, I ought to have it!"

"Have you got any old oil paintings?" I asked, looking in at one of the shop doors.

"I don't think so, Miss. Everything I've got that's worth selling you see right here exposed for view."

"But you might have some old things stored away. Won't you just look?" I answered.

"But I know I got nothing. There were a laidy 'ere 'arf an hour ago inquiring for frames, whether they 'ad pictures in 'em or not, but I didn't 'ave."

"But I don't want frames. You might have some pictures without them."

"I got an old roll o' pictures somewhere, but they're stuffed awiy and I don't know just where."

"Paintings?" I asked.

"I think they was engravings and some in what they call ile, too. If I tikes a lot o' trouble to find 'em I'd want you to buy 'em."

"Of course," I answered.

He moved away to the back of the old shop and I sat myself down on a rickety stool. It was one of the worst and dirtiest of the secondhand shops, and there seemed to be less than five pounds worth of goods in the whole place. It must have been three quarters of an hour before he returned with a dirty roll, which he handed to me to untie and inspect. Sure enough, there were some oil paintings, faded, wrinkled and torn, among the collection. There were seven in all,—three men, three women and a child, as far as I could make out through the dirt that covered them.

"How much for these?" I asked, holding up the seven.

"'Arf a crown."

I handed him a sovereign, but he declared his

inability to change it, and asked if I would wait while he went to the public house with it. I fancied I would rather get it changed myself, so I went to the post office and bought some stamps, and then returned to pay over the half crown.

All the afternoon I kept at my task of buying remarkable-looking oil paintings. For one that was stretched and in a frame I paid as high as five shillings; for some small ones I paid sixpence and tenpence, for others two shillings. Finally, I had collected twenty and spent thirty-six shillings for them, and I called a cab because my burden was greater than I could bear.

I was glad Dinah had gone for a walk with Judge when I returned to the flat, so that I had three hours for scrubbing and greasing the really disreputable-looking lot I had brought with me to my home. There were in some of them the most terrible creases. One gentleman with a ruffle round his neck and a sword in his hand, seemed to have been attacked in the face, for there was a hole on one side of his face where an eye should have been. The nose of an aristocratic lady, I found, was only half there, it having been washed and scrubbed, I supposed, many times before. Yet, when I had them all clean and had polished them up with salad oil, I was immensely pleased with them. For some I made frames of pasteboard, covered with old black silk and velvet. Others, after trimming the edges, I tacked directly on the wall, and when I got my room all embellished with them, removing all the other pictures from the sitting room, with the exception, of course, of the

original "ancestor" I had bought at first, I must say I was pleased and even surprised at the effect. My room, that had been merely pretty before, now looked grand and stately, and the old gentleman over the typewriter smiled and smiled, and some of the rest of the company seemed to be smiling, too. Then I smiled in unison with them, and stretched out my hands in a sort of benediction and said: "I adopt you all as my ancestors! I hope you appreciate what I've done for you—rescuing you from the dirtiest second-hand shops in London, and washing you and putting you in a clean, nice room. I hope you don't mind being adopted by me. I'm a very decent sort of person, and it may be you've got real descendants you've just as much reason to be ashamed of as I have to be ashamed of my real ancestors."

And while I was declaiming to the ladies and gentlemen on the wall, my almost empty purse fell to the floor, and Dinah, to whom I always allowed the privilege of a latchkey, walked into the sitting room with Judge.

"Miss Polly, what am de mattah?" exclaimed Dinah, looking about in amazement at the walls.

"These are my ancestors, Dinah," I answered.

"You don' mean dey is yo' gran'paps and gran'-mams f'om way back, like old Massa had in Virginny?"

"Yes, Dinah," I said.

"W'y, Miss Polly, how you done fin' 'em? Whar dey been?" demanded Dinah, aghast, going up to the gentleman with one eye and sticking her finger in the hole that served for the other.

"In an old, dirty shop, Dinah. I think they were stolen and sold, you know, and it's lucky I came across them."

Dinah was not too skeptical. Poor thing! she was always willing to take my word for even more than it was sometimes worth, and when she had examined each one in turn and had several times exclaimed, "I guess we's gittin' gran' dese days!" went to her kitchen with more dignity and self-importance than I had ever seen her assume before, saying, "I 'spec' we's quality, ain't we, Miss Polly?"

That night I amused myself with naming my ancestors, and before I went to bed I made out a catalogue of them, as one might do for a picture gallery. I awoke the next morning with a start, and ran into the sitting room to see if I had been dreaming that I had spent all my money in ancestors. I received a shock to find it was no dream, a shock that brought me back to the realities of life and the uselessness of even real ancestors for purposes of paying installments on typewriters and buying bread and meat and potatoes and postage stamps. Had I been mad the day before, and was I now "coming to"? That was the question I was revolving in my mind when Dinah, with a new dignity added to her step and a new look of satisfaction on her face, came in with my breakfast.

That over, I dressed and went into my ancestral gallery and sat down at my typewriter, trying to think of something to write about. I could not. My brain seemed to have lost its cunning; my wits had gone a-visiting; all joy in existence had fled. I hated

myself for a fool and the rest of the world as knaves. I cursed my relation over in America for having been the original cause of my foolhardiness and improvidence. Thirty-six shillings worth of ancestors and nothing for the morrow's dinner! Who had brought me to that? Who but the relation with his nagging letters that finally resulted in my going a pedigree-hunting at the British Museum, finding ancestors, discarding them as unworthy, and then spending my little all in buying for myself a more reputable lot?

Were they a more reputable lot, after all? I looked around at them and fell a-thinking. They seemed not to smile so sweetly as they had done the day before. Some of them, especially the gentleman with one eye, looked vicious; some greeted me with cynical, some with, I now thought, idiotic smiles. Even the old gentleman looked grave, as he watched my listless fingers move over my typewriter keys, bringing out upon the paper nothing more inspiring than the sentence I practiced when I wanted to get up speed for something that must be written in a hurry—"John quickly extemporized five tow bags." Over and over again I wrote it, the sentence that contains every letter in the alphabet, and is therefore bound to bring a quick mechanical action to the fingers, if practiced sufficiently. I filled three sheets of paper with it; then I got carbon and manifolded it and flung the pages about the room, and at eleven o'clock I put on my coat and hat and went out for a walk, at loggerheads with myself and all the world.

When I get into an excited state of mind, my only

remedy is to go and "walk it off." It was so in those days, and I passed on to Charing Cross, along the Strand and to Fleet Street, with no object in view except to walk myself into a state of reasonableness. I turned into one of the streets that went towards the Embankment, then I turned about again, and got into a street I had never seen before, Dorset Street, and I saw hanging suspended over a door the sign, *The St. James's Gazette.* As I have said, I was at loggerheads with myself and the world, and here was the office of the paper that was always giving me unkind, or, at least, cutting notices! It was one of the few London papers that I thought had not treated me fairly. It had once laughed in print because *The Times* had published my "American Girl's Reply to Mr. Rudyard Kipling." It had said: "The lady is very vague and shadowy. It is indeed very like reading Mr. W. D. Howells." Now, in saying this last, I considered *The St. James's* had added insult to injury—insult not to me, I hasten to add, but to Mr. Howells, whose works I had read and loved from my childhood up, and at whose feet I felt I could sit as did Saul at the feet of Gamaliel. As I was about to pass under the swinging sign, a sudden resolution took possession of me. *The St. James's* had treated me cruelly and I would go and tell the editor what I thought of him. I knew not the editor's name, so, as I handed in my card at the waiting room, I merely said, "I would like to see the editor." The card went up; a boy came down.

"Mr. Low will be happy to see you, Miss. Will you step this way?" said the boy.

"What did you say the editor's name was?" I asked, sharply.

"Mr. Sidney Low," he returned, and then I was ushered into the editorial sanctum. A pleasant-faced gentleman arose and extended his hand, but I did not take it. Neither did I deign to be seated in the proffered chair.

"I came," I said, trying to wither him with scorn and dignity, "to inquire why your paper is always pitching into me? Why, if you must notice my work, you can't say something pleasant like the other papers do? What objections have you got to me?"

"None whatever, my dear young lady, except that you take all your clever things to other papers instead of favoring *The St. James's* with them!" answered the editor, still standing and smiling.

Did ever American man have so apt and gallant an answer for blustering American maiden, I wonder! Truly, if so, I never heard of it. And yet, I had heard that Englishmen were devoid of chivalry as compared to American men, that they had no pretty speeches at their tongues' ends as had my own countrymen. I was astonished and nonplussed into answering with wide-open eyes:—

"Is that it? Is that really the reason?"

"I give you my word it is," returned Mr. Low, again offering me his hand and then a seat, both of which I then took. "Now, I hope you have come with some brilliant suggestion for an article for *The St. James's?*"

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" I returned, trying to be as

ready-witted and save myself as well as he himself had done. "Let me see—I was going to ask you—I was going to ask you——"

Great Heavens! where was my American ingenuity, my quickness in an emergency, even the good, common, ordinary sense that I had thought I possessed before I went out and spent all my money on ancestors? What was that—ancestors? A sudden inspiration came!

"I was going to ask you if you would care for an article telling how easy it is for Americans to buy ancestors and pedigrees in London and pass them off for their own?"

"What?" asked Mr. Low, looking interested.

"It's astonishing," I continued, "how cheap old oil paintings can be bought, and how Americans can go to certain people who will manufacture pedigrees for them; and then, you know, American heiresses buy their way to court, and kiss the Queen's hand. American money can do anything in England."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"Oh, I can prove it!" I answered readily. "Why, I know it's so. But I have proofs!"

"I like that idea. It ought to make not only one, but several articles," said Mr. Low, when I had told him of some of the proofs I had ready at hand.

I went home, in the best of humor with myself and all the world, and I kissed every ancestor in the flat and they all smiled as they had done on the evening before. The old gentleman looked down beamingly upon me as I began to write the series which described the power of the Almighty Dollar in London.

It took me some days to finish it, but when it was written and published, and all London was talking about it and wondering whether it could possibly be true, I was able to think quite calmly over the sum I had expended for my ancestors. For several weeks I continued to work, surrounded by that noble company of adopted forefathers and foremothers, till one afternoon some American friends called upon me.

"Why, this room is quite a picture gallery, and the paintings are not bad, I vow!" one of them exclaimed, examining them critically. "Rather ancient in more ways than one, some of them look! Who are they?"

"My ancestors," I answered.

"What?"

"Yes, my ancestors," I returned, going over to one of the most ancient-looking gentlemen among them. "I'll name them, one by one, as you point them out."

"Well, who's this?" nodding to the ancient-looking one, with a sword in his hand and a seal ring on his finger.

"That," I said, "is, or rather was—for, as you can see, he lived in the olden times—the Duke of Banks!"

"Duke of Banks!" he repeated, incredulously. "I don't know much about the English dukedoms, but I know there never was such a person as the Duke of Banks."

"And Braes!" I went on, appearing not to notice his interruption. "He was a Scotchman, was my ancestor, the Duke of Banks and Braes. You know the song about the 'banks and braes of Bonnie Doon,' don't you? Well, you see——"

I was not allowed to finish my enlightening explanation of the origin of my surname, for I was again interrupted with shouts of derisive laughter from the whole company. Then I told the truthful account of my search after ancestors, which had ended in my buying, at a bargain (I did not tell how cheaply), a job lot, and adopting them.

"What will you take for them?" said one of my visitors.

"A hundred dollars!" I answered, in jest.

"All right! I'll buy them at that price, and take them back to New York as a speculation."

And the next day my walls were cleared of oil paintings, and the other and daintier pictures put back in their places, and with twenty pounds in my hand, besides the check for my articles in *The St. James's,* I felt that I had made rather a profitable deal in Ancestors.

CHAPTER XI.

A MIDNIGHT HOLOCAUST.

"A GENTLUM is waitin' to see yo', Miss Polly! He done been a waitin' dese two hours an' a half, an' I done say yo' be late, but he say nebber min', an' so he settin' down."

Thus was I greeted by Dinah one winter evening when, returning from some business that had kept me late, she answered my knock at the flat door.

"What is his name, Dinah?" I asked.

"I dunno, Miss Polly."

"Didn't you ask his name?"

"Oh, yes, I ax him two, tree time, an' he say nebber min', no mattah 'bout de name."

I stepped into the sitting room, and immediately there rose a tall, commanding-looking man, with a face that immediately I hated, though I did not know why.

"You have waited to see me?" I inquired.

"You are Miss Elizabeth Banks, the American journalist?" he asked, answering my question by a question.

"Yes. And you?"

He handed me a card.

"I don't think I am acquainted with you," I said, looking at the name on the pasteboard.

"Perhaps not, but that does not matter. I am but an emissary from one whose name, at least, you may know very well. You know ——, or rather you know of him, and would perhaps know his signature, if you saw it?"

He mentioned the name of a very prominent and wealthy person, and I answered, "Yes."

"Very well. He is not in London, at present, else he would probably try to make his arrangements with you in person, and, as this is a matter he wishes hurried up, he has delegated me to act as his representative. I have a letter with me that will prove to you that I come from him, and I am also authorized to act for him financially in this matter."

"I don't think I understand you. I have never had any business dealings with the person you speak of; I do not know him personally and he does not owe me any money."

"Certainly not! But he now has a business proposition to make to you, something very advantageous to both you and himself. Would you mind if I closed the door, so that your servant may not hear our conversation?"

"I don't think it matters, but you may close it if you wish," I replied.

The door was closed, and the man continued.

"I take it that you are a hard-working, struggling American girl trying to make your way in London by newspaper work, that your income is derived wholly from your work, that you are just getting your start and are not too rich and prosperous?"

"I don't know why you should trouble yourself to

think about it at all, but as the situation you describe is not one of which any woman need be ashamed, I will admit it is the true one."

"I did not mean to be rude or even to try to pry into your affairs, but I wanted to be sure that you were in need of money before I told you the means of obtaining it. Now, you have written for one of the English papers a description of your posing as an American heiress, telling how much you discovered it would cost a rich, American girl to get introduced into the highest circles of society and presented to the Queen. You say in your articles that you advertised, as a rich American girl, for a chaperon of social distinction, to take you in charge, and that you received in answer to your advertisement a large number of letters from very well-known persons offering to chaperon you and introduce you at court, giving their terms; also letters from aristocratic Englishmen who offered to marry you if you had a large enough fortune."

"Yes," I said.

"The letters bore the names, the crests, and the addresses of the distinguished persons themselves?"

"Yes."

"What have you done with those letters?"

"Some I returned to the writers, who wrote requesting them. Many of them I still have."

"I came to buy those letters."

"They are not for sale," I said, laughing.

"Plenty of things are not for sale until a purchaser comes."

"What interest has the man who sent you here got in those letters?" I asked.

"I can't explain to you the interest he has, but it is a very large one, especially if they have among them letters that he has good reason to suspect are there. Anyway, he's willing to take the risk, and he authorized me, as you see by this note, to offer you a reasonable, I may say a large, sum for them."

"What does he want to do with the letters?" I asked.

"That is something I can't tell you, and it ought not to interest you, but I can assure you that it will be a matter kept strictly private, and your name will not be brought into it. Now, will you name your terms, and if they are anywhere within the bounds of reason, they shall be complied with. I will put the amount in this check, get it cashed, and pay you in gold."

"You have told me all you have to tell me?" I asked, rising.

"I think that is about all. Now, will you name your terms?"

"I have no terms, and I will now have to bid you good evening!" I answered, and I went towards the door to call Dinah to show him out.

"You mean to say you refuse to sell those letters that are not of the slightest use to you?" he exclaimed, jumping up in astonishment.

"I count myself an honest and honorable woman, so naturally I don't stoop to this kind of negotiation. As soon as you began to speak of the letters, I felt instinctively what you wanted, and I would have

told you to go at once, only I wished to find out what your scheme was."

"You are too poor and too much of a beginner to be so scrupulous. Don't think because you've made a name in London that you will have no more troubles in life. The time may come when you'll get hungry in this big city. A thousand dollars or so doesn't drop into a woman journalist's hands very often."

"Oh! I don't know! A thousand dollars or so, as you call it, can very often fall into the hands of the woman journalist who is willing to sell her honor for it. As for getting hungry in London, I've had that experience already, and I suppose, if necessary, I can have it again."

I went to the door and called to Dinah.

"Dinah, show the gentleman out."

"Just one minute!" he said, hurriedly, as Dinah made her appearance. "Will you give me this information? Have you got among those letters one from ———?"

When he mentioned the name, I answered, "No; I will assure you that I have no letter and never so much as heard of the person you mention."

It was a lie, for I recognized the name immediately as the signature to a letter which I received in answer to my advertisement. I hold that there are times when to tell the truth is to commit a dishonorable act, and to tell a lie is to act righteously. It is when the truth will betray the innocent and the lie ill save. This was one of the cases where I justified a lie. Had I simply refused to answer, the man would have believed there was such a letter, but in

looking him squarely in the face and telling him there was not, I think he believed me.

He left me, saying, "If you change your mind, you have my address."

I cannot say that I had passed through a temptation, nor that it could be in any way accounted to me for righteousness that I had refused to become a blackmailer or assist in what was doubtless a blackmailing scheme. There was no hesitation nor question in my mind as to what one could do in such a case if one possessed only the most ordinary ideas of honor and decency, so with the exception of a feeling of indignation that such a proposal should have been made to me, I went to bed calmly enough that night, and to sleep.

I awoke just as the clock out in the kitchen struck two, with a cry of horror, and then a prayer of gratitude. "Thank God, it was a dream, only a dream!" I said as I jumped from my bed and made my way in the dark to light the candles on my dressing table.

Judge sprang from the couch where he had been sleeping, to inquire the meaning of my striking of matches and lighting the room at so solemn and ghostly an hour. There was not a sound in the street and none in the flat except that which I made with my bare feet on the rugs, as I ran to my desk, drew out a tin box and took from it a bundle of letters, all securely tied together.

"We must burn them, Judge," I said, "every one!"

For I had seen in a dream a vision of those letters on a mission, fiendish and hellish in its intention, and always in the dream was the face of the man who

had called on me that evening. In his hands he held the letters, and I, looking on, knew not how he had got them, but in my dream I thought, "If I had only burnt them, he never would have found them!" And as I awoke, the cry I made was, "Burnt! burnt! they should have been burnt!"

I am not a particularly superstitious person, but I am a believer in my own premonitions, in the instincts of my dog and in warnings that come to me in dreams. Most of my dreams are like other people's dreams—without rhyme or reason; but occasionally I have had dreams which I have felt sure were intended as messages to give me happiness or success, or to save me great trouble or regret, and those I never disregard.

Therefore, when I awoke from my dream-horror that night, I doubted not that I must immediately burn the letters which I had been asked to sell. I sat down on the floor and untied them. There were eighty-three in all, four having been returned to the writers by request.

I took them all out of the envelopes, and put the envelopes in a pile. Then I spread each letter out upon the floor, one after another, row upon row, in a sort of semicircle, before the fireplace. The room was cold, and I shivered, but having recovered from the horror of my dream, and accepting it merely as a suggestion as to the course I should pursue in regard to the letters, I had no notion to dump them all into the grate together and burn them like ordinary fuel. It was my mood, too, that Judge should officiate at the holocaust, so when I had lighted one

letter and it had blazed up and turned to black, I said:—

"Now, Judge! Number one!" pointing to the letter farthest away.

Judge trotted over to the letter which I designated, brought it in his mouth, wagged his tail and dropped it into my lap. I threw it into the fire.

"Number two!" I called out, and again Judge, obedient, though bewildered, brought me the second one.

"Number three!"

"Aha!" I looked at it and laughed. It was from a very distinguished personage, indeed—the letter which my caller had asked if I had got, and I had said I had not! It blazed beautifully and I warmed my hands over the pretty-colored flame.

Judge brought me the letters now without my calling out or pointing. He had heard me laugh when I burnt number three, and, concluding that we were in for a joke on somebody, and being always a jolly dog when the occasion demands it, he entered into the spirit of the thing right heartily, trotting back and forth with the letters faster than I could burn them.

One after another, tenderly, carefully, I dropped the dainty missives into the blaze, which sprang up renewed and more brilliant as I added to the fuel. The rooms became illumined with glory; vari-colored flames shot forth from the tops of the letters as their many-shaded crests and coats of arms were caught by the fire. So bright was the room with the burning that the light from my two candles first grew dim

and then showed not at all in the greater illumination that enveloped them.

When the letters were all burnt, I dropped in the envelopes, and again the pretty-colored flames darted from about the seals.

Three o'clock struck, then three-thirty, and there remained of the letters upon which so high a price had been set, nothing but black sheets, which I took in my hands and crumbled to ashes.

Again the light of the candles shone forth, dimly, compared with the greater glory that had passed, and Judge and I sat before the fireplace till I fell asleep to dream only the commonplace dreams brought by health and an unburdened mind.

So perished those strangely confiding letters which certain members of the British aristocracy wrote to an unknown American woman advertising her desire for an entrance into the highest society of England, for a consideration.

When Dinah came in at eight o'clock I was in bed and ready for my breakfast.

"Oh, Miss Polly!" she said, "it war a col' night, las' night, and de win' it do howl fit to wake de dead, an' I do clah," she exclaimed, going over towards the fireplace, "yo' whole grate an' tiles is dat full ob black specks an' sootses, w'ich mus' hab come down by de win' from other chimbleys, an' I got to go to work now an' cleah it up. Dis yer town am a wicious town, an' as full ob dirt as it am full ob sin."

"That's true, Dinah," I said, as I drank my coffee.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE BRINGING OUT OF A FIRST BOOK.

SOME LEAVES FROM A DIARY KEPT IN THOSE DAYS.

September 14th, 1894—My book is published and I have not been so happy since I came to London. I never quite realized how lovely a thing it was to be the author of a book till I got two dozen copies to-night from the publishers. I've been so happy I have cried and laughed alternately all the evening. I spread the whole two dozen on the floor and examined every one over and over again. I have given Dinah one, and written my name in it. I told Judge to pick out whichever one he wanted and bring it to me and I'd write his name in it. He grabbed one by a cover and brought it over and laid it in my lap, and I have written his name in it and sewed linen over it, so he won't get the coloring from the picture cover in his mouth.

I have spent all the evening reading the book through again, though, of course, I knew everything in it by heart. I shall take one to bed with me and read by the candle till I go to sleep.

September 15th—I went out this morning at eight o'clock to see if my book was prominently displayed on all the stalls of the underground and in the shop

windows. It was too early, and none of the stalls and shops were open. I went out again at nine o'clock and it was still too early. At ten I bought a ticket at the underground that would take me round the circle and I got out at every station and looked for my book on the stalls. It was nowhere to be seen. I spent six shillings cab fare and two shillings bus fare going about to the shops to look for the book, but there wasn't a sign of it. At several of the shops I asked if they had it, and they said they hadn't heard of it. I suppose it's a failure and nobody will buy it. I never have known such unhappiness in my life, it seems to me.

September 16th—I have been to all the stalls and book-shops again and no signs of the book. I went this afternoon to see the publisher and asked him what was the matter that none of the shops had my book. He said it was only published on the 15th, and it wasn't time yet.

September 17th—The book was not at the stalls or shops again to-day and I went to the publisher again. I burst out crying when I got to his office. The publisher explained that it was all right, and that books were not displayed till several days after publication. He told me I could not expect things to move along in England the way they did in the United States.

September 18th—There's nearly a column review of my book in the ———. I've been out again and the book is nowhere to be seen.

September 20th—The book is everywhere. I saw it at the underground station when I took my ticket

for round the circle. I got out at every station and found it prominently displayed except in two stalls. At both places there were other books in front of it. One of the books in front of mine was six shillings. I bought it, so mine would show. I couldn't afford it, but I didn't know of any other way to get mine a front place. At the next station where I could not see my book I asked the boy for it. He handed it to me, so of course I had to buy it, but, when he wasn't looking, I pulled out a second one of my books from the back row and placed it right in front of all the others.

September 25th—The book is now at all the shops and is in Mudie's front window. The papers are treating me well.

October ——What the difficulty is in America I cannot understand. I expect to make more money there than in England.

December ——The book is out in America, but there is no copyright on it. I have tried my best to understand what all the trouble has been about, but I've been all this time getting a glimmer of the meaning of the copyright law. All I can say is that it is unjust and cruel, especially to me, an American woman. I expected to make plenty of money in my own country by the publication of my experiences in England. I thought I would make as much as a thousand dollars.

January ——I've just lost a chance of earning a lot of money. A man called this afternoon to ask if I would go into the music halls and "do a turn" as he called it. He said I was now the talk of London,

and if I would sing a song about the American lady journalist, telling about my experiences as a servant, flower girl, crossing sweeper, and all the other things, illustrating each kind of work with a change of costume and making gestures as though scrubbing, holding out flowers, wielding a crossing broom, and so forth, I'd make a great hit. He said that after several weeks in London I could go over and "do" America. He tried my voice, sitting down at the "tin pan" and asking me to sing something. I sang one of Dinah's negro songs, and Judge joined in the way he always does when there's any music. He said I had the sort of voice that would take in the halls, and that I could take Judge on the stage with me. He would advertise us as the American lady-journalist and her poodle. He said I had some talent for acting—that I must have a great deal, else I couldn't have done the real things in life that I've done. He suggested a beginning in the halls and then going into comedy as a soubrette. I considered his proposition very seriously, for I'm very much in need of money just now, but I have decided against it.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE HUNTS ME UP.

"*Deer Miss:* will You plese be so good as to let me Com and see You as I am Interest in A Magazin and would like to Talk to You about Working for It. I will Call when it is Most convenent for You to see me if You will write me where You reside. I send this to the Publishers of your Book to be forwarded as I do not know where you Reside.

"I am Most Respectfully
"Ebenezer Emmett."

I tossed the letter into my wastebasket and with an exclamation of anger and disgust gave my typewriter such a loud-sounding bang as made Dinah, who was dusting in the same room, turn round anxiously and say:—

"I hopes, Miss Polly, dey ain't no bad noos?"

"No, Dinah," I answered, "only an impertinent, illiterate man who has read my book, wants to get acquainted with me, and he's written to find out where I live, so he can call."

"Lemme see dat lettah, Miss Polly, an' ef he give his directions, I hab a min' to go callin' on him an' ax a explanation of his conduc'!"

"It's there in the basket, Dinah. Pick it up and read it, if you want to," I returned indifferently.

Dinah picked up the objectionable missive and proceeded laboriously to read it.

"I don' see nothin' wrong wid dat lettah, Miss Polly," she remarked, when she had got about half through it. "He do seem to live at a right quality-like hotel, an' he say he hab a magzeen w'ich he want yo' to work fer! Ain't yo' open to magzeen work, Miss Polly? Ain't yo' done tol' me w'en yo' got lots dat kin' of work to do, yo'd make moah money an' pay me fi' dollars a week?"

"But, Dinah, you don't understand, because you are not an educated person," I said, with dignity. "No man who writes like that can have anything to do with a magazine."

Dinah did not heed me. She had evidently got to the bottom of the letter, for I heard her muttering to herself over and over again:—

"Ebenezah Emmett, Ebenezah Emmett! 'Spec' I seen dat name befoah!"

"Miss Polly," she said finally, "don't yo' reckon dat name seem familiah-like?"

"I don't think so, Dinah," I replied.

"But I be sho' I know dat name!" she insisted. "Seems like it hab somet'ing to do wid cookin'."

With that she started for the kitchen. There came the sound of rattling among dishes, saucepans and tins, and Dinah saying several times, "I 'low it mus' be heah!"

Suddenly a scream of delight came from the kitchen.

"Oh, honey, I done foun' it! Heah it am on de

tin can! Ebenezah Emmett, packer! It am de codfish man in 'Meriky!"

I rushed out to find the kitchen in an uproar. All the contents of the cupboard were spread out in confusion on the table and floor, and in the midst, doing an amateur "cake-walk," was Dinah, hugging a blue tin can on which ran the legend, printed in gay colors, "Salt Codfish. Ready for immediate use. Price 25 cents. Ebenezer Emmett, Packer. U. S. A."

"Didn't I tol' yo' it was familiah-like?" exclaimed Dinah. "Ain't I used dis goods fo' picked-up codfish an' Sunday mo'ning breakfas' fish-balls, evah sence I was cookin' fer a livin'? W'y, Miss Polly, dat Mistah Emmett mus' be wuf millyuns of dollahs, cause ev'ybody uses his codfish!"

Sure enough, now that I saw the name in print, I knew Ebenezer Emmett's codfish as a household necessary, but I could not believe that the man who packed those tins and the man who wrote the letter to me, could possibly be the same.

"I'm sure they can't be the same, Dinah," I said, discouragingly. "The man who wrote that letter couldn't have anything to do with a magazine, and the rich codfish man would know how to write a proper letter, or have a secretary to write for him. No, it is somebody else of the same name, or somebody has used the name to attract my attention and make me answer."

"Miss Polly!" said Dinah, solemnly, "I'se older dan yo', I is, an' done hearn tell in 'Meriky of rich men w'ich couldn't write dey names! Dey is called selfmadem!"

Dinah's method of reasoning was beginning to have an effect on me. Might not Ebenezer Emmett, the great millionaire, be a self-made man?

"Dinah, let me see that letter again," I said.

She passed it over, and I read aloud, musingly—"as I am Interest in a Magazin——"

"He doesn't say he's going to edit it," I reflected. "Perhaps some one else is the editor, and Ebenezer Emmett only owns it."

"I'll answer the letter, Dinah," I said, as I left the kitchen. "I'll tell him he may call to-morrow afternoon, and if he's not the codfish man at all, I'll cough very loud and you must ring the messenger call for a policeman to arrest him."

So I wrote a dignified letter, which could not possibly be misconstrued by any bold adventurer seeking the acquaintance of a defenseless American girl in London:—

"*Dear Sir:* If you wish me to do some work for your magazine, I shall be pleased to see you at this address at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, when we can talk the matter over.

"Very truly yours."

"Mistah Ebenezah Emmett!"

Dinah was looking her very best and trimmest the next afternoon when she announced the millionaire. To my utter amazement and delight she had secretly donned the despised streamered cap, which always before she had steadfastly refused to wear. She had also squeezed herself into a much tighter fitting dress

than usual, and was as smart, haughty, and dignified in her demeanor as any British parlor maid could possibly have been. Nevertheless there was on her face a self-satisfied, "I done tol' yo' so" look as, with what appeared to be a much-practiced bow and courtesy, she ushered into our little sitting room a well-dressed elderly American man, who carried his silk hat not quite familiarly, yet not awkwardly. He was perhaps sixty-five or seventy, with kindly blue eyes that shone through his spectacles, and a long white beard.

He was a very agreeable surprise to me, this millionaire, who had written so grotesque a letter. There was no sign of commonness or vulgarity in his appearance, and his bearing and manner were those of the hearty, whole-souled gentleman. When he talked there was only occasionally to be detected a slight deviation from the strictly grammatical. His voice was pleasant, though there was in it a suggestion of the "down-East" drawl often noted among New Englanders.

"I've been going to write to you for some time," he said, when I had given him a real American rocking-chair to sit on, "but I'm not much at letter-writing, so I put it off and off, and as I'm going to leave England next week, I made up my mind I'd do it, and hoped you'd excuse all the mistakes of an old man that didn't have the school advantages he'd ought to when he was young. I always take my secretary about with me to attend to letters and things, but two weeks ago he was taken sick and had to go

away from London, so that's how it was I had to do my own writing."

I felt myself growing red for shame when I thought of the way I had first received his letter, and I wondered if the good man could possibly have an instinctive knowledge of the whole affair, but he went on:—

"Though I'm not much on writing, I'm great on reading, and I always keep a lookout in the newspapers; so once I read a letter in an American paper giving a description of the Tower of London. I'd never been to London then, but I'd read a great deal about that old Tower and it was all such prosy, dry-bone reading, that I was very much surprised to find this letter so bright and funny. I hadn't supposed there was anything for comic writing in that subject, but this article made the tears come into my old eyes for laughing."

"Oh! oh!" I exclaimed, "was it really funny, Mr. Emmett? I was very unhappy when I wrote that letter."

The old man chuckled. "It was a good one!" he said. "But what do you suppose? The very next day after I read that Tower article, I happened to see a book with a picture cover on it, and your name! I bought that book at once, and, as soon as I began to read it, I knew it was by the same girl who had written about the Tower. There was a picture of you in the front of it, too, and I didn't think you was quite such a happy-looking little girl as you ought to be, though you did write such bright and happy things. Then all through the book I'd seem to read between

the lines, and what I read between the lines worried me. Yes, it did!

"I said to myself, 'There's a little American girl over in England working night and day to earn a living! I wonder if she made plenty of money out of that book. If she didn't, she'd ought to, and what's the matter with me putting her on to something she can make money out of?' I made up my mind I'd hunt her up when I went to England, and that's what I've done, you see."

My brain was beginning to whirl in anticipation of what this man of millions was intending to do for me. Was he going to adopt me and make me the heiress of the codfish factory? Once, a more unpleasant thought came into my head—was he going to propose to me—this rich man who might almost have been my grandfather? Dear me! What could I possibly say if he should turn suddenly and remark, "Will you marry me?" Then I remembered that he had spoken of a magazine in his letter. Yes, that was it! He wanted me to do some magazine work—just exactly what he said.

He pulled from his pocket a package of notices and spread them before me.

"You see how I've kept track of you," he said. "These are things I've read in the papers about you. I took a sort of interest, you know."

"It is very kind in a great man like you to be interested in me and my work," I said lamely. I really was at a loss for words, and began to wish the conversation would take a more businesslike turn. It did, for his next remark was:—

"You've noticed these sidewalk artists over here in London, I suppose? Well, now, we don't have anything like that in America. Have you ever written an article about them?"

"No, I never did," I answered.

"That's where I'm ahead of you," he laughed, "for as soon as I saw them I thought they ought to be written about. I'd like you to write me a magazine article about them, if you will."

"I'll do it to-morrow," I returned, "but I forgot to ask you which magazine it was that you wished me to work for. What is the name of it, and who is the editor?"

"Oh, my magazine? I'm just going to start one and I haven't got the staff picked out yet."

Mr. Emmett began looking about the room, examining the pictures and the furniture.

"Do you like to live in England better than in America?" he asked. "You wouldn't rather live in your own country, I suppose? You're quite settled down here?"

"Yes, I think so. At least I want to live in England for several years yet, and I want to travel and go all over Europe and then to Palestine and Egypt, when I have made enough money, writing."

"Yes," he resumed, as though he had not been asking a question, "I was speaking about the magazine I expect to start in London. There's a great field for it, I'm told, and I shan't lose any money, I know. There's the staff to be picked out, and the name to be decided on and then the editor, and all that. Did you ever edit a magazine?"

"No, I never did, but I edited a society page once in America. I suppose you will have a very eminent literary man for your editor, and I hope he will like my article about the sidewalk artists."

Suddenly an intuition of what this millionaire intended to do came to me like a flash. He was going to start a magazine, and I was to be the editor. He had not said so, but I knew it.

"I'll have to write some long letters to you when I go back to America, and I'll get these things about the magazine ship-shape when I can find a man for business manager who'll look after my interests all right. Now, about that article you are to do for the first number. You'll need cab fares and have other expenses, so I'll just pay you this twenty-five dollars now as a little advance on account of expenses."

He laid a five pound note on the table and rose to go. I was not accustomed to getting paid in advance for something I had not done, and at first I demurred, but he insisted that five pounds would not pay nearly all the expenses connected with the article, and finally, much to his amusement, I wrote out a receipt which I had difficulty in getting him to accept. "Received from Ebenezer Emmett, Esq., five pounds, the same being some advance money on account of expenses for article about sidewalk artists to be done for his magazine."

"I'll write to you from America," he said, as he bade me good-bye, "and if you want to ask any questions, write to me at my factory and mark it 'personal.' But I'll be back in England before many weeks and then I'm going to fix up the magazine."

He was gone, and I, joyous, elated, full of hope, with happiness in my heart and a five-pound note in my hand, stood trembling and smiling when Dinah rushed in to hear the news, with her eyes shining and her streamers flying.

"Oh, Miss Polly! He war de millyunaire man, wa'n't he? He do put up codfish, don't he? He do hab a magzeen, don't he?" cried she.

"Oh, Dinah!" I screamed, laughing and crying at the same time, "he is the codfish man and he gave me five pounds on account for an article about sidewalk artists, and he's coming back to London to start a new magazine and I'm to be the editor of it, and we shall be very rich!"

"Hurray! Hurray! Shout de Jubilee," cried Dinah, dancing about the room with her hands on her hips. "I done tol' yo' so, Miss Polly! Hi, yi! I see de money bein' used fer to kindle kitchen fires wid! I see I bein' yo' perfessed cook wid a w'ite trash kitchen-maid underneaf me! Oh! de time o' Jubilee am come!"

How we danced for joy, we three—Judge and old Dinah and I! What promises I made to them both! Judge was to have a winter poodle-coat, made to order by a French dog-tailor and need no longer disport himself in a homemade one cut out and stitched by his loving mistress. Dinah was to have the purple hat she coveted on the Kensington High street, if she would promise not to wear it when she went out with me. I was to wear wonderful gowns from Paris and have a hat for each gown. I would ride through Hyde Park in a victoria, with Judge on the seat

beside me, resplendent in a necktie he need not share with anybody, and Dinah might go too, sometimes, and sit with her back to the horses, and everybody would say, "There goes the editress of the *Thingymygig Magazine!*"

We all three went out that evening and spent the five pounds in the most absurd purchases and Dinah cooked a nine-course dinner.

The day following I began immediately on the pavement-artist article, interviewing all those who made pictures along the curb, diving deep into the history of the industry. I spent days in the investigation of how the artists lived and where. How much money they took in and all about them. I wondered if I should not engage an eminent artist to illustrate my article for me, and wrote to Mr. Emmett for his opinion on the subject. I also asked whether I should send my article, when completed, to him, or wait for him to come to London.

Three weeks, then a month, then five weeks, passed, and, as no reply came, I decided that Mr. Ebenezer Emmett was coming to London and so did not write. I worked hard on other articles, I planned the kind of magazine I should run, I made up my mind to give a position on the staff to a little English journalist I often saw walking on Fleet street, looking so very shabby and forlorn.

One day I opened a package of American papers several weeks old. They had somehow been delayed in reaching me from the other side. On the first page I read a headline—"Death of Ebenezer Emmett,

the great millionaire." He had died two weeks after I saw him.

My little dream was over. I was again a struggling journalist in London. The romance of the philanthropic millionaire and the poor working girl was, after all, only a story book occurrence, and I had no right to expect my life to be like a story book. I would not be the popular, much sought-after "girl-editor" of a magazine! I must work my way up steadily, day by day, week by week, year by year, and when youth had gone and middle age had set in and I wore glasses and had streaks of gray in my hair and could not wear the bright-hued gowns from Paris and the gauzy hats to match—why then, perhaps, who knew? Might there not possibly come the editorship of a magazine?

I sobbed, and my dog came over and licked my hand.

"Miss Polly, de doughnuts am done, an'—oh, I do clah to goodness! Somet'ing hab happened! Ain't de millyunaire man writ yet?" Dinah stood in the doorway with a dish of American doughnuts in her hands.

"He is dead, Dinah, and we are poor again!" I answered.

I said "poor again," for truly I had been rich the hour before!

"We ain't rich no moah? Oh, Miss Polly, but he war a good man, I reckon, but o' cou'se ef he die——"

"Yes, Dinah, he was a good man. He was one of God's gentlemen," I said.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEPARTURE OF DINAH.

It was several weeks after the news of the death of the American millionaire reached me, and I had settled down again to the quiet working and hoping, by which, after all, the vast majority of the ambitious must reach their goal, when Dinah got a letter through the American mail. She had threepence to pay on it, because only a common two-cent stamp had been stuck to it when it had left the little Alabama post office where it had been postmarked.

I was in the kitchen when Dinah got it and, when she read it, I noticed only a slight rolling of her eyes which showed some sort of repressed feeling, and that was all. She went about her work that day as usual, cooking and sweeping and dusting, and frequently there burst from her snatches of half-tearful, half-joyous negro melodies. At first I thought that, in her quaint phraseology, "religion had got hold of her," for she sang of the Judgment Day, chariots of fire, and the demand by Moses of Pharaoh that he should "let my people go." Towards luncheon time the religious songs had ceased, and from the kitchen, drowning the clatter of pots and pans and kettles, there came the sweet strains of the "Dixie Song."

Dinah's voice rolled and swelled, though it seemed to me there were times when it almost choked.

> "I'se gwine back to Dixie,—
> No more I'se gwine to wander,
> My heart's turned back to Dixie,—
> I can't stay here no longer.
> I miss de ole plantation,
> My home an' my relation,
> My heart's turned back to Dixie,
> An' I mus' go!"

There was something strangely sweet and pathetic and sad in the words and the music, and I let my fingers drop for an instant from my typewriter keys in order that I might better hear it. I had never heard Dinah sing in that way before except when in an ecstasy of religious fervor she sang the camp-meeting hymns.

> "I'se gwine back to Dixie,
> I'se gwine back to Dixie,
> I'se gwine where de orange blossoms grow,
> For I hear de chillun callin',
> I see de sad tears fallin',—
> My heart's turned back to Dixie,
> An' I mus' go!"

She served the luncheon, dutifully and solemnly, and once I thought I saw a tear on her cheek, as she stooped to lay Judge's tablecloth on the floor and give him his plate of bread and meat.

"Miss Polly!" she began, as she placed before me one of her wonderful apple pies.

"Yes, Dinah!" I answered.

"Oh, nuffin, Miss Polly, I war jes' goin' to ax ef yo' like de look o' dat pie? Seems how I done got too much shortenin' in it. I don't seem to be meas-

urin' right dis mo'nin', an' done put salt 'stead o' sugar in de co'nsta'ch."

"The pie's perfect, Dinah, and don't bother about the cornstarch. Throw it away. I'm rich to-day. I earned ten pounds this morning."

She went to the kitchen, shaking her head sorrowfully, and bemoaning the "was'eness ob de co'nsta'ch."

Something was the matter with Dinah! That I knew, yet how question her, how probe the cause of her sorrow? I did not like to ask her, for it has always seemed to me an unholy thing to demand that others should confide their sorrows to us. I fancied there was something in the Alabama letter that troubled her. Dinah knew me for a friend, and I took it that if she wanted me to know her troubles she would tell me without the asking.

In the afternoon again there came to me the strains of the "Dixie Song." With one of the verses the voice broke many times—

> "I see de sad tears fallin',
> My heart's turned back to Dixie,
> An' I mus' go!"

Somehow I knew that Dinah's tears were falling while she sang it. Even Judge noticed there was something wrong with the singing of Dinah, and he looked up at me, inquiringly.

"Go out to the kitchen, Judge," I said. "Go and comfort Dinah. Dinah cries."

He went—the sweet comforter! I knew he would put out his paw to Dinah and that then he would

put his head in her lap, and tell her with his amber eyes that he loved her.

Judge stayed in the kitchen half an hour. The singing had ceased and there was quiet. Finally I felt that I must make an excuse, so I took my typewriter brush out, as though to wash it in the kitchen sink, and there by the deal table sat Dinah with her arms round Judge's neck, sobbing softly.

"Oh, Dinah!" I exclaimed, "you must be ill or in trouble. You needn't tell me what it is, only tell me if I can do something for you!"

"Oh, Miss Polly, I mus' go home!"

"To America, Dinah?" I asked, aghast at this new misfortune.

Dinah nodded, and wiped away her tears with her sleeve. "It am dat debil Jim!"

"Jim! You mean your husband!"

"Yes, Miss Polly, I mus' go home to Jim. He needin' me."

"Now, Dinah, you know very well that's all nonsense, and I won't listen to it! He hasn't been a good husband to you, and you've told me how you used to work for him and how he beat you and treated you shamefully. You said he was a devil, that you hated him, as you had good reason to do, and that was why you came away to London with the American lady."

"Yes, Miss Polly, Jim, he war a debil an' he beated me an' struck me 'cross de forrad till de blood come, an' he drink up all my sabins in de s'loon, but he are refo'med now an' he done break he leg, an' he say in de lettah I got dis mo'nin' dat he needin' me fur to nuss him, and he not be bad husban' no moah!"

"I tell you, Dinah, this is nonsense! I'm sure he'll never reform. Mrs. Saxon told me how badly he had treated you, and that he was one of the kind that would make all sorts of promises, never intending to keep them. He's lazy, he drinks, he's cruel! He only wants you to come home and support him again, after these three years of shifting for himself!"

"I done think he refo'm dis time, Miss Polly. He say he done got 'ligion, an' he speak and pray in de camp meetin' an' get de power and holler hallelujah when de revivals come on."

"Fiddlesticks! He tells you that to get you home because you're so religious. That's just the sort of trick a mean man would play on a religious woman. Dinah, don't you pay any attention to him. He wants you to come home and support him. I know what it will be. You'll have to take in washing and ironing, and go out doing day's work and wear your life away. See what a nice pleasant place you have here with me, and things are looking up, Dinah, and I shouldn't wonder if in a few years we could move into a beautiful little house with a garden, and I'll get another servant to do all the harder work and you can be chef and confidential maid and hair-dresser to her majesty—that's me! I'll pay you the five dollars a week then, sure! Now, Dinah, you burn up Jim's letter and don't answer it. He's a bad man, and he doesn't care a bit about you except what you can do for him, supporting him in his laziness."

"He lub me, Miss Polly! He done say so in de lettah, an' I his lawfu' wife, an' I mus' go."

"See here, Dinah!" I exclaimed, trying to think of still stronger arguments, "do you realize that when you get back to America it'll be altogether different from what it is in England? You've got a social position here. You associate with white people in England, but in America you'll have to go altogether with the negroes. America is not a land of equality for the negroes, Dinah. You and I know that. Down in Alabama where your husband wants you to come, the darkies are as thick as flies. In London, there's only an occasional negro, and here you are a curiosity, a sort of heroine. There's Mrs. Brown's white cook had you in to tea with her the other afternoon, and she took you out shopping with her on her last day out, and you rode on the top of a 'bus with Mrs. Green's parlor maid, and she's invited you to the ball she's going to give her servants when they go to the country! You'll be the belle of that ball, Dinah. All the butlers and grooms will be crazy to be introduced to you and dance with you. Think, Dinah, how different it will be when you get back to America. Why, you couldn't sit down to eat at the table with a white trash washerwoman in Alabama!"

Dinah shook her head, sadly. "Yes, Miss Polly, I puffickly 'preciate I done got a position in s'ciety heah, an' I like de way eve'ybody notice me w'en I go out, an' dey ain't no s'ciety fer niggahs 'cept niggahs in Baltimoah or Al'bamy, but I mus' go back to Jim, Miss Polly. Oh, Miss Polly, I lubs dat niggah!"

Ah! the truth was out, at last! Dinah loved the man who had ill-treated her, who had beaten her, struck her on the forehead, made her work for her

own and his living and spent her savings for rum at the saloon. Love, in spite of all the brutal black man had done to kill it, had survived, and now it rose uppermost in the heart of this lonely woman of a despised race. She had been happy with me, she loved me and Judge as only those of her skin and nature can love those they serve. She had outgrown her first prejudice against England, and no longer referred to America as "de lan' ob libe'ty," finding that English freedom was more than sufficient for all her needs. She had made friends among a few white servants whom she had met in the flat building and in the park when she walked with Judge. She had been growing happy and contented and was looking forward to the time when we should take a house out somewhere with a beautiful garden wherein she could hang clothes on a line to dry, clothes washed by her own hands on an American washboard in a big wooden tub. Neither Dinah nor I ever could approve of the laundry work that was done for us in London laundries, and Dinah sighed for conveniences to do the washing and ironing herself; vowing that in those happy days to come, she would get up at five o'clock and have all the clothes washed and dried before nine o'clock, so the neighbors would not see the clothes-lines of muslins and flannels hanging over the lawn.

But now, nothing counted with Dinah but love—foolish, unreasoning, mistaken, undeserved love, yet love. Why argue with her? Why try to dissuade her? She was but a simple soul, and yet she was a woman, and the woman loved a man and was ready to sacrifice herself for the unworthy object. The

love that draws all women, whether they be black or white, great or lowly, rich or poor, intellectual or ignorant, to the sacrificial altar, now drew Dinah away from me! 'Twas not for me to blame her or argue with her, but only to pity.

It was on a Thursday that the letter came, and on the Saturday so near at hand Dinah determined to sail. She served me faithfully till the very last, packing her humble belongings in between times. Never a song, except the "Dixie Song," escaped her during the time that remained. She was not happy at her home-going, at the thought of reunion with the rascal who awaited her on the other side, with a broken leg, maybe, though I myself felt very strongly inclined to the belief that the only thing the matter with his legs was laziness, and that Dinah was now called back to act as a crutch upon which it might depend. Often the tears stood in Dinah's eyes, often she grabbed Judge and buried her black face in his blacker coat during the Friday that preceded the day of sailing. She sang the song of Dixie sorrowfully, wailingly:—

"My heart's turned back to Dixie,
An' I mus' go!"

Poor Dinah! I wept at her departure and mourn her still, for I have lost her.

CHAPTER XV.

ECONOMY FOR TWO.

When Dinah had taken her second-cabin passage for New York, I advertised for "a general servant, to live in a flat with one lady," and finally picked out from among the applicants one to whom Judge took a particular fancy. I have an implicit belief in Judge's instinct, for he is a far better student of human nature than am I. I trust no one, whom he does not trust and I suspect all those persons who, on being introduced to him, do not give him a friendly pat and tell me he is beautiful. Therefore, on the morning when the aspirants after the position left vacant by Dinah called to see me, I kept Judge close at hand to inspect them and pass his opinion upon them. Whenever there was a rat-tat at the door, Judge went with me to open it. One young woman I turned away at the threshold, because, seeing Judge, she started back with a frightened look on her face, exclaiming, "Oh, a big black dog! Will he bite, Miss?"

"There's no use for you to come in," I said. "You wouldn't suit me because you're afraid of dogs, and you must have a bad conscience, for only people with bad consciences are afraid of dogs."

That girl went her way, and others followed, till

finally two young women called at the same time. I liked them both and was wondering which one to take, when Judge went up to the shorter girl, saluted her with his three little barks which mean "Happy to see you!" took her umbrella in his mouth, put it on the floor and stretched himself out with his head upon it, looking up into her face with those wonderful eyes of his, and bringing from the girl the exclamation, "Oh, Miss, but isn't he beautiful!"

I engaged her then, hunted up her character that day, and the next Monday the place of Dinah was filled.

Did I say "filled"? Forgive me, Dinah! How often hath my very soul yearned for your fried chicken, Maryland style,—your doughnuts, fit eating for the gods,—your coffee, nectar for the same,—your Boston beans done in an earthen pot with the middle-piece-pork just rightly browned,—your cakes, of the buckwheat and "flannel" variety, and your picked-up codfish made from the tins of our dear, dead Ebenezer Emmett's packing house. And, oh! your potatoes, cooked in the thirty-seven different ways, the variety of which made my modest little table ever provide for me the spice of life!

Candor compels me to state that though Judge picked out for me a strictly honest, kind, and respectful servant, he chose one whose so-called "cooking" made me weep and waste away. I lent her Dinah's cookbook, I tried to teach her to mash potatoes without lumps, to make a cake that would be light enough for a person of ordinary strength to lift without groaning. I explained to her the way to open Ameri-

can tinned vegetables and tried my best to convince her that I could not live on cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts alone, and that therefore I must have tinned corn and tinned tomatoes and tinned Lima beans. In vain, in vain did I explain to her that I could not approve of her method of boiling her clothes in the soup kettle, that I liked not the flavor in my consommé, and that it was not her privilege to put in the post office savings bank the two shillings a week wash-money I gave her, and treat my soup kettle thus. My life became a perpetual worry over the trials of housekeeping, my intellect grew small, my wit got scarce and I found it impossible to keep my mind in condition for journalistic work.

So one day I advertised for a situation for Judge's protégée, recommended her highly to the lady who came to take up her character, paid her a month's wages, gave her one of my hats and a photograph of myself in housemaid's costume and one of Judge's portraits besides a lock of his hair, and I defied British etiquette by shaking hands with her and wishing her well. I got rid of the flat, sold off the furniture, which was now free of its mortgage, for sixty pounds, and then Judge and I went and took up our abode in a fashionable hotel, and I started a bank account with the sixty pounds, though I knew I must draw it all out the next week, with the exception of the five pounds I had promised always to leave as the very lowest balance that could be allowed.

I went to the fashionable hotel because it seemed to be the most economical way I could live. I knew

there were cheap houses in Pimlico where board and lodging were offered at the remarkably low terms of eighteen shillings a week, but I did not see how I, the "heroine of London," "the most successful woman journalist living," the "girl who had made her little pile by introducing American journalism into England," as the newspapers in several countries were pleased to describe me, could afford to live in a cheap boarding or lodging house. Besides, there was Judge. At the cheap places they wouldn't have him and at the expensive lodging houses, where they would have taken him, for a consideration, I found my bills would amount to more than they would at the fashionable hotel. At the latter place, the manager, when he saw Judge and had patted him, said that they never allowed dogs in the hotel and couldn't take them at any price. One of the hotel guests passed the office door just at that minute, with three dogs following in his wake, and the manager laughed and I laughed, and he admitted that as they didn't "allow" dogs as guests, they, of course, could not make any charge for them, and that there were twenty-seven dogs at present in the hotel, though there had been as many as forty-nine.

I must say that if there is any particular characteristic of the typical Englishman that I admire more than another, it is his smiling and utter disregard for such rules and laws as he considers unjust and unnecessary, and as for his liberality towards other persons who choose to break the rules that he himself lays down for their guidance and government, it is of a sort that I never weary of admiring

and taking advantage of. If it be true that England is a land of "red tape," then that tape is made of rubber that stretches and stretches out until it is so fine that you really can't see it and so it does not trouble anybody very much. Would that we had some of the same stretchy kind in America! I tried one day to take Judge into a New York library, passing calmly by the sign "No dogs allowed." An official stopped me. "Dogs are not allowed in here, madam," he said, frowning.

"So I have heard!" I retorted, smilingly, but I went right on. The official came after me, looking as ugly as fiery red anger could make him. "Madam," he exclaimed, "I tell you you can't take that dog in! Can't you read the sign at the door?" He took hold of Judge's chain. "Drop that," I said. "You might be courteous at least. I'll report you for impudence."

"And I'll report you for breaking a plainly written rule," he replied, as Judge and I indignantly went out the door.

Now, at the doors of Mudie's Library in London, there is also the sign "No dogs admitted," yet Judge and I have gone there regularly twice a week for years, and I know of no place in the world where such a fine collection of handsome, well-behaved, thoroughbred dogs can be seen as at Mudie's Library in the Brompton Road almost any morning or afternoon.

I told the manager of the hotel, when I took possession of my apartments, that much of the time I should probably take only one meal a day, my breakfast, as I went out a great deal to luncheon and dinner. He took occasion to recommend to me the

laundry which the hotel had just started, and I replied that I would have been glad to patronize it, but I had a laundress, a poor, struggling young woman, who did my washing at odd moments when she could snatch the time from her other duties, and she was really dependent upon me for her living. It was true! When I engaged the suite of apartments I saw at once that the private bath room with its excellent supply of hot and cold water would enable me to economize in the direction of laundry bills, for I could do all my own washing right there in the bath tub, and I bought a supply of starch and bluing and two flatirons with patent American wooden removable handles, and a spirit stove and fuel wherewith to make it burn; so I became my own laundress and boiled my starch on this convenient little stove, placed on a box directly under the hotel rules, among which was a prohibition against washing and ironing in one's rooms.

There was also among the rules a prohibition against cooking in the rooms, yet believing then, as I do now, that needs must when necessity for economy drives, I got up many a nice little luncheon and dinner for myself and Judge. For tenpence I got a new-laid egg to boil for myself (I generally bought two at a time, as I did not like to ask for only one at the shop where I dealt), a mutton chop for Judge, two half-penny rolls, an ounce of butter, and pepper and salt. Three shillings was the lowest price at which I could get any sort of luncheon at the hotel, and the dinners were still more expensive. I even found that I could get up a dainty course dinner

over the spirit stove, ending with a sweet, dessert, finger bowls and all, for the low price of one shilling and threepence, and many indeed were the times that I stayed away from the hotel dining room, faring thus cheaply though plentifully in my own sitting room. In this way I kept my monthly hotel bill down to about as low a figure as that for which I had previously lived at the flat with Dinah.

I found a cape the most convenient sort of outdoor wrap in those days. My cape was smart and expensive looking, and as I had to go out shopping every day, it covered a multitude of groceries and provisions. Judge always carried the most genteel and unsuspicious-looking parcels in his mouth, but the potatoes, mustard-and-cress, chops, bread, and eggs, went under my cape.

One Saturday evening I was returning from my shopping expedition, having got in double stores on account of the next day's being Sunday, and both my hands underneath my cape were absolutely full. Among other things, in a paper bag, I had three ha'pence worth of potatoes. I was feeling rather rich and happy, for the week had been exceedingly prosperous, two magazine articles having been published that month for which I had got my checks. I was wearing my new Paris hat, which, as it was mid-season, I had bought for eighteen shillings and sixpence. It was the delight of my heart, and I am sure that no woman could have desired a lovelier bit of head gear than that hat. I had on a model dress, too. That also was very cheap—mid-season price, so cheap that no American woman would believe me

if I told the price, so I won't name the figure. The skirt was just as long and sweeping as style demanded, and though I generally held up my trains to save them from wearing out, I could not do it that night, because both my hands were so full.

Just as I was about to turn into the street where stood my hotel home, I saw coming towards me with outstretched hand and smiling countenance, the well-known and distinguished editor of one of London's high-class periodicals, in the pages of which an article of mine had just appeared, and for which I had received a most liberal check and such a kind and encouraging letter of thanks as only an English editor knows how to write.

"Ah! I am fortunate!" he exclaimed, hastening towards me, "I am saved the trouble of writing a letter to you to suggest a subject which I feel sure that only you can treat in that bright, original style which will make it instructive as well as entertaining!"

Great heavens! There was outstretched to me the hand that held a part of my future literary success in its palm, yet how could I take it, with my own left hand full of eggs and my right hand grasping a bag of potatoes! Consternation seized me, and I thought how utterly stupid was this English custom of hand-shaking. What could I do? Refuse that proffered hand! How dared I? I felt something give—it was the potato bag bursting, and I looked for the potatoes to roll down at the great man's feet, though I pressed hard against them, then got my elbow outside my cape, pressed against that and, doubting not that now

the potatoes would fall, held out my well-gloved hand.

Truly, Heaven helps those who help themselves! The great man explained what he wanted me to do for him. He required it at once, he said. Would I now put aside everything else I had on hand and do him that article? Ah! would I not? Rather! My heart leaped for joy, right up against the eggs, so close on my left. Harder and harder pressed my right elbow against those potatoes. "Now, I must hasten! So glad to have had a little chat! So much more satisfactory than letter-writing!" said the editor, and then again the outstretched hand at parting. "Ah, surely the potatoes will take a tumble this time!" I said in my terrified heart. "Why, why, why, need this delightful Englishman shake my hand again thus heartily?"

With a pat upon Judge's head and a final farewell nod to me, the editor was gone, and, lo! not one potato had fallen to the ground! Then I grabbed my cape tighter about me, and rushed breathlessly into my hotel, and up the stairs and to my apartments. On to the floor of my sitting room I let them all drop, and, regardless of my clean, new gloves, I played a game of ball with those potatoes, and Judge rushed about, grabbing them in his mouth as I threw them. Then, when the daylight had faded and I heard the guests in my part of the hotel passing down the corridor to the dining room, I washed and peeled a half dozen and fried them French style and cooked my chops, and Judge and I fared sumptuously and joyously.

Judge was of the greatest possible assistance to me in keeping up appearances. Though he was a dog with a pedigree of wondrous dimensions and had all my own love of the things that money could buy, he had a delightful way of accommodating himself to his circumstances. He wore neckties of wash ribbon —which though it cost more per yard than the ordinary ribbon, I found the most inexpensive in the end—without a bark of dissatisfaction. He submitted to my dismissal of his barber, who charged ten shillings and sixpence to shave him after the latest poodle fashion, without a whine, and kicked his legs in glee when, having purchased a pair of poodle-clippers and studied the directions for using them, I myself became his barber. I became an expert in the wielding of those clippers, and, in taking his promenades abroad, Judge never had cause to be ashamed of his appearance, for there wasn't a suspicion of the "homemade" about him. I shaved him just as well as the most experienced and high-priced poodle barber in London. What is more, I wrote a magazine article about a new employment for gentlewomen—poodle clipping, explaining the whole matter fully, and I got five guineas for it.

One of my greatest difficulties was the disposing of my potato skins, egg shells, bread crusts and bits of bone that Judge left over. I dared not put them in my waste-basket for fear of discovery by the chambermaid, and, as I had a gas grate instead of coal, I had no way of burning them. The only way seemed to go out in a quiet street or the park and "lose" them. One day I dropped my paper bag of shells

and peelings in Hyde Park, and Judge, noticing this, went back and fetched it in his mouth. I explained that it had been "done a-purpose," but he refused to believe me and when I dropped it a second time near Clarges street he picked it up again. At the third dropping he picked it up and refused to deliver it to me. Try as I would, reason and argue with him as I did, I could not make him relax his hold on that parcel, and, as I never scold him, I finally allowed him to return with me to the hotel carrying it in his mouth, thinking to take it out the next time I went alone. In the front corridor stood a handsomely dressed lady, one of the hotel guests, though a stranger.

"Oh! you beauty!" she said to Judge. "Will you shake hands with me?"

Now Judge is as French as French can be as regards gallantry to the ladies. He held out his right paw, dropped the paper bag out of his mouth, so he could bark his "Happy to meet you!" and the potato skins and egg shells went all over the floor.

"Oh! you droll doggie!" the lady cried. "Where in the world did you get those ridiculous things?"

"He picked them up in the street," I answered hurriedly and truthfully. "I have taught him to pick up parcels and deliver them to their owners." Then Judge and I flew up the stairs, he grabbing his burst and empty paper bag, and casting a look of aristocratic disgust at the plebeian contents spread on the tiling, which I paid the hall porter sixpence to brush up at once.

I am very fond of onions, prepared in the Ameri-

can fashion with butter and cream and pepper and salt, and one day I thought I'd cook some over my spirit stove. The odor escaped to the halls, went down the corridors and penetrated into the manager's office. He went investigating and located the source of the aroma at my hall door. He knocked, said good morning, and asked if he were mistaken in thinking I was cooking in my rooms, which, as I knew, was not allowed—onions being especially objectionable. It was useless to deny it, but, not wishing to confess that I was only a poor journalist trying to live economically at a fashionable hotel, I said:—

"I'm very sorry, but I am cooking onions for my dog."

"I have never heard of a dog eating onions," returned the manager with a most unbelieving look on his face.

"Neverthless," I answered, "Judge has been ordered by his vet. to eat onions, and he eats them."

The truth was that a noted dog doctor had once told me that onions mixed with soup or meat or other food were good for dogs, especially poodles. I had often tried to induce Judge to eat them, and he had always indignantly refused such fare. Yet, when I saw that the manager did not believe me, I grew desperate and decided that Judge must help me out of my dilemma and save my reputation for veracity. I cooled some of the onions and put them on a plate.

"Attention! Judge!" I called out.

Judge jumped to the middle of the room and gazed earnestly at me, knowing that an important communication was to be made to him.

"Judge shall go walking," I said, and his tail began to wag. I placed his silver collar and his largest ribbon-bow on a chair and pointed to them, saying, "Yes! Judge shall wear these and cut a dash along Piccadilly!" His tail went a little faster and I walked over to the onions. "Judge shall run in the park and scamper and eat grass." His eyes beamed, his ears went back and his tail went round in a circle. "But, attention! Judge must first take his medicine," and I pointed to the onion plate. His tail stopped wagging, he walked over to the plate, gave an indignant sniff, and jumped back on the sofa, burying his head among the cushions. Three times I called him to attention, promising him pleasures in which his soul delighted, but when I said "Medicine, first," he sadly drooped his tail and walked away.

There were two ways left, two sure ways, to induce Judge to eat those onions and save my reputation. If I pretended to sob and weep, he would do anything I asked of him, but I never resorted to that but once, when he was dangerously ill and needed to take some very nasty medicine to save his life. It would nearly break his little heart to see me cry, and I could not perpetrate that cruelty on him to make him eat onions, which, though they might be good for him, were not, I knew, an essential part of his diet. As the case was desperate, I tried the other method.

"Attention! Judge!" I said again, and he jumped to the middle of the floor. "Judge shall go for a drive in a carriage with horses! They shall prance and prance (here I suited my motions to the words)

along Piccadilly and in the park! Horse! Yes! two horses!"

His tail wagged as though it would come off and he rushed up and down with such delighted barks and antics as made the manager roar with laughter and me tremble to think of the consequences of my rash promise. Again I went over to the onions and said, "But, first, medicine!" pointing to the floor. He bounded over, and without so much as a sniff ate up those onions with two licks of his tongue! The manager departed in high good humor, though from the curious twinkle in his eye I doubted whether even then he was thoroughly convinced of my strict veracity.

I touched my bell, and "Buttons" appeared. "I will have a victoria at three this afternoon," I said.

"Yes, Miss! One horse?"

I looked at Judge appealingly, and the look he gave back said most plainly, "Don't cheat! You promised *two!*"

"Two horses," I said, turning to the boy, and from Judge there came a joyous jump and bark.

"Yes, Miss!" and the boy was gone.

In the park that afternoon Judge was admired by all the occupants of the smart carriages that passed us. He sat beside me with his yellow ribbons flying in the breeze, his black silk curls shining in the sun, his amber eyes beaming. Frequently, when the high-steppers which drew our carriage gave an extra prance and toss of their heads, Judge would turn to me and laugh, showing his white teeth. Sweet little rascal! He has a highly-developed sense of humor,

and he knew quite well to what straits I might be put to pay that carriage bill.

Even after we got home, and I was at work on my typewriter, trying to earn an extra bit in view of my reckless extravagance, he would run over to me, look up, show his teeth and when I would say, "Did Judge have a good time? Did Judge cut a dash?" his tail would thump the floor most vigorously in reply.

Ah, well! as I have said before, I love the follies and vanities of the world, and so does Judge. I earned two guineas for the dog story I wrote that night, and the drive cost less than half that amount.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH MRS. LYNN LINTON.

"THERE goes your enemy!"

I was out walking one afternoon with a friend in the vicinity of St. James's Park, and, as an elderly woman, with what seemed to me to be a kind, sympathetic face, passed us, my friend thus addressed me.

"My enemy!" I exclaimed in surprise, "who is my enemy?"

"The lady that just passed."

"But I don't know her! Who is she?"

"Mrs. Lynn Linton!"

"You mean the author?"

"Yes! Now, don't tell me you didn't know you were her particular—well, I'll call it 'objection'! You are a subject upon which she can grow extremely eloquent. Your name comes up rather often, you know, these days, and she never misses an opportunity to speak her mind about you. She views you in the light of the 'scarlet woman' journalist, I believe."

"That's ridiculous!" I exclaimed. "I don't know her and she doesn't know me. I never did anything to her and it is impossible she should want to injure me."

"Oh! she wouldn't injure you, except with her tongue! When people ask her what she thinks of the new kind of journalism you've been doing in England, she tosses her head and says, 'Oh! that creature! Do you call that journalism?' Then she goes on to express her opinion of your work and you in no very amiable terms. She thinks you are a very shocking person, a vulgar creature seeking notoriety, and when she hears of your having been invited to the homes of any of her friends, she begs that they will arrange things so she and you won't come into contact. Some of the adjectives she uses to describe you are really interesting. 'Brassy' is one of the words she applies to you. She's your very dearest enemy, I assure you."

I went back to my hotel in a very bewildered, not to say highly agitated, state of mind. It was all so very strange that I should have gained the enmity of a woman like Mrs. Lynn Linton, a well-known author, a highly successful journalist, who had made her way, as I had heard, through many hardships, to the eminence she had attained. She with her years and years of experience, who had lived past the three-score years and ten, she to be the enemy of one who was young and poor and struggling like myself! The more I thought it over the more absurd it seemed that a woman like Mrs. Lynn Linton, whom I knew only by reputation, and who, so far as I knew, had never seen me, should take the trouble to denounce me in this manner, and I concluded that perhaps my friend was either trying to tax my credulity with a rather cruel sort of joke, or that she was repeating

things she had heard which had no foundation in fact.

I remembered that I knew a number of people who were well acquainted with Mrs. Lynn Linton, so I made it my business to see them and put to them the question:—

"Have you ever heard that Mrs. Linton had any particular dislike of me?" with the result that I got the same information I had from my first friend, and my bewilderment was increased. Indeed, anger took the place of bewilderment after a time, for it seemed to me particularly unjust and cruel that a woman in the position of Mrs. Lynn Linton should hold me up to contempt and give an impression of my personality to strangers who might judge me accordingly, an impression that was as silly as it was unjust.

"I must meet Mrs. Lynn Linton," I said to myself. "If she were a man I'd find another man to take up my cause and fight her to a finish, but as she's a woman I'll have to see her myself."

Thereupon I wrote her a letter. It ran:—

"Dear Madam: I am writing a magazine article on the subject of certain aspects of woman's position in England as compared with that in the United States. I have a feeling that you might, if you would be so kind as to do so, give me certain information which would be of great assistance to me, and I write to ask if you would allow me to call upon you some time in the near future at any hour you will name. I have, of course, long known you by name,

and read and loved some of your books when I was at boarding school. I should like very much to know you personally. You perhaps know of me through my work in London during the past three years.

"Faithfully yours, ———."

The letter went and in the evening came the stiff reply:—

"MADAM: If you will call to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, I can see you a few minutes.

"Yours truly,

"E. LYNN LINTON."

When I stood before Mrs. Lynn Linton at the time she had appointed, my heart almost failed me, so sternly, so aggressively, so uncompromisingly did she look at me as I stood in the doorway. She did not offer to shake hands nor ask me to sit down, she herself standing the while.

"You wished to see me. What can I do for you?" was her greeting.

"Yes, Mrs. Lynn Linton," I said, for although I had written the letter on the spur of the moment, with no particular questions to ask her in mind, I had, after receiving her note, formulated a sort of skeleton upon which to build up an article upon the position of working women in England and America.

"Yes," I said, "I am writing an article concerning the different occupations pursued by Englishwomen, especially educated Englishwomen, and comparing self-supporting Englishwomen with self-supporting

American women. Now, take for instance, journalism. You have been a journalist so long that I feel sure you know about the very beginnings of the Englishwoman's work in journalism. It is somewhat different for women journalists in England from what it is in America."

We were both still standing near the door of the sitting room where Mrs. Linton received me. I was looking squarely into her face, while she was examining every detail of my appearance and apparel. Finally, she said, as though she had not heard a word of what I had been saying:—

"Your hair is rather pretty and of the fashionable shade. It is *not* bleached!"

"I don't understand you, Mrs. Linton," I said, with a face that I knew must show both my anger and amusement at this observation, which seemed to be not exactly apropos to the subject which I had hoped to put under discussion. "But my hair is not bleached, and I can't see any reason why you should mention it."

"But surely *you* can't consider it an insult to have it thought your hair might be bleached. I didn't think it was when I saw it, but I wanted to make sure. Of course you can't blame me for thinking you would be apt to bleach your hair and paint your face, too."

I did not answer. I merely looked at this strange woman who, I had been told, was my enemy.

"I think I did not ask you to sit down. I must also sit down. I am not well."

"Thank you!" I answered, and I took the sofa to which she pointed.

"Why did you come here?" she asked.

"Do you mean why did I come to see you?"

"No! Why did you come to England and take the bread out of Englishwomen journalists' mouths?"

"Surely, Mrs. Linton, I have not done that!"

"Yes! you have done that! You, with your horrible, unwomanly kind of work have demoralized the taste of London editors who at one time were content to fill their papers with good, decent, legitimate literature! Now they have a craving for the sensational, horrible kind of thing you have introduced to them. I say you have ruined the English editors. You are responsible for their downfall."

I knew I must not laugh, that is, out loud, at the thought of poor little me having created such havoc among the hitherto staid and solid British editors, so I made a tremendous effort at self-control, and said:—

"I deny that I have ever taken bread from any woman's mouth, and I also deny having had any such influence as you say I have had upon English editors. Furthermore, I have never done any work of which I have cause to be ashamed. I have never stooped to a thing that was indelicate, unwomanly, or dishonorable."

Mrs. Lynn Linton did not answer. She, however, looked her contempt.

"I do not wish to appear inhospitable, though I disapprove of you and your work. Will you have a brandy and soda?"

"I don't drink brandy and soda," I answered.

"I supposed, of course, you did! But you smoke cigarettes, do you not?"

"No. I never saw a woman smoke a cigarette till I came to London. The first time I ever saw a woman smoke was when I called at the office of a young Englishwoman journalist. She was sitting on her table, smoking. I also never saw a woman drink brandy and soda till I came to England. I find that very nice women do it in England, but in my country it is different."

"What! you mean to say you do not smoke or drink brandy and soda! Englishwomen have been taking it up so lately. They got it from Americans."

"No! not from Americans! Drinking and smoking are things from which my countrywomen, as a whole, are free. Some of them learn these things when they come to England, but as for me, I have not been an apt scholar."

"We will let that pass," she replied. "I should like to know why you went out as a servant, why you stood at Piccadilly Circus and sold flowers, why by misrepresentations you got into a laundry, why you swept a crossing, and did all the other disgusting things you did. Couldn't you have fun in some other way? As I said before, you took bread from needy Englishwomen's mouths."

"I did all these things, Mrs. Linton, to put some bread into my own mouth."

"What! are you poor?" she asked, turning round sharply.

"Did you think I would do that hard work if I were not poor?" I asked.

"But do you mean that you earn your livelihood by doing that kind of work?"

"I did earn it that way for a time. I am not doing so much of it now, because I've made a name and am getting on better."

I had noted that during the last few minutes Mrs. Linton's voice had grown more gentle, her face less stern; yet she spoke again like the accusing judge:—

"You got into people's houses as a servant by false representations."

"Not very false," I returned. "I said that I was an American woman, though of English descent. That I had come to England for personal reasons and suddenly found myself penniless, with no way of earning my living except by going out to service. I did my work to the best of my ability, I wrote it up in a way to make people laugh, for though I was sad, myself, I knew there was no market for sad stories, so I made things funny which were in reality very horrible and pathetic. When I had that work, it turned out so successful that a number of editors asked me to do other work of the same sort for them, and I did it, but never for a moment have I lost my self-respect. I am not ashamed of any of my actions since I came to England. I have never once forgotten that I was a woman, nor allowed anyone else to forget it."

I looked at Mrs. Lynn Linton, as though I challenged her.

"It is all very strange," she said, half reminis-

cently, "how I could have made such a mistake, for you seem to be a gentlewoman. Yet, how could a gentlewoman do the work that you have done? I thought you were a brazen creature; a sort of wild, adventuresome female, worse even than the shrieking women of England, and they are bad enough!"

She came to the sofa. "Have you ever heard that I am a very uncompromising, set, determined old woman, and that I seldom change my opinions?"

"No," I answered, smiling.

"Yes, it is true! I am that! It is very hard for me to say I have made a mistake. Do you know that I fear I have done you many a wrong? Oh! the things I have said about you have not been nice things, I assure you! You've been the talk of London, you know. My neighbors at dinners and teas have asked me what I thought of your work, and I have not spoken too kindly of you. I have called you brazen, unspeakable. People have laughed and said I was prejudiced, but I would not admit it. I suppose I have read nearly everything you have written, out of merest curiosity and so that I could condemn you the more. I have never written anything about you for the papers because, once, after writing something against you, I was advised that it was too harsh, and was asked to take it out. I, an old woman, have been trying to prejudice people against you, a young woman, trying to make your way in the world. I want you to forgive me for the injury I may have or might have done you. Of course, you did not know till I told you, and you might never have known."

"Yes, I did know it, Mrs. Linton," I replied. "I have been told, and I determined to come and see you under some pretext, so that I could disabuse your mind of your unjust and almost wicked prejudice against me. It did not seem possible that you could go on misunderstanding and feeling as I had heard you felt and especially speaking as you have done, when once you had an opportunity of realizing my position. Though you are so much older and wiser than I, and it may sound almost disrespectful for me to say it to you, I am going to tell you that I came to teach you something—a lesson I knew you ought to learn. I have come to you not only for myself, but for all women who must work to earn their bread, to ask you, not for kindness, not for benevolence, nor assistance in any way, but only for justice. Are you angry that I speak like this?"

"No, my child!" she said, taking my hand, "I shall always be glad you came. I am old and you are young, but you have been teacher and I pupil. Did you say you forgave me?"

I could not now turn hypocrite and say in the casual, untruthful way that one often does, "Oh, there's nothing to forgive!" There was something. I knew it. Mrs. Linton knew it, and so I said, "Yes, I forgive you!"

Mrs. Linton had written me that she could spare me a few minutes, but it was hours before I left her that day. She invited me to stay with her to luncheon. She showed me some of her most treasured books, she told me of her lonely life, of her re-

ligious beliefs, of her girlhood, of her unhappy marriage and of many of the things that made her life a not too happy one. I told her about my own countrywomen, their schools, their universities, their means of helping themselves and their position in the workaday world. She laughed over my recitals of my childhood days on the Wisconsin farm when I told her about the "college cow" and the "college hen"—how all the cream that rose on the milk of the "college cow" was turned into butter to be sold at a village store and the proceeds added to a fund called "the college fund," and how the eggs of the "college hen" were put to the same use, and helped materially to send me to boarding school.

I told her about the policemen who called me the "little reporter" and how kind were the editors and reporters on the Western and Southern papers where I worked just before I came to England, and the dear old lady laughed—sometimes with the tears rolling down her cheeks, exclaiming, "Very American! very American!"

She was about to go to the country, she told me, and we agreed that when she had returned, and I had got back from the American trip that I was about to make, I should run in often to see her and not be formal.

"You have done missionary work to-day," she said, when I was going. "You've converted a cantankerous old woman, and made her see the necessity of reading between the lines when she picks up books and papers that do not seem to be according to her

old-fashioned notions. Don't think I approve of all your work, even yet. It's not my idea of journalism. I do not think it ought to be encouraged, and I think it was a dreadful thing for a gentlewoman to have to sweep a crossing and sell flowers and work among laundry girls, even to write about these things. Don't tell me you came into contact with the kind of people you'd like to associate with when you did those things! Oh! I used to feel contempt at your doing it, and now it worries me to think you *had* to do it. Was there no other way?"

"It was the only way, Mrs. Linton," I said.

"But you've stopped it now? You do not run the danger of having your fingers cut off with the laundry machinery any more, or of dying from picking strawberries in the rain?"

"No!" I said, laughing, "I'm getting on, now! I write for the magazines and the reviews, and I expect I shall become a really proper person and perhaps a stately journalist after awhile."

She laughed and bent over me as I went out the door. Through the years that have passed I remember her words, a kindly benediction, a friendly warning from one who was about to finish her career to one who had but begun:—

"Guard against bitterness and cynicism. Have faith and hope and charity, especially charity, the charity in which, perhaps, I have sometimes failed."

It was not my privilege to learn to know Mrs. Lynn Linton very much better than I knew her when she bade me good-bye that afternoon, for soon after-

wards it was necessary for me to return to my own country, and just as I returned from a somewhat prolonged stay in America, Mrs. Lynn Linton died. It is with a conviction that she would be glad to have me tell this little story of her that I include it in these reminiscences.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOME AGAIN AND "IN THE WAY OF LIFE."

THERE are three kinds of workers on the New York press. They are the "regulars," the "space-writers" and the "free-lances." The "regulars" receive their weekly salaries every Saturday night. They always know exactly the amount of money that will be put into their hands when they walk up to the cashier's little window. The "space-writers," though they are engaged to work for one particular paper and are expected to report every day for orders, are paid according to the amount of space they fill up in the paper—so much per column, or so much per thousand words. They live by their wits, and the state in which they live is good or poor, according to the state of their wits. If they are especially brilliant and fertile of imagination, inventive, quick at seeing through stone walls and, last, but not least, in good favor with the editors under whose direction they are expected to work, they prosper exceedingly and their takings-in at the end of the week are apt to be very large, though variable. Among the "space-writers" there are two kinds, the ordinary and the special. The ordinary ones are paid what are known as the ordinary or regular rates; the special ones receive the extraordinary or special rates, which may

be a third more than the ordinary, or may be double, triple, or quadruple.

The "free-lances" are not engaged to work for any particular paper for any particular length of time. They flit hither and thither with ideas and articles, getting an acceptance here, a rejection there; or they work entirely on order, which means having their articles ordered and accepted before they are written; and of the "free-lances" also there are two kinds. There are the strugglers, who form what may be called the one class. They write "on spec'" as it is called. They carry or send their articles to the various papers, and then they wait and watch the papers to see if their contributions appear; for the average New York newspaper editor lacks either the courteousness or the time, or both, to write and tell an unknown outside "free-lance" whether or not his or her article is useful or useless. In that he differs from the average London editor, who, in many cases, even though stamps have not been inclosed, will write, returning the article, or saying he finds it suitable and expects to use it. As for the New York editor he is apt to pay no attention to the stamps, even if they are inclosed. If the article is useless he throws it into his waste basket, and, quite as likely as not, the stamps along with it. If he wants the article, he puts it on a spindle or in a pigeon-hole. In either case, the sender of the manuscript watches and waits, sometimes for days, sometimes for weeks, sometimes for months; although it is only the beginner, the inexperienced one, who waits and hopes after two or three weeks have passed. If the "free-lance" has

neglected or been too poor to buy every copy of the paper to which the article has been sent, it may appear and the sender know nothing of it. In London, the "free-lance" at least knows of the article's publication in the course of time by the check that is received in payment for it.

In New York the system of payment to outside contributors who do not go regularly to the office is very different, and most unpleasantly different at that. The editor sends down to the cashier an order for a certain amount of money to be paid to a certain person. The cashier picks out the exact amount of money, puts it in a small envelope, seals it up, writes the name of the person to whom it is due, and the amount, on the outside, and puts it away to remain until called for. If the person for whom it is intended does not call, the money remains in the office. Now this system of payment is as stupid and as senseless as it is unkind and unfair; but before going on to tell the extent of its senselessness and unfairness, I will explain what is the second kind of "free-lance," after which I can tell my own experience with what I found to be the system of paying outside contributors.

As the one kind of "free-lance" is made up of the strugglers and beginners, so the second division of "free-lances" is made up of the well-to-do, or the supposedly well-to-do, the experienced and successful. In a word, the second division of "free-lances" takes in writers who are prominent, whose names are well known among all editors and to the public, and who, to a very great extent, are able to command

their own prices, because of the recognized value of their work, especially if it appears under their names, which is generally the case. They are the ones who work on order and whose work is accepted before it is written. They suggest their subjects to the editors, or have subjects suggested to them by the paper which desires their work, and the subject being agreed upon, also the price, they write with the knowledge that what they are writing will appear in print. They carry on their business in the same way as does a merchant who shows a possible customer a sample of ribbon or lace or cloth.

"You like the sample?" asks the merchant.

"Yes," answers the customer, "I will take ten yards of it."

Says the "free-lance" to the New York editor, "You like this idea?"

"Yes," returns the editor, "write me two columns on that subject at such and such price per column," and the transaction is settled.

Now, it was in such wise, as a "free-lance" of the second, and, sometimes thought much-to-be-envied, sort, that I at first took up journalism in New York after my four years' stay in England. I had made a stir and a name in London. The notices I had received in the English papers had been copied and commented upon in the American papers. Even much of the work I had done in London papers had been reproduced, two weeks after its first appearance, in the press of my native land. I returned home a "heroine" as I had been a "heroine" in London, and was met at the dock by reporters to inter-

view me and telegrams from editors asking me to send them some special articles at the earliest possible moment; and I was in no way averse to complying with the requests of both the interviewers and the editors.

With the interviewers, being myself an interviewer, I was as good-natured and tactful as only an interviewer can fully appreciate the necessity of being, and they, in turn, treated me with such kindness and consideration as all American interviewers show to interviewees who treat them properly. Having been, and being still, myself, upon occasion, frequently called to take first one part and then the other in the interviewing business, I have had every opportunity of arriving at an impartial judgment upon the subject. With those persons, be they Americans, Englishmen, or foreigners, who have only unpleasant things to say of American interviewers, I have no patience, and if they find themselves written up by the American interviewers in a distinctly unpleasant way, I have little sympathy with them, for they have, in nine cases out of ten, brought on their own troubles by their disagreeableness and lack of tact. If a distinguished foreigner, visiting America, kicks an interviewer downstairs, he has only himself to blame if he is not described in the next morning's paper as being a polite, gentlemanly, and altogether kind and considerate man. If an author, artist or actor treats an interviewer with unkindness, discourtesy, tactlessness, and hypocrisy, the young woman reporter must be an angel, indeed, if she heaps coals of fire upon that head when she writes up the account

of her visit. I have used the word "hypocrisy," for it is frequently that and nothing else that makes a public person say to the interviewer, "I object to being noticed in the newspapers." Public persons may object to having their private affairs aired in the newspapers, but they neither object, nor can they afford to object, to newspaper notice in a general way. The statesman, the author, the artist or the actress, who says, "I don't care anything about the newspapers and don't want ever to be written up in the press!" is either lacking in common sense or is hypocritical. To object, courteously and decently, to being interviewed on certain subjects, is one thing, and within every one's right; to speak in terms of contempt and independence of the American press and the American interviewers, is quite another.

To persons about to be interviewed, I would here venture to give some advice. It is not the well-known advice of *Punch*—"Don't." It is this: Remember the Golden Rule and do unto the interviewer as you would like him or her to do unto you if your places were exchanged—and don't be too sure that they won't be exchanged, sometime, too! Remember also that the interviewer is, after all, working for a living. The young, bright, smart-looking girl who meets you at the steamer as you arrive in New York, or flies after you to your hotel, and says, "I want to interview you for my paper! What do you think of America? Are you in the habit of eating bacon and eggs, or only eggs without bacon or bacon without eggs, for your breakfast?" may be a "space-writer" or a "free-lance" on one of New York's papers, whose

very life may depend upon her getting that interview with you. She does not interview you for fun. She does not take any particular interest in you. She would rather be somewhere else than waiting at the dock for your steamer to come in. You are perhaps nothing but a stupid, uninteresting, ugly old thing, who happens to be a public character, and her editor has told her to go and interview you, and will pay her five or ten dollars, if she succeeds. By discovering the kind of breakfast you eat, she will be able to provide wholesome food for herself for the coming week. Tell her, in heaven's name, about the bacon! Tell her, if she asks you, whether you take one, two or three lumps of sugar in your tea, and what you think of "our great country" as far as you have seen it. It can't hurt you, and it will help her, and then, even if you are stupid and uninteresting and ugly, you will at least have been kind and helped an honest struggler on her way. And, besides, if you are kind and courteous, she will "do you up" in the next day's paper in such a way that nobody on the American side will suspect how very stupid and ugly and uninteresting you really are.

But to return to my own experience as a "free-lance." I began it under most auspicious circumstances. Photographed, written about, and interviewed right and left, I began myself to write and interview for various papers, thus gaining my first experience in New York journalism. Orders and requests for special articles followed one another in quick succession, and terms considerably higher than those ordinarily paid, were offered me, and I rejoiced

exceedingly, for whatever money I could earn was needed.

I was greatly surprised, however, when many days and weeks passed after my articles appeared in print, and no checks came to me through the post. Some of the articles I had seen in the papers, others I had not happened to see, though I knew they must have been printed.

"Have you used any of my articles yet?" I asked of an editor who had given me a large number of orders, but from whom as yet I had received no checks.

"Of course!" he replied. "I've used all your stuff, and I'm ready for more suggestions from you for subjects. You must have known they were used, anyway, when you got your pay, for we never pay till after publication."

"I haven't got any pay, and that's the reason I've been wondering why you didn't use them," I answered.

"Now, see here! You can't collect twice, even if you are 'the American girl from London'!" he retorted. "We only pay once for articles this side the water, and you needn't tell me they do any better by you on the other side."

"I haven't got paid once," I declared; "and it's not only your paper. I've had the same experience with several papers. They order articles and publish them, and that's the last I hear of them. The papers in London send out checks once a week or once a month. In this country you are slower. I judge you send them out once in six months or once

a year, and I don't mind telling you that I've got down to my last fifty cents waiting for my various returns from the newspapers."

"I wasn't talking about checks," said the editor. "I asked you if you'd got your pay, and do you mean to say you haven't got your money for any of the articles you've done for me? If they didn't give it to you the first Saturday, why didn't you let me know?"

"If who didn't give it to me?"

"Why, the cashier! What did he say when you asked him?"

"I never asked the cashier. I'm not on your staff and have no acquaintance with the cashier."

"That's just it! If he'd known you, he'd have handed it out to you on sight, but, as he didn't know you, I don't see that it would have been such a breach of etiquette for you to speak to him without an introduction. It may be English, but it isn't American."

"Do you mean to say I'm expected to call at the cashier's office and ask for my money?" I inquired.

"Yes! You can't expect him to call on you with it. If you go to the cashier now, and tell him who you are and that you want your pay, you'll get it."

Sure enough, when I went to the cashier, and asked for my pay, he handed me out various little envelopes which he had kept stored away for several weeks.

"I've been wondering when you'd call for it," he said, good-naturedly. "Thought you couldn't need it as much as the rest of them do."

It was in this way that I learned the system by which many of the American papers pay their out-

side contributors. Again I say it is unkind, unfair, and absolutely senseless. One's first thought would be that the system obtained favor among newspaper proprietors because it gave them the use of the money until the contributor called for it; that the money was drawing interest while it waited to be called for. Not so! If that were the case, it would be unfair, though not stupid. The money owing to each contributor is put in an envelope as soon as it is due. The contributor may not call; yet the money remains in the envelope no matter if it is for three or four or five or six weeks. For the next article that contributor sends, another bit of money goes into another envelope, and so on for any number of weeks and months. I do not say that every American or every New York paper is managed in this way, but I know from my own experience that many of them are, and that it is a system that should be abolished in every newspaper office. For the members of the staff, employed in the office, the little envelope method of payment is quite satisfactory, but certainly it is not right to expect the occasional contributor, who lives in the uppermost parts of Harlem, to go down to Newspaper Row, spending two hours time and ten cents car fare, to collect the two dollars and seventy-five cents that is coming to him. I am not sure of just the exact number of miles residence away from Newspaper Row that entitles a contributor to have his payment sent to him by check or money order. London is, however, "outside the circuit" and therefore contributors residing

in London are *not* expected to call for their envelopes!

"Free-lancing," even of the most successful kind, is but an unsatisfactory and irregular way of earning a living, unless one has an income aside from journalistic work, and I had not been back in my native land more than a few months, when a financial catastrophe befell me, from the effects of which, I knew, no amount of "free-lance" work could deliver me. I looked from my high window one morning at the spires and the sky-scrapers of New York with eyes full of terror and a heart full of despair. So great and urgent was my need of money that the days of hard-upedness that I had known in London counted as nothing in their insignificance. There was, to be sure, some money waiting for me at various offices in little envelopes, but, when I had spent a morning in collecting it, that was but a drop in the bucket of my needs.

"I can't be a 'free-lance' any longer," I said to myself. "I must get a place as a 'regular,' so that I can count on a certain amount of money every week. Nothing else can save me."

I called on the editor of one of New York's high-class newspapers. He had taken work from me and called it "good stuff."

"Give me a position on your paper at a regular weekly salary," I said to him.

"Ridiculous! ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "Remain a 'free-lance' and you'll make a great deal more than you would get on salary."

"But I want something regular. Something sure to come every Saturday."

"You say you want a salary. How big a one?"

"I must have at the least forty dollars a week," I replied.

"I don't say you're not worth it, but I do say I couldn't engage you at half that amount. I couldn't even take you on space, though you know I'm always glad of special articles from you. *Must* you have the forty sure every week?"

"I must have that positively, and as much more as I can make. I've got obligations to meet which demand it. If I don't get a regular salary, I shall go under."

He looked at me in a half surprise that was wholly kind, and, going over to the window, said:—

"See here! I'll show you the way!" and pointing to some buildings in the distance, went on: "There, in one of those buildings, you will find a salary, bigger than forty, waiting for you. I happen to know that you have but to ask, or rather to hint that you are open to an engagement, and your difficulties will be over."

I looked, and the sunlight, sparkling on a dome of gold, almost blinded my eyes.

"You mean," I said, in amazement, "that I must become a 'yellow journalist'?"

"Yes," he returned, "why not?"

"Oh, I couldn't! You don't know how hard I've worked over in London to get up the few rungs of the ladder I've already climbed. Why, I write for the best magazines and reviews! I look forward to

a career in the literary world; even to the time when I may be able to stop writing pot-boilers. I've heard of this terrible 'yellow journalism' of my own country, and have been ashamed. I could not be associated, even anonymously, with a 'yellow journal.' It would ruin my whole future career."

"No, you couldn't anonymously. Of that I can assure you. They'll want your *name*. But let me tell you that your attitude is not that of a sensible, or even an honest, woman. I gather that if you don't get this money you need, others will suffer as well as yourself. I have told you the way to get it, and you will not take that way. Therefore, I say, you are not acting the part of an honest woman."

"Yes, you have shown me a way, but it is the way of death—death to all my ambitions!"

"No! It is the way of life! Listen! I have no liking for sensational journalism. I'm sorry we have so much of it in this country. I wish great millionaires would use their money to start high-class magazines, academies of literature and art and things of that sort; but I can't govern the millionaires, and neither can you. In starting these 'yellow journals,' however, they haven't done all evil. For one thing—they have raised the price of all newspaper work, not only in New York, but in other large cities of America, and I'm not sure they haven't had an effect upon the prices paid in England. By paying high fees and large salaries to their people, the 'yellow journals' have forced the other papers to increase their rates, or lose all their best men and women.

That's one good thing they've done, and, as a newspaper man, I thank them for it.

"Why, what sort of writers do you think are working over yonder? They are writers of the highest talents. Some of the most brilliant, most honest, most pure and upright women I have ever known have been employed on the 'yellow journals.' Some of them left papers like this to join the 'yellow' ranks. They were like you. They needed more money than we could afford to pay them, but, unlike you, they went and did their duty without so much as a whimper. Some of them can write things worthy to be handed down to the coming generations, poems and prose that should be bound in fine leather and kept among the standard works; they have brilliancy and wit and humor. But they've got to have money just now. I expect they've got obligations to meet, and they're honest women."

"I also will be an honest woman. I will go," I said.

So I went, and became a "yellow journalist."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE KINGDOM OF THE "YELLOW."

I STARTED my career as "yellow journalist" on a salary of fifty dollars a week, and, some months afterwards, changing from one paper to another, I took a position on what is known as the "guarantee space" system, by which means a member of the staff is guaranteed a stipulated sum of money every week, and as much over that amount as he or she can make by writing at ordinary or special space-rates. This latter is probably the most profitable way of working on the staff of a newspaper, for, though one's income may—indeed must—fluctuate, it fluctuates never below the guaranteed amount, which in my case was in itself a liberal salary, and, during weeks when news and happenings are plentiful and one's wits are at their best, it is by no means an uncommon thing for a "guarantee-space" staff writer to make between one hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars per week.

Out of my income I laid aside fifteen dollars each week for living expenses. By practicing strict economy, I made that sum suffice for all my personal needs, and the rest of my income went into the bank, and, so week by week, as I worked and saved, I saw my financial troubles gradually disappearing. There

are, I know, both in England and America, many working women who would laugh at the idea of one having to practice very great economy in order to live comfortably on fifteen dollars a week, but these women to whom fifteen dollars a week would seem a fortune know nothing of the life which the average New York woman journalist, engaged on the staff of a paper, must lead, and none of the constant calls upon her purse. What are known as "expenses" are, of course, always paid by the paper, but there are many necessary outlays which the management of the paper would not pay and could not be expected to pay, that the woman journalist must continually take into account, if she aspires to success and promotion, or even to retaining the position she has.

Now, the most important and necessary expenditure of the ambitious woman journalist is for clothes. One of the great requisites of the newspaper woman is that she shall *dress well.* When I say "well" I do not mean mere neatness of dress. The newspaper woman, if she would be successful, needs not only to be neat, she must be stylish and smart. It is also as necessary for her to understand "dressing her part" as it is for the actress on the stage. And the woman who can do this besides paying her board and lodging expenses, on fifteen dollars a week, must be possessed of no little ingenuity and cleverness, besides practicing economy in such ways as many another woman, or man either for that matter, with a much smaller amount per week, would never dream of.

On the staff of a great New York daily there are numerous "plums" to be plucked, prizes to be won, by

the women workers, and all other things being equal —indeed all other things, such as intellectual brilliancy, etc., being very unequal, at times—these plums and prizes fall to the lot of those women who best know how to "dress their part." Now, the editor who thus distributes the great prizes shows neither injustice nor partiality in doing so; he shows only that he understands good business methods. The woman who is dressed smartly, and, of course, in good taste, can gain admittance, get a hearing and obtain an interview where her intellectual superior, dressed only "neatly" and looking sternly prim, will fail. The woman who continually fails to get what she is sent for, will, if she is on salary, either lose her position or never get her salary raised, and if she is "on space" will soon find the editors with "no-work-on-hand-to-day-sorry — hope-something-will-turn-up-to-morrow" attitudes. Therefore, it is good business for the newspaper woman to establish the reputation of being a "good dresser.'

I had not been long engaged in American journalism when I heard two of the leading members of the staff discussing the probabilities of obtaining an interview with a very great and eminent personage, and a man very difficult of access to the newspapers.

"Better send Miss ———," said one of the men, "she's got the style of writing that'll do him up to perfection."

"Great Heavens! What are you thinking of?" returned the other. "She's absolutely useless in an emergency like this. She's such a dowdy in dress that she couldn't get beyond the office boy. No! The

only woman who can haul this thing off is Miss X. She'll get through the outer offices of clerks straight into the holy of holies, into the presence of the old man himself, just on her appearance. I'd like to see one of the clerks try to turn her down. She's got a new Knox and a tailor-made on this morning that'll beat the whole 'four hundred' when it comes to dressing. I'm going to send her."

Now, Miss X. went to the personage and, in newspaper parlance, "brought off" the interview. In discussing the affair afterwards with some of her women friends, she said: "Girls, I couldn't have done it, if it hadn't been for the clothes. I had that confidence in myself that only comes when I know I've got a stunning costume on. I carried my alligator card-case and my ivory-handled umbrella, and with them I waved aside the office boys and the clerks and got to the door of the great man's office. I tell you what, if clothes don't make the interviewer, they give her a vast amount of confidence! Now, my rig-out, silk foundations and all, cost me sixty dollars, and I was paid one hundred for bringing off this interview. I therefore say I have made forty dollars to-day, and it's not a bad taking-in."

Miss X. was a "space-writer." She lived in a little flat away up-town with her mother, who was slowly dying of an incurable disease. The forty dollars she made that day went to a physician, who was trying, not to save the mother's life, since that was impossible, but only to lessen for the coming weeks the pain of dying.

It was very early in my career that I learned how

truly my editorial friend had spoken when he told me that the path which I chose, though perforce and so protestingly, would prove to be, to me, the way of life, and that there I should find salvation from faults and failings and much short-sightedness, which, if unarrested, would be but stumbling-blocks to progress. Not for all women could the career I then entered upon have become a means of grace, nor did I find it a school which I could indiscriminately recommend all aspiring young women journalists to attend. Better far it would be for some young women to struggle always, never succeeding, to suffer cold and hunger, and in the end to die, failures, than to become part and parcel of American sensational journalism. All women must go to school, it is true, but the same school is not good for all women. There are varieties of schools as there are varieties of women, and the teachers from whom one woman learns what will save her soul may be the means only of showing another how to lose hers.

For myself I can thank the fate that sent me back to my native land after my four years' residence in England and made it absolutely necessary for me to become a "yellow journalist." But I also thank the fate that endowed me with a certain kind of reasoning power that helped me to distinguish between what I could and could not do, as a "yellow journalist," and still retain my womanhood and self-respect, and I can especially thank the fate that endowed me at my birth with a particularly prominent self-assertive and combative disposition that enabled me to recognize my rights and then to fight to the death,

if necessary, to maintain them. These things, combined with the very important fact that I had made for myself something of a name in England and had returned to my own country as a "heroine," made my position a far more independent and endurable one than it could possibly have been in other circumstances.

The very first thing I was asked to do in the line of "yellow" work, was to walk along Broadway at midnight and "allow" myself to be arrested and sent to the lock-up as a disreputable character—all this in order to bring about a reform in certain laws that were obnoxious to many New Yorkers, and to prove without a doubt that a respectable woman walking quietly to her home late at night, was liable to be pounced upon and arrested.

"I can't do that sort of work," I said to the editor who had suggested this brilliant "scoop."

"You can't do it!" he exclaimed in surprise. "It's something that ought to be done, and you're the woman to do it. You've got a name and a reputation, and your name signed to an article exposing this great wrong would add prestige."

"I'm afraid I think rather too much of my name to make use of it for that purpose," I returned. "If my name would add prestige to your scheme, I'm sure the scheme wouldn't lend prestige to my name! Now, what other work have you got on hand which you would like me to do?"

"Other work? You mean to say that you *refuse?*"

"Certainly. It is indecent, and I refuse to do anything that I consider indecent."

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, tilting back his chair, and eyeing me with great curiosity. "We took you on this paper to help us make things hum. I understood you made things hum over in England."

I laughed. "Perhaps it doesn't need such an impetus to 'make things hum' in London as it does in New York. At any rate I never did any work there of which I am ashamed. I'm ready to do any work for you that an editor has a right to ask of a woman, and I don't mind if it is very hard and even unpleasant. Now, what is there for me to start on to-day, or do you want me to think up a subject?"

"Why, you're a puzzle! I'd like to know what kind of work you are willing to do. I don't exactly know where to place you."

"I'll tell you, then," I answered. "I'll do any work on this paper that you would be willing to ask your sister to do if she were employed on it."

"What!" he exclaimed, turning round with an amused look of astonishment on his face.

"Yes, that's the only kind of work I'm willing to do," I said laughing, for I was not to be outdone by him in good-nature. "You're an American man and I'm an American woman, though we are both 'yellow journalists,' and I demand from you the respectful chivalry that every American man is bound to show his countrywomen. The fact that you are my editor and I your subordinate in a business sense, makes no difference. I will modify what I said about the sister. If your sister were employed here you would try not to send her out on assignments that would be apt to endanger her health and break her up phy-

sically. You needn't think about that in my case. I'll take whatever risks are necessary in that respect; but I look to you to see that I am not asked to do any work that's objectionable."

"Well, speaking for myself, I won't ask you to do any work that you can object to hereafter, but, of course, you know there are other editors on the paper that will suggest subjects to you."

"I'll refuse them the way I have refused you," I answered, and went back to my desk.

For the next few days I was kept rather busy refusing, until the nickname of "the great objector" was given to me in a good-natured sort of banter by the editors and reporters.

Finally, one afternoon, I was sent for by one of the leading editors, who said:—

"I'm going to give you a very important commission. You are to take charge of the Holland Boat."

It was a little while before the beginning of the war with Spain, and all New York, indeed all America, was greatly interested in the little submarine to which the inventor had given his name.

"How take charge?" I asked.

"You know where it's stationed?" inquired the editor.

"Yes," I returned, naming the little village a few miles outside of New York, which Mr. Holland had chosen as the place from which to make his experimental trips.

"I want you to go there every day, or a dozen times a day, and discover exactly when the first trip is to be made, for Holland has been very close-mouthed on

the subject. Then, make your arrangements to be inside that boat the first time she goes under the water."

"You mean to sneak in?" I asked. "I don't believe it's possible to get in there as a stowaway. There's nothing but a little funnel that you've got to climb down to get into the boat."

"Of course, you'll have to get Holland's consent, for there's no other way, *but you must get it!* He is not much of a talker about his intentions, and the men we've sent to him can't get anything out of him; but you understand you are not only to find out when that boat's going under water, but you're to go under with it."

"Very well!" I answered, and then I noted that he was looking at me curiously.

"You know you're rather a hard one to find assignments for, with your English notions of what's correct and ladylike in journalism," he said, meditatively.

"I've only demanded decent work that a decent woman might do," I answered.

"That's what I thought," he said, musingly; "that you'd rather do the dangerous than the—well, we'll say, unladylike work. Still I don't say this is dangerous."

I looked quickly at his face, and saw there an expression that startled me, and I knew at once that this commission *was*, if not a dangerous, at least a very risky one. But I pretended not to have noticed either his words or his face, for I determined very

suddenly what course I should pursue, and I only answered quietly:—

"I'll go and see Mr. Holland."

That was the only time in my journalistic career that I started out on a mission with the full determination to make a failure of it. I had been asked by my editor to climb down a funnel into a boat not much larger than a big fish, that was going out experimenting. If it did what its inventor intended it to do it would rush through the water and come up in good time on the surface. Otherwise it would not come to the surface at all, but go down to the bottom. If I were in it, I too would go to the bottom. I valued my life, not so much for my own sake as for the sake of others, and I argued it out with my conscience that I was not, according to the eternal fitness of things, justly called upon to run the risk of losing it or even of incapacitating myself for future work, merely for the sake of trying to get an article on "How It Feels to Go Down in a Submarine Boat."

I had become rather tired of refusing to do so many things that I had been asked to do since I had taken my position on the paper, and I decided it was not worth while to refuse again. Rather, I determined, *Mr. Holland must refuse* to let me go in the boat.

Had the occasion been an ordinary one, I would have gone off on my commission wearing the cloth skirt, striped shirt-waist, Eton jacket and sailor hat I was wearing at the time I was called to the editor's room. It was the proper costume for a working journalist under ordinary conditions, knocking about

among docks and boats, getting news for her paper. It also, so I fancied, helped to give me a strong, healthy, athletic, don't-care-what-happens-to-me look. That was the reason I would not wear it, for I did not want to impress Mr. Holland as a journalist worth my salt.

I went home and put on a light dress, with ruffles and ribbons, all white, at the neck. I donned a hat with a particular shade of green-facing that gave my already pale face an unhealthy, ghastly hue, and then I looked in the glass and smiled at my frail, delicate, feminine appearance.

"If Mr. John Holland would allow a poor little thing like me to risk her life in his submarine boat, why, then he's a brute, that's all!" I said to myself. I had "dressed my part"—that of the small, delicate, nervous, half-frightened woman that I wished to appear, and as I am not, I believe, without a saving sense of humor, I could not help laughing over the ludicrous aspect of my position when, an hour later, I had seated myself on a plank near the tiny iron boat, waiting for Mr. Holland to come and make one of his daily visits of inspection.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Holland, when, having arrived and listened to my explanation of what I had been sent down to do, he looked me over with astonishment. "*You* go down in my boat! Climb down a funnel! It's ridiculous."

"But my paper says I must!"

"It's useless to talk about it! I wouldn't allow the risk!"

"Is there a risk? Is it dangerous?" I asked, turning a frightened-looking face upon him.

"For *me,* no! For *you,* yes!"

"Are you afraid the boat will never come up again?" I asked.

"No! I know it will come up again. I'm the inventor. I love it. I know all about it. I am going down in it without fear, because I understand. You would have fear because you do *not* understand. You'd not die of the going down, but you would die of fear. You would be actually and literally frightened to death."

Mr. Holland looked at me curiously. "You are not the sort of newspaper reporter I would expect to come and ask for such an experience, anyway. Even the most strong-minded and healthy woman journalist in the world would get my refusal for many reasons, but it certainly would be criminal to allow anyone like you to try the experiment."

A horrible thought crossed my mind. Suppose he were only refusing me on the ground of my apparent unfitness for the task, and suppose another woman journalist, of the big, fearless, athletic kind, should demand to go down in the boat and be permitted to do so!

"Mr. Holland," I said, "since you will not allow me to go in your boat, will you promise that you will not allow any other reporter, man or woman, to take that trial trip? It would be a serious thing for me if any other reporter should be allowed to do this thing for another paper when I have failed."

"Yes, I'll promise you that upon my honor! I wouldn't let any reporter take the trial trip anyway. Be assured you won't be beaten by anybody else."

"I'm much obliged to you. I shall tell my editor that you absolutely and finally refuse, and insist that the matter be dropped?"

"That's it, and if he wants me to put it stronger, I can do it."

I went away with a sense of relief.

"You'll have to give up that scheme about the Holland," I said to the editor that night, when I had returned to the office, after again donning my working costume.

"You don't mean to say you've failed? You'd better try it again to-morrow. It isn't likely he'll make his trip for several days."

"It is useless to approach him again on the subject. He was very indignant and said he wouldn't allow any reporter, man or woman, inside the boat. I got him to promise that, of course, when he so positively refused me, for I didn't want any other woman to get for another paper what I couldn't get for mine."

"That settles it, then!" He bent over some copy paper, and looked up again. "You had grit to try, anyway! Were you shaky at the idea?"

"I, shaky?" My cheeks burnt angrily, as I faced him, and then I was sorry, for he again bent over his copy paper, and as I went out of the door I thought I heard him mutter, "Thank God!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"... AND HAVE NOT CHARITY."

THE days and the weeks and the months dragged on, and, first on one paper, then on another, I gradually made a particular and individual place for myself in New York journalism. That place was, I think I may say, a somewhat important one, for when it finally became understood what work I would, and what work I would not, undertake to do in the interest of the paper, the kind of work that I had neither the cause nor the right to refuse, seemed to rise like a mountain before me, a mountain over the summit of which I must climb, though the climbing were laborious, unpleasant, and painful.

Most especially my duties took me among the lower class of working girls on the East Side of New York. I worked among the Polish and Russian Jews in the sweat shops, writing up the lives they led and the life I led among them. I picked over refuse with the ragpickers; made artificial flowers for the adornment of the hats of the working girls; I worked as a dressmaker's apprentice; applied myself to the tailoring business; I visited the public schools, especially where the poorer children predominated, and made house-to-house visitations among New York's most squalid and lawless inhabitants. For some time I

hired a room in one of the poorer districts, and, furnishing it up cheaply, started out to live on three dollars per week, telling each day in the paper just what I had to eat, and describing all my comforts and discomforts. There were times, too, when I was obliged to visit the morgue, looking at the bodies of the unfortunate unknowns and listening to the stories of the finding of these bodies, told by the keepers. Among the hospitals, too, I went, and sometimes to the jails.

A great deal of my work was very horrible, very loathsome, to me. I was obliged to run risks and encounter dangers that even now that they are long past make me shudder and wonder how I got through them. I had always to carry with me spirits of camphor and smelling salts, for I was continually feeling ill and faint from the foul odors that assailed me, and there were times when my heart almost stopped beating with fear. I remember that this was particularly the case one night when, in order to write up what the cheap women's lodging houses of the city were like, I slept in one where I gained admission for the price of fifteen cents. The sleeping room was a sort of dormitory where some thirty or forty women slept, each having a cot of her own. I awoke in the night and saw a woman sitting on the edge of her bed, not far from mine. She was looking at me in a strangely-staring way, and my first thought was that she was a mad woman who was going to kill me. Of course, she was not mad. She was only sitting up and thinking of her troubles, poor thing! but that made no difference so far as my state of

mind was concerned. I worked myself into a frenzy of fear and early the next morning I left the place, to write up my experience a day or two later.

"The Way of Life!" Truly, I now began to walk in that Way! Truly I began to grow! As the days and the weeks went on I could even feel myself growing, growing in grace, growing in charity, putting aside such narrow creeds and prejudices as had been a part of my up-bringing, and were, perhaps, in their place and time, good and wholesome for the girl, but cramping, distorting, warping to the woman. Life! Life! Seething life was all about me. The life of a great city, its riches, its poverty, its sin, its virtue, its sorrows, it joyousness—there it was, and I was in it. This life was no longer like a panorama spread out for me to look at simply, to smile or weep over and then to turn away my eyes from beholding it. I entered it and, while I studied, became a part of it, learning how akin was all humanity, after all, and how large a place had environment and circumstance in the making of character and the molding of destiny.

One day I talked with a murderess. The woman had killed a man. At first I did not want to go to her, to see her, to speak to her. There was blood upon her hands, and to me there was something terrible in the thought of the shedding of blood. I had so great a horror of inflicting physical pain upon any creature, that the thought of coming into contact with a woman who had sent a soul into the Unknown, was akin to the horror I would have felt at allowing my hand to touch that of a vivisector, and that horror

is one I have never attempted nor desired to control. I was going to see a woman who had killed, I who stooped and picked up worms from my path and placed them in secluded places that they might not be trod upon; I who daily carried wounded kittens and lame dogs to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to have them healed or painlessly put to sleep; I who would not fish though the brooks ran with trout; I who would not cage a bird—I to go and talk with a murderess!

Yet I went! I looked into her face, I took her hand—the right hand that had killed. I talked with her, and while we talked my tears fell upon that right hand of hers, as I said:—

"You are not a bad woman! Oh, how could you kill, how could you kill?"

"No!" she said, "I am not a bad woman. If anybody had told me a year ago that I should do murder, I would have laughed. Believe me, none of us know what we can or will do until the temptation comes. Why!" she exclaimed, looking into my face scrutinizingly, "even you might kill, under provocation!"

"I!"

Her eyes met mine as I made the exclamation, and then I went away and wrote never a word concerning my visit to the woman. I had not been sent by an editor. I had gone of my own accord, or, rather, of my own impelling.

There came a time when suddenly those terrible, warning words of the woman came back to me, when they rang in my ears, and in their ringing made me humble, teaching me anew the Lesson of Charity.

CHAPTER XX.

A LITTLE JOYOUSNESS AND SOME TRAGEDY.

It has always been my fortune, when employed upon American newspapers, to be associated with men, as co-workers, who could be aptly described by the term, "jolly good fellows." As they were out West and down South, so I found them in New York. There existed between the men and the women who worked together on the staff a spirit of comradeship and good fellowship that was altogether delightful. I know of no profession in which men and women can work together, side by side, so pleasantly, and, I may add, beneficially one to the other, as in that of journalism. At least, this can be said of America, where no newspaper staff is complete without its quota of women reporters and editorial workers. It says much for the American method of bringing up boys and girls and educating young men and women at mixed colleges, that when they are thrown together in such work as that known as "yellow journalism," the women can retain their womanliness, the men their manliness and attitude of free and easy comradeship yet respectful deference towards them. I am not sure whether such a state of things could exist in England. Probably it may in the next generation, when the conditions of the education and the up-

bringing of English girls have become similar to those which form a part of the average American girl's surroundings.

Most especially was the spirit of American chivalry exhibited by the men space-writers towards the women space-writers, and many a noble act of self-sacrifice among the men to help the women along was done quietly and unobtrusively away up at the top of a many-storied newspaper building where I was employed during my stay in New York. Such a kind, tactful, jolly way, too, had the men of performing these little deeds of kindness to us women!

"Say!" said one of the men reporters, coming over to me one afternoon, "I saw a hat up on Twenty-third street that'd suit you to a T! It's exactly made for you, turn-up on the side and all! Marked down, too, cheap as dirt! Seven dollars and ninety-eight cents!"

I laughed. "I don't see anything very original in that remark," I said; "I've seen lots of hats I knew would suit me, which were cheap as dirt, but I couldn't afford to buy them!"

"But I can tell you how to get that hat."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, down at the canal there are a lot of canal boats that are just getting ready to put out for the spring trip. The house-boat kind, you know, where the families live all the time, year in and year out. A story made up of a description of how those canal-boat women keep house, and how they stow away things in the little bits of rooms they have, would be good stuff, I know. You could work it into a ten

dollar bill at space-rates, sure, which'd more than buy the hat. You'd better go and do that canal-boat story. The city editor would just jump at it."

"See here! Why don't you do that story yourself and make the ten dollars?" I asked, suspiciously, for this same young man was not above playing a mild practical joke occasionally.

"Oh! I've done well this week, and besides that's a girl's story. I can't write up housekeeping matters."

I could do very well with an extra ten dollars that week, so I went to the canal and got my story in for one of the evening editions of the next day's paper. I didn't get the wonderful hat. I do not fancy there was such a bit of head gear as that which my co-worker so enthusiastically described, but he was behind me when I got my pay the next Saturday afternoon, and he smiled good-naturedly.

There was another time when an American man-o'-war was in New York harbor, and one of the reporters informed me that the "way those sailors of Uncle Sam's scrubbed and cooked and did their own washing and ironing, was worth two columns if it was worth a stick," and I went to the man-o'-war and got my two columns. These men were not editors suggesting subjects, but reporters who might have done the extra work themselves, but the desire to "help along the girls" came as natural to them as breathing. There were always pleasant little experiences of this sort coming up, so that while my plunge into "yellow journalism" gave me a greater knowledge of the "seamy side" of life than comes to

the ordinary woman, it also gave me an insight into the lovelier, kinder, more human characteristics of mankind, especially the mankind of my own country, which I shall always thank God I have been permitted to know.

I was present one day at the great trial of a notorious female criminal, having been sent there by my editor to make a character sketch of the prisoner as she stood at the bar.

"Aren't you Miss Banks?" I heard a man's voice from behind me asking.

"Yes," I answered, turning round to a smart-looking young fellow.

"We're on the same paper," he whispered, handing me his card. "We haven't met yet, though. I'm art and you're literary, you know. What are you doing?"

"I'm writing a character sketch of the woman," I answered.

"You ought to have a picture of her," he said. "It would add a lot to your word sketch."

Before I could answer, he had pulled a bit of cardboard and pencil from his pocket and when he had taken a few rapid strokes I saw that the vicious-looking countenance of the woman in front of us was beginning to appear, strangely real and lifelike, upon the cardboard. In ten minutes it was done and, rising to leave the court room, he handed it to me.

"There! I'll make you a present! Four dollars! Double-column cut, you know!"

"It's perfect!" I answered. "But what shall I do with it?"

"Why, hand it to the city editor with your stuff

and it'll make your story worth four dollars more than it would be without it."

"Oh! All right!" I answered, my impression being that the young man was "on space" and that by illustrating my story he would make four dollars extra. "I'll tell the city editor we did it together."

"No! You don't catch on at all! That's because you're from Lunnon, I suppose. I'm on salary and all the work I hand in is paid for by the salary, and the story I came here to illustrate has nothing to do with the one you're writing. Space artists get paid two dollars a single-column cut. This'll go in as a double one, and that's four dollars added to the value of your story. What's your length?"

"A column," I replied.

"At seven dollars and a half?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, instead of your bill for this thing being seven dollars and a half, you make it eleven fifty! Be sure you get it, now! It's got nothing to do with my salary. I didn't do it for the paper. I did it for you. You hand it in just as you would a photograph with a story, and say 'Four dollars for the photograph.' See? Good-bye! I'm off to the art-room now. Three sketches to finish up in no time."

What is it they say in England about the American men? "The American women are altogether fascinating, vivacious, and well-educated, but the American men give so much thought to pursuing the 'almighty dollar' that they haven't time to put on culture and polish." That is the way the description runs, I believe. Well, they did work in their shirt-

sleeves in that newspaper office; they did have emphatic, not to say occasionally profane, methods of expressing themselves to politicians and others who refused to be interviewed or went out of their way to give the newspapers false information; they did often work overtime, making many extra dollars over and above what they actually needed for the necessaries of life; they did consider it an unpardonable sin to "get left" or get "scooped" or be in any way behind the times. They were, indeed, in many ways different from many of the eminent London journalists with whom I had then and have since been thrown in contact. But then, perhaps one needs to be an American working woman, thrown upon her own resources, engaged in a terrible struggle against fearful odds, eating bread one day only because she had earned it the day before, working side by side with American newspaper men, in order to understand them thoroughly and to know that America is indeed a land of chivalry!

It was while I was engaged in New York journalism that the Spanish-American war came on. During the lives of most of us on the paper our country had never known a war. I was one of the few on the paper who could not take part in the great enthusiasm that was generally felt at the thought of "smashing Spain to a jelly." I was very sorrowful during those days and could not contemplate the monstrous headlines that our paper was continually getting out, telling of victory, sickness and slaughter, without a shudder. I could not rejoice or laugh at anything connected with the war, and yet one day

a warlike message I found on my desk sent me into such a fit of merriment as I had not known for many a week:—

"NOTICE TO QUIT

"WEARING THAT RED AND YELLOW NECKTIE!

"It having been observed by the male members of the staff that you did yesterday appear upon these wholly and purely American premises, with your neck bound in colors red and yellow, like unto the style of the hated flag of Spain, it is hereby ordered that you take it off, and that right quickly, substituting for it the necktie herewith presented. Otherwise——"

Here followed a pen-and-ink sketch of a woman, looking remarkably like myself, stabbed through the throat with the stars and stripes, underneath which was written *"Sic semper traitoress!"*

Heaven knows that the compromising colors of the new necktie I had worn the day before and which I had on the morning when I found this notice upon my desk were the result of accident. It was a really beautiful and artistic bit of neckwear which I had bought at a very high price on Broadway. I speedily replaced the red and yellow thing with the one of the male reporters' choosing. It was one of the "patriotic neckties" so popular at that time, and so cleverly and artistically designed, that, though it had in it the colors red, white, and blue, they were not made conspicuous; it looked like an ordinary pretty fringed tie. As an evidence of good faith, I sent the

objectionable and discarded necktie to the reportorial room, and the office boy who carried it there reported that it was turned into a huge lighter for pipes.

I have spoken of the enthusiasm that attended the beginning of this, the first war of our generation. There came a time a few weeks later in that newspaper office, as well as in many others throughout the country, when the prolongation of the war became a tragedy in the lives of many of the writers for the press, and especially was this so among the space-writers, who had no fixed incomes, taking in money only according to the amount of acceptable work they did. Those who, like myself, had a certain guarantee in lieu of salary, every week, did not feel the tragic effects as did those who were but ordinary space-writers.

"War! war! war! Get up something about the war! No use writing about other subjects! People may be born and married and buried, may commit suicide and murder, they may starve, they may steal, they may corrupt and be corrupted and be betrayed and blackmailed, but let you these things alone and write about the war!" would be the cry of the editors.

"What's that? A baby found dead in the East river? Thrown there by the mother, you say? What? A new hospital scandal? Strike? Did you say a thousand men were on strike at the mills? Oh! but I tell you there's no room! Give every one of those subjects a stick, and not a bit over a stick apiece! That's it! Now, you're talking sense! That's the ticket! Write a column telling how all the society girls are going in for studying at 'the first aid to the

injured classes.' Certainly! That's another good subject! All the boys in the public schools forming into companies and regiments and being drilled by the teachers, to keep the spirit of patriotism and love of the flag in their little souls! Great! Column and a half and pictures of the boy captains and colonels! Oh! did you ever! Mrs. Vere de Vere doing a turn at a society function as a skirt dancer with the legend 'To Hell with Spain!' pinned on her skirt! Yes! Head it 'Petticoat Warfare' and send it up!"

Thus went the day and the night, and those who could not do "war stories" fared not sumptuously, but sneaked around the corner to the restaurants where they got a stand-up luncheon for fifteen cents. Oh! the scramble after inspirations that had in them the hint of blood and war! The religious editor became a war poet and rhymed "battle" with "cattle" and "gore" with "bore." The sports editor devoted his hitherto undiscovered talents to evolving alliterative headlines wherein the public were informed that "Hell Haunts Hispano." Special editions followed one after the other every three or four minutes, and five minutes after a bit of news came "from the front" the newsboys were selling it, all printed headlined, in the street. More than ever in those days space-writers lived by their wits, for it was no easy matter for men and women living in New York, far away from the actual war, to get up a column or two or three columns every day on some subject appertaining to the war, that nobody else had thought of. Originality and quick thinking were at a premium, and God pity those who could not at command

turn their thoughts warward and dip their pens into blood! While battles were being waged in Cuba and the Philippines, battles also were fought in the New York newspaper offices, battles in which, if blood was not shed, hands trembled, hearts and heads ached with the fearful strain put upon them of thinking, always thinking, how to get the means of living, since live they must! In Cuba they died; in New York they *lived,* and how much more painful and horrible was the living than the dying could possibly have been, none but those who struggled through that time can tell!

One day I met a brilliant young newspaper man near the City Hall Park. He was loitering as one who had no aim in life, no object in view.

"I can't walk with you if you dilly-dally along like that," I said. "I'm in a hurry and I've got to hustle. I've got work to do."

"Then you're lucky, and I'll bet you're not on space," he answered.

"Well, I suppose I am lucky, for I've got a guarantee, and I just earn that and nothing more. Some of the girls that only do space are in awful straits these war times, so I feel as if I were one of the elect to have a guarantee."

"I should say so! I used to make a hundred and fifty a week, just hopping about as a free-lance on space. This week I've made seven dollars. Last week I got three dollars and a half for a joke. My God! and you know I got married just before the 'Maine' went down. I'd volunteer, but the little girl won't hear of it. Oh! this war is hell on us!"

"*All* war is hell," I answered, hurrying into the office, leaving him standing at the door. What need for him to enter? Over it was the warning, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here without the wit to write of war!"

There seemed to be nobody in particular to blame for this state of things, least of all the editors of the different departments of the different papers, who were mostly kind, big-hearted men, feeling sorry for the contributors who could not write of war, yet not daring to take anything that did not deal with it, because their readers wanted war, and war they must have. Only war itself was to blame for all the miseries brought in its train.

Some of the joyousness and some of the tragedy of the newspaper office I have told here, for we of the press are glad and sorry, like unto the rest of the world, and, in respect of this, our lot is the common lot of all. Yet, sometimes it has seemed to me that women who live the newspaper life—because, perhaps, their experience is wider and broader and takes in more than does that of the average woman—are sometimes called upon to bear a little more heartache and show it less, than does that average woman. I have heard some of these women described as "icicles," "heartless," knowing not what it means to suffer, caring only for their work, their ambition, becoming almost sexless. To the ranks of the women so described belonged a young woman journalist whom I once knew. I will tell her love story in the following chapter, and will call her "Miss Johnstone."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LOVE STORY OF MISS JOHNSTONE, JOURNALIST.

In the first corner, facing the entrance door of the city room, sat the city editor of the ——— *Daily Bugle*, his desk piled high with telegrams, proof sheets and first editions of the rival papers. At the sides and in the middle of the room were arranged other desks, somewhat smaller and less important-looking, as became the subordinate positions of the men behind them. Long tables, besplashed with ink, and with blue pencils continually rolling from them to the floor, were surrounded by young men, turning out page after page of manuscript, and smoking their pipes the while. The office boys were running hither and thither, as the cry of "Copy!" "Copy!" rang out from different parts of the room, grabbing from the writers a page here and a page there, darting upstairs to the press room, then back again, with hands full of proof sheets, to be distributed over desks and tables.

At the farthest corner from the door, where there was an attempt at separation from the rest of the room by a couple of Japanese screens, there were signs of femininity in the shape of a smart fur cape hanging on the wall beside a cheap little looking-glass, depending from a nail by a string. A nobby hat with a green velvet bow and a red feather, a spot-

ted veil in a high heap, a pair of gloves and a silver-handled umbrella, had been thrown carelessly down upon the back part of the roll-top desk.

"Miss Johnstone! The city editor wants you quick!" called out one of the small boys, stopping on his way to the press room, with his hands full of corrected proofs.

"All right, Bobbie!" came the answer from behind the screens, and then the occupant of the exclusive corner could be seen as she rose from behind the high desk. She was what would be called a "tailor-made girl," of twenty-two or possibly twenty-five. The men in the office spoke of her as being "something on looks," meaning thereby that she was not unattractive, that she carried herself well, and dressed in a style that they denominated "smooth." She was not tall, so she wore her hair done high to keep her from appearing too insignificant. She had a good figure, so she affected tailor-made gowns, which showed it off. She had not much color in her cheeks, therefore she wore a bright red necktie, knotted in the fashionable mode, which appeared to give a ruddiness to her face. It was not exactly what could be called a sympathetic face. Once, it might have been, but now it was rather one that had been schooled to stolidity and concealment by a necessity which knew no sentimental law. Surely, not out of the abundance of the heart dared the mouth or the face of this woman speak!

Her long green skirts, with their silky rustle, swept over the floor among the pieces of waste-paper, "flimsy" and broken lead pencils.

"Bobbie said you wanted me," she said to the city editor, when she had reached his desk.

"Oh, yes, I do!" he responded, without looking up. He was critically examining some pages of typewritten copy, and drawing his blue pencil mercilessly through words, sentences, and sometimes whole pages of it.

"Yes, I want you," he repeated, as the girl stood waiting.

"Hello, Bobbie! Here, fire this upstairs, and tell them it's to go into the early edition," he called out, throwing the bundle of sheets into the outstretched hands of the boy who hurried towards him. Then the editor continued blue-penciling other pages, as he said, still without looking up from his work:—

"It's not in your line, I know, but I've got to ask you to do a funeral, a lying-in-state, floral tributes, and so on. What with that murder over on the East Side and being head-over-ears in political work and that city corruption exposé, I haven't a man I can spare for this thing. So, do your best with it, will you? And don't try to get anything humorous or even bright and catchy into your account of the affair, as you are wont to do in everything you handle, though, of course, I've never tried you on funerals." He added this half bantering, half kindly, as though to let the girl know he was not complaining.

"John Black, the young politician, died suddenly last night. He was one of our particular protégés, you might say, so we want to give the poor chap a good send-off, now he's gone. You know of him, of

course? Sharp as a whip, but good as gold. Rising young fellow! If he'd lived, he'd have been senator, governor and even president, or I'd have missed my guess. Just go to his mother's house this afternoon. Take a train. It's out in the suburbs and here's the address. About seven o'clock would be a good time, I should say. There ought to be plenty of floral tributes by that time. Get all the names, you understand, and then——"

"Yes, I understand exactly what you want," interrupted the young woman, as though in a hurry to conclude the interview, "and I have no idea that I shall see anything humorous in the situation. If I should happen to, I promise you I shall not put it into the paper."

As she said this, she was leaving the editor's desk, when he resumed:—

"Oh, say, Miss Johnstone, will you allow a mere man to make a suggestion to you? Would you mind changing that flaring red necktie for something a little more somber, when you go to poor Black's house this afternoon? I've always found it paid for women reporters, and men, too, for that matter, to bear in mind these little diplomacies. Look as quiet and unobtrusive as you can, when you go. You may run across his mother or some of his relations who will talk for publication."

A slight nod, and a murmured "Very well!" was the answer.

Once back at her desk, Miss Johnstone dived deep into her cape pocket for her purse, and emptied its contents in front of her.

"Eighty-seven cents," she said to herself, "and it's Thursday! I've already drawn ten dollars on account of this week's salary, and I dare not ask for any more in advance. Money! money! How can I get it?"

Suddenly she pulled out some copy paper and began to write. "This is the only way," she murmured; "a column for the *Humorist* and collect on delivery!"

Page after page passed from under her pen. Then clipping a dozen sheets together, she read them over, made a correction here, an addition or an omission there, laughed grimly, as though pleased with her work, pushed back her chair and left the room.

The *Humorist* was a weekly paper published by the same proprietor as the *Daily Bugle,* though, of course, under altogether different editorial management. A number of the regular members of the *Bugle* staff were among the contributors to the weekly periodical, and were paid for that work at space-rates, so that they were thus able to add materially to their weekly salaries. Miss Johnstone was among the funny paper's most valued contributors, and often when work was slack in the city room of the *Bugle,* she occupied herself with turning out tales for the delectation of the *Humorist's* readers. A little private arrangement existed between her and the editor by which she was paid immediately on the delivery of her manuscript, and when she now entered his office with a parcel of paper in her hand, he exclaimed, "What! broke again? Well, let's read your stuff."

Throughout the reading, the man smiled the

pleased smile of the editor who finds himself in possession of a "scoop" that no hated rival has any means of obtaining.

"It's great!" he exclaimed, when he had finished. "I like it better than any political caricature you've ever done for me. I declare," he went on, with an insinuating grin on his face, "you must have a pull with some garrulous statesman, or you wouldn't be able to get hold of these stories."

An order for ten dollars passed from the editor to Miss Johnstone, who, with a hurried "Thank you! You're a friend in need!" left the office. She had donned her hat and cape before leaving her desk, and when she had stopped at the cashier's office, the doors of the great building swung behind her, and she passed into the street, which was rapidly filling with men and women going to luncheon from the various offices. She was passed by numerous street cars, but neglected to hail them. As she walked rapidly along, her shoulders back, her head erect, a woman whispered to a companion in the crowd: "Look! There goes that Miss Johnstone, of the *Bugle*. They say her salary's something immense. Of all the unsympathetic, cold-looking faces I ever saw, hers is the worst. I wouldn't be surprised to know that ice water and never a drop of blood ran in her veins."

Miss Johnstone halted before a florist's window. "I want a wire frame—the kind they use for making wreaths," she said, when she entered the shop.

"Now, some 'Jack roses.' Give me some buds as well as full-blown roses. No, I don't want any green, except the rose leaves. Eight dollars, did you say?"

She passed over the ten-dollar bill, and taking the two dollars change and the parcels of flowers and wire, turned again into the street, then round a corner, then into a lofty, red-brick building, made up of flats.

It was a pretty, dainty, feminine-looking room into which the girl entered. Bright draperies, soft cushions, pictures on the walls, easy chairs, books and magazines, a small piano with specimens of the latest popular music scattered about it—all proclaimed the artistic, well-paid American professional woman. Flower vases filled with roses, such as the girl had just brought from the florist's, were on the tables and the mantel.

The room was heated with pipes, after the American fashion, but as she seated herself upon the velvet carpet, with the roses and the wire frame, she shivered and sharply shut her teeth together to keep them from chattering. Then among the roses deftly flew her fingers, carrying them to the wire frame, one by one, till only a circlet of crimson loveliness lay finally in her lap.

"Copy! copy! Proof sheet! proof sheet!" rang out upon the smoky, midnight air of the *Daily Bugle* office.

"Where's that headline I just wrote? Here, take it upstairs, and tell them it's to be used with Miss Johnstone's account of John Black's death, which she'll have ready to send up in a few minutes. What's that, Miss Johnstone? Oh! you've got the first five pages done already? Good! Here, then, Bobbie,

take the headline and this part of the stuff up together, and say the rest will be done in ten minutes."

Miss Johnstone bent over her desk, writing, her face white, but as immobile and incomprehensible as ever.

"Miss Johnstone, the night editor wants to know if you brought back from the village a photograph of John Black? He thinks they'd better use a picture, even if you have to cut down the write-up to make room for it." One of the copy readers stood at her desk, speaking.

"What did you say? Oh, a photograph? Yes, I did, or at least I think I brought it away with me. It was a little picture. Go away a minute, so I'll have room to move about and hunt for it among my papers."

Miss Johnstone took out her purse, and with trembling fingers felt among the compartments, till she pulled forth a small photograph, evidently cut down to make it go into the purse. It was somewhat soiled, as though from much handling.

"Here is the photograph," she said, handing it over to the copy reader. "I have written on the back that it's to be returned to me without fail, as I am responsible for it, and here is the rest of the copy, and I think my day's work is done."

She got up slowly, donned her hat and cape, and as she left the desk, a large black Newfoundland dog crawled from under it and followed her from the room.

"I never saw that dog before," said one of the men to the night editor, "but he went after her as though

he'd belonged to her all his life. He looks like a knowing and valuable animal, and it's queer she never spoke of him, even as she went out."

"Speak!" reiterated the night editor, throwing a bundle of "flimsy" on to the floor, "Miss Johnstone isn't one of the speaking kind! She's been here four years and nobody but myself ever so much as knew she had a family to support."

"You don't mean to say she's married?" exclaimed the other editor, in surprise.

"Married! Certainly not! She's got an invalid mother, a little brother, and a sister about seventeen who goes to boarding school, to support, besides herself to keep. How the devil could a girl like that get married, if she wanted to?"

"Well, her salary and all the extra she makes on the *Humorist* wouldn't be too much to do all that on," returned the other. "But what puzzles me is where that animal came from. How he got into the office!"

"Oh, I can enlighten you that much," said the night editor. "I saw him come in with her when she came back to do her writing, and he went under the desk and waited till she got through. As they passed my desk, I said, 'Fine dog, that! Is he yours?' and she said, 'Certainly,' with such a fierce look in her eyes, that I didn't think I was expected to say anything more."

While this conversation was going on, Miss Johnstone was walking home to her flat, the black dog at her side.

"Here, Comfort, we are home now," she said, as

she turned into the lighted entrance to the flat-building, and the dog followed her in.

A few years ago a visitor to the little village of ———, which is a few miles out from the largest of our American cities, was looking through the beautiful little cemetery attached to the newly-painted wooden church.

"Yes," said the old man who tended the graves and kept the grass cut, as he showed the visitor through, "it's as pretty a little cem'try as I ever see, and there's folks buried here as this town not only loved and respected, but as was more than common in intellec'. See that there grave over there with the red roses on it? They're ruther faded now, it bein' the last o' the week, but on a Sunday there'll be another one bright an' fresh. Oh, I could tell ye a tale o' them roses!"

"What tale?" asked the visitor, "and who is buried there?"

"Well, ye see, we had a young townsman by the name o' Black—John Black, to speak by the book,—an' he war a great orator an' politician an' a member o' the state legislater. He was brought up amongst us, an' he was that anxious after larnin' that he sawed wood in the summer time to get money to pay fer schoolin' in the winter, an' he got through the State University that way an' supported his old mother into the bargain. He tuk to law an' then to politics, an' long afore he war thirty he'd made a stir, an' there warn't nobody what didn't believe he'd be sent to the Senate, an' after awhile git to be presi-

dent jest as soon as he got old enough. Well, the campaign of 18—, you remember what a tough thing that was over in ———, of course? John Black tuk a great interest in that, an' he tuk off his coat an' went to work to defeat the other fellers, an' he made ten an' twelve speeches a day. He rushed first from one meetin' an' then to another, an' always with his big dog along with him, w'ich war a mighty intelligent beast, an' used to set on the platform with Black an' bark fit to kill when his master got through an' the folks was a cheerin' him. He tuk great stock in that dog, did Black, an' called him by the name o' 'Comfort.' Well, poor John Black, he fell down with a stroke of apoplexy an' died just as he was goin' to a meetin' of his party, an' that was a hard day for this village, an' he had such a funeral an' layin'-out as a governor might be proud of.

"Flowers was sent from all over an' delegations from all the big towns came on, an' John Black was buried as befitted the great man he was and the great man he would ha' been.

"O' course, there war lots o' reporters from the big papers sent down to write about the funeral, an' as we afterwards larned there war a young woman reporter from the *Daily Bugle,* a paper that set great stock by John Black an' him by it, too, that went to the house an' made a particular request to go into the front room alone where the corpse was, as she said she could do her work better if she war alone an' she wanted to write down names and make a picture of all the flowers, or something. They let her do as she liked, an' besides the rest of the reporters hadn't

begun to come yet, an' she was in the room something about three-quarters of an hour. Late that night they couldn't find the dog nowhere, though John Black's cousin, who let the young woman into the room, said the dog was under the trestle where the coffin was, when she went in, an' she couldn't get him to go out, an' his howlin' was that pitiful when they tried to drag him away, they hadn't the heart to do it. They found a wreath o' red roses pushed way down to the foot inside the coffin, an' they didn't know how it got there, an' some was for takin' it out, as red flowers wasn't suitable for the dead, but only white, but nobody seemed to dast take it out, an' John Black was buried with 'em on his feet the same as they was left.

"Black's mother went out of her head an' died in a few days, an' after that the story got round, I don't know exactly how, that the young woman reporter from the *Daily Bugle* was Black's sweetheart, an' they was waitin' to get some more money afore they could get married, Black havin' his mother to support, an' so they kep' the matter quiet. Some o' the villagers said they remembered seein' her an' John Black goin' ridin' in a sleigh in the winter-time, an' they always tuk the dog along, an' another man said he see Black an' the gal an' the dog eatin' dinner in a restaurant."

"It was the young woman reporter that put the wreath in the coffin and took the dog, then?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," returned the old grave-tender, "but the sorrowful thing to my mind is this: They say the

young woman she seed Black at her office the very afternoon before he died, an' she never knowed a thing about his death till her editor told her to go out and report a funeral, tellin' her John Black had died sudden like, an' the editor he didn't know neither that John Black was anything to the young woman, an' she was a quiet, close-mouthed sort o' woman, so she never so much as cried out when she heard it, an' she went an' made a wreath an' brought it with her, an' she wrote up the laying-out for her paper, jest the same as if her heart wasn't a breakin', an' never told nobody at the newspaper office a word about it. The dog, he knowed her, and followed her out o' the French winder that opened on to the piazzar, an' when Black's cousin went to see if the young woman war through with her writin' and drawing, her an' the dog war gone, as I said.

"It's a couple o' years now an' more, but every Sunday the young woman comes out to the cem'try with a lot o' roses an' puts 'em on the grave, an' she brings the dog along of her, an' they sits by the grave a while, an' then goes away. The village florist he says the roses is what you call 'Jack roses,' an' a kind John Black always bought plenty of every week when he was alive, an' carried 'em to the city with him. I s'pose he tuk 'em to the young woman.

"I used to think the young woman had a hard face w'ich warn't exactly lovin' when I see her come on a Sundays, but once about ten o'clock at night I come through the graveyard as the short cut home, an' the moon was up an' I see her and the dog settin' by Black's grave. I watched awhile, an' she put her

head down on the grave an' clawed at it with her fingers, an' then the dog he scratched an' whined, an' the young woman kep' a sayin', 'Oh, Jack, Jack! If it wasn't for the rest of 'em that I have to look after, I'd come to you with Comfort. But I must stay here, Jack, to take care of 'em all!'

"They say as how she's got a sick mother an' other folks to support, an' when I see that an' heard her a crying so pitiful, I knowed how it war. It's what you'd call a sorrowful tale, this here, ain't it?"

And the old grave-tender went his way.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORY OF A "FAILURE."

"REMEMBER! Let no obstacle stand in your way. You are to move heaven and earth to get this information. Don't let anything like trouble, time, or expense be taken into consideration. If you need ten times the amount of money you have with you, telegraph for it. Put forth every effort, expend all your energy to make this thing succeed."

"And if I should fail?"

"Don't think of it. Don't use the word. You *must not fail!* I've picked you out for this delicate job because it has seemed to me you had in you all the qualities that were needed to bring the thing to pass. You've got diplomacy, tact, shrewdness, discretion, and, above all, you are absolutely feminine, and you haven't got 'newspaper woman' and 'interviewer' placarded all over you. I want this information, and I believe the man I am sending you to is the only one who can or will give it, and I believe you are the only person who can get him to give it. *Don't you dare to fail!*"

Thus was I sent one day to Washington to penetrate into a secret of State, to get certain most valuable information from a very eminent personage who resided at the nation's capital. It was at a time

when the getting of money was a matter of very great importance to me, and I went upon the mission as a sort of "free lance"—that is, I was to be paid all expenses and have a handsome fee if I succeeded, which it was impressed upon me by the editor that I *must* do. If I failed—well, I would not get the fee, but I would be allowed what was known as "expenses."

It was with a large amount of self-confidence that I set out upon that mission. The editor had declared that I had all the elements of success in my own person. Why, then, should I not succeed? Why should not the eminent personage give me the information I sought? Why should I not get hold of a State secret? I had heard that other women, in present days and in days gone by, under monarchical governments, had become possessed of valuable information concerning affairs of State. Now, what those hampered women under monarchical rule could accomplish, should not I, an American woman, in free-and-easy Washington, with its ready access to government buildings and government officials, do?

I arrived in Washington, took residence at one of the best hotels, ordered whatever I wanted for comfort and even luxury, without having to take expense into consideration, changed my traveling costume for one more smart and fashionable-looking, and took a cable car for Capitol Hill. I had learned that at the Capitol I would find the eminent personage.

My card bore the name of a London paper, as well as that of the American paper in the interests of which I had gone on the mission, but I drew my

pencil across the name of the London paper. It showed quite plainly, however, and the word "London" looked large and important.

In one of the luxurious waiting-rooms of the Capitol I waited while a boy hunted up the great man with whom I desired speech. It took three-quarters of an hour to find him and another half-hour before he could come to me.

When he finally came and I saw him, I experienced a feeling of pleasure that the man I had been sent to interview was a gentleman of more than ordinary refinement and culture, for I always hated coming into contact with vulgar, common politicians.

This man, who approached me with my card in one hand and holding out the other, was the polished gentleman, with dignified yet pleasant face, of easy, yet irreproachable manner. He shook hands with me.

"You've been in London, I see," he said, turning to my card.

"Yes," I replied, "but, as you see, I have not come from the London paper to you, but from the——"

He took one of the upholstered chairs near me. "Of course, you want to interview me, and I have no notion for being interviewed," he said, "but first, before we come to that, I can't help telling you that your name and face are very familiar to me. I seem to know you, and, now, where did I know you?"

"It must have been in the other world, during our previous existence!" I laughed. "Perhaps we were great friends in that other existence. Brothers, I shouldn't wonder, for in the other existence I'm sure

I was a man, and in punishment for some crime was condemned to be a woman in this."

"No, that's not it!" exclaimed he, laughing, "because, you see, I don't remember you as a man at all. Oh, I think I know now! Did you not some years ago get an appointment to go to Peru as private secretary to the American minister?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I remember now," he went on. "You were in Washington just before you left your country. You were doing the Capitol, and somebody pointed you out to me and said, 'There's the little girl that's going to be a diplomat.' I had heard about you, of course, for it was so extraordinary for a young woman to get a place in any of our legations, or any other legation, for that matter. I was curious to see what sort of person was going to start us in for female diplomacy. I particularly noticed you, and the whole thing struck me as ludicrous. You seemed very young, very ignorant and innocent-looking, and very bright and happy-looking, too. I vaguely wondered what was going to become of you, whether you would ever come back to your own country again, and whether you would become a woman with a career. How did you make out as a diplomat? Did you penetrate into State secrets, learn all about Peruvian affairs, and serve your country well and nobly?"

He sat back in his chair and laughed softly, and I laughed, too, but I felt more sad than gay, because this man's remembrance of me brought back to me the memory of something of happiness, and ignorance, and youth, which I knew I had left behind me,

and then I liked not his reference to "State secrets." It annoyed me, because for the moment I had forgotten why I had come to Washington. However, for a few minutes we talked over Peru. I told him, much to his amusement, about the earthquake and the fleas, and we chatted about indifferent subjects, till he said—

"But you have come to interview me, and I haven't another minute to spare now till dinner-time. Since we are such old friends suppose we dine together this evening, and, while dining, we will get down to the business of interviewing, which, if not nearly so pleasant to me as chatting about England and Peru, will be, I suppose, more profitable to you. Now, what do you say to seven o'clock at the —— Restaurant? Till then, good-bye."

This easy meeting, easy approach, and this getting upon a footing of such pleasant acquaintanceship, not to say friendship, was something I had not counted upon. It was, I knew, a very advantageous beginning, one that my editor would look upon as a great piece of luck. I felt assured of success, as I walked all the way back to my hotel, walked because I wanted to think out the whole interview carefully, and lay all my plans for getting the "scoop" that was to delight the editor, astonish the public, not only in my own country, but in other countries, and bring me in a goodly sum of money.

That evening, as I sat opposite the statesman at dinner, our conversation took in many subjects. He was widely traveled, and talked most entertainingly and instructively of all that he had seen. He was

interested in certain English affairs which I, because of my late residence in London, could give him information upon. He knew all the embassies and legations of foreign countries, and talked familiarly of the different diplomats accredited to Washington. I asked an occasional question, and suddenly the information I wanted came to me in the most natural, informal way in the world. Not only that! I was told far more than any editor could dare to hope any reporter would discover, and I learned things I had not tried to learn, but valuable things, from the newspaper point of view, nevertheless. Both this man and I were interested in the great subject of peace—peace, not only in our own country, but in all the countries of the world. We talked of the necessity for an international court of arbitration; we deprecated the cruelty that war brought about, the hardness of heart, the deadening of sympathy for human and animal suffering; we shuddered at the thought of horses left wounded and dying in slow agony, untended and lonely on the battlefields.

"I am glad to find that our opinions are in perfect accord upon this subject," he said. "For the present I am obliged to keep quiet upon certain matters of my belief. It is policy for me to do so. I would not have talked to you as I have done, if you had been the ordinary newspaper woman. One cannot speak frankly to many representatives of the Press. Now, you are a woman of discretion, and I expect you, in writing up your interview with me, to use your own judgment, and, of course, your judgment will tell you what must not go into the paper."

He walked with me back to my hotel.

"Good night," he said. "Good luck to you, and be careful with your interview. I wouldn't have trusted that innocent little girl that went to Peru as a diplomat with some of the information I have given to you to-night. I am inclined to think you are more of a diplomat now than you were in those days."

He laughed again, half sadly. "Remember," he said, "you and I might be the cause of somewhat disturbing peace, if we talked too much. Good night again."

He was gone, and I took the elevator to my rooms. I turned on all the electric lights and made the place a brilliant blaze. I put my hand dazedly to my head, I looked blankly at the great pads of copy paper supplied by the telegraph office for newspaper correspondents. There was a knock at my door.

"Come in," I said.

"Telegram," said the boy, thrusting a silver tray out towards me.

"Any answer?" he asked, as I read the message. Now, the message was this:—

"Any news yet? Urge every effort——"

"Yes, there's an answer," I said to the boy, and on a telegraph form I wrote one word, "Wait!" and handed it to him to dispatch to the paper from which the telegram had come. It gained me time, that was all.

Then up and down the room, up and down for over two hours I walked, fighting such a battle with myself as I had never before been given to fight. I knew that *not one single word of what the great*

man had said to me ought to be put in print. It might do harm—harm to him, harm to the country, harm to another country, harm, perhaps, to a cause in which we both were interested, the cause of peace.

"I must not write it! I must not write it!" I said again and again as I continued my journey up and down the room. "I will not let journalistic instinct get the better of my discretion, my honor, my judgment."

But there was another side to the question. There was a duty one owed to one's paper, to one's editor. To be sent after a thing, to get it, then to refuse to deliver it up, was not that a sort of theft on my part, a dishonorable act, a trifling with the best interests of my paper and my own best interests as well? Why did not great men keep silence if they did not wish their remarks, their fears, their hopes, their aims to get into the papers? Why had not this man refused to talk with me? Ah! "You and I might be the cause of disturbing peace if we talked too much." That was what he had said. Then why had *he* talked to me, a reporter? But *had* he said the more important things to a *reporter?* Had he not rather talked to the woman who was in accord with his sympathies, his views, his aims? When a woman was a newspaper reporter, where was the dividing line between herself as woman and as reporter? Should she govern her womanhood and her honor by her journalistic instinct, or should she govern that journalistic instinct by that honor and that womanhood? Honor? Yes. But what about the duty she owed

to her employers? What about withholding that which they would consider theirs by right? And there was the money I was to receive! I am glad to remember that when at first I began to fight that battle I did not take the large fee I was to have into consideration. Not until I had nearly decided what to do, did this phase of the matter occur to me. I needed that money. I had earned it. No, I had *not* earned it. I had not worked hard to obtain it. The *success* of my mission was *due to an accident.* The man had first become interested because he saw by my card that I was from London; then he remembered having seen me in what now seemed to me that long ago time when I was a nine-days' wonder, going away to a far country as a member of the American Legation. He had not cared anything about the paper I represented. He had talked to *me personally.* We both desired peace, therefore he did not expect me to write anything that might help to bring about war.

I went to the telegraph forms, tore off one, and wrote:—

"Absolutely impossible. Refuses even to see me. Useless to try.—E. B."

It was past midnight, but I was known to be a newspaper woman, and there was nothing surprising in the fact of my ringing the bell and asking the boy to send this telegraphic message at once. He started down the hall with it. I stepped out, and as I saw him disappearing, I called after him "Wait a minute!" He turned back to come to me, and I said, "No! Go on! Nothing! Send it off instantly! Don't

let anything delay you! Get away with it! *Get away with it!*"

I went back to my room. Two minutes had gone. I rang the bell. The boy was delayed in answering.

"That telegram I gave you! Quick! Has it been sent? Can't you get it back?" I asked.

"No. It's just gone. I saw the telegraph operator tick it off."

"All right. It doesn't make any difference," I said.

But it *did* make a difference. What difference I knew not, but I have sometimes since thought it might have made a very important difference, that perhaps it was given unto me at that time to influence certain events which quickly followed. At the instant when I called the boy back I would have recalled the telegram. When I rang the bell, again I would have recalled it, but I could not, for it was on its way to the editor of the paper.

When it was fairly gone I knew I was safe. I had lied, saying I could not see the man, and I did not intend to confess myself a liar. I laughed over the way I had caught myself in my own snare. I had told a good lie, and I was going to stick to it. I argued that if all was, as they said, fair in love and war, I had a right to my belief that some things also were fair in peace. There was lying in war. Indeed, it was often brought about by lies. Why, then, should not I add my little mite in the way of a lie for the sake of Peace?

Very early the next morning I wrote a note to the man I had interviewed: "After leaving you, I de-

cided it was not best to send anything of our conversation to the paper. You told me to use my own judgment and discretion, and they have warned me that much harm may be done by the repetition of any of the important statements you made. I have telegraphed to the paper that you absolutely refused to see me, because if I said I saw you, I would be required to explain how I had been so stupid as not to make you talk, and I cannot bear to be thought stupid. I am sure that if it should ever become necessary for you to bear me out in my statement that I 'know not the man,' you will do so by insisting that you know not this woman, because for me to be caught in a lie would be almost as embarrassing as for me to be thought stupid."

I sent this note by special messenger, and took the first train out of Washington.

"You mean to say that you—*you,* with all your heralded originality of resource—couldn't so much as get a look at that man?" asked the editor, when I had returned from my trip.

"Yes, I mean to say it. I never failed to see anyone before but Gladstone, so don't be too hard on me. You said if *I* couldn't get him, nobody could."

"I don't know when I swore so hard as I did last night when your telegram came saying you had failed. I felt so sure you would succeed when I got your first telegram of 'Wait!' that I had my headlines ready. What did you say 'wait' for?"

"Oh, that was before I entirely gave it up. I was trying to see what I could do."

"Well, I'm sorry for your sake as well as ours. It

would have been worth a pretty sum. But make out your expense account, so I can send it in, and I'll add ten dollars for your trouble; that's the best I can do."

"I shall pay my own expenses, and I don't want the ten dollars. I got nothing; you owe me nothing."

"Oh, say, that's nonsense! We always pay the expenses and time rates when you go off on a job like that. Don't you go to doing anything of that sort, and establishing a dangerous precedent for the other poor devils that fail. Your expenses must have been twenty dollars, weren't they? Make them out, now."

But I did not make out any bill of expenses, and I took no time rates on that occasion of failure. The lie I had told rested easy upon my conscience. I did not regret it; I never shall. But I had, in a way, cheated that paper out of something, and I was not going to make it pay for the privilege of being cheated, and I lost thirty dollars by that "failure."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME PROPOSALS AND SOME LOVE-LETTERS.

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—I am reading all your letters to the paper telling how you try to live on three dollars a week. Sometimes I dream about your being cold and hungry. You do not say where you are employed at that price, and I suppose you dare not for fear you will lose your place. You must have suffered very much before you was willing to write to the paper all about it and tell what you have to eat, and how you have to cook it to make it last. It makes me feel bad that an American woman should have to do that. I hope you will not think I am impudent, but I wish we could keep company together, and if we liked each other as I think we would we could get married, and you would have a nice home. I have looked at your picture in the paper and was very sorry you should have let them put it in. I cannot tell much how you look, and I would like you to get a tin-type taken if you could afford it, but I know you cannot, and so I would like to come and see you. Tell me how you look, and if you are light or dark, and how old you are. I am thirty and I make three dollars every day at carpentry and sometimes as high as three dollars and a half, so you see I have plenty of money to support a wife,

besides having four hundred dollars in the Dime Savings Bank. Will you let me know when I can come to see you, and give me the address, or maybe you would like to meet me at my sister's, who lives in New York. I have to send this to you care of the paper, and I hope they will send it to you.

"Your sincere friend and admirer,

"J. T——"

This was one of the many hundreds of letters of all kinds that came to me while I was engaged on a series of articles in New York entitled "How I Live on Three Dollars a Week." I have already mentioned this experiment in a former chapter. I was making the experiment with the idea of telling New York's working girls how to live as economically as possible, and to discover whether or not a working woman could live, without suffering and privation, on those wages. Before the series began, an explanation of who I was, what I had done in England, and why I now proposed to do this thing in New York was published in the paper. This issue of the paper, I fancy, did not fall into the hands of the writer of the above letter. He probably began reading the opening chapter in which I stated that I had three dollars a week, and proposed to tell people how I lived upon it. Then, from day to day, there appeared installments of my story from real life, telling what I had for breakfast, for dinner, for supper, how my room was furnished, how I cooked my food over my little oil-stove, and every day an artist or photographer from the paper was sent to the room to make

pictures of me and it as we progressed. One picture represented me peeling potatoes, another sweeping up my tiny room, another grouped my cooking utensils together, most of which I had bought at a "five cent store." The series was an interesting and a very successful one, and for doing it I received liberal space rates, so that I counted some of the privations I suffered as of small account.

Not so the young man who wrote to me from Brooklyn and signed his full name. As I have said, he had not read the introduction to the series, and he did not understand that a woman journalist was making the experiment. He understood that the writer of the sometimes bright, sometimes pathetic tale was really a girl who had only three dollars a week to live on, and that she was writing to the papers about it, in order, perhaps, to gain the sympathy of the public, and, by telling of her own troubles, to help others to bear theirs. And the pathos of it all had touched his great big heart. He had dreamed of me, dreamed that I was cold and hungry, and determined, if agreeable to me, and if, after going through that period of courtship known in England as "walking out," and in America as "keeping company," we loved each other, to marry me.

Many another woman journalist would have hunted the man up, posing as the unhappy, ill-paid working girl he imagined her to be, and, perhaps, have got material for another series far more interesting and strikingly sensational than the one that was then appearing. But to me there was something sweet

and beautiful and noble in the letter, and I could not use the writer as the subject for a joke. I answered the letter, to be sure. I thought it well that his mind should be eased, that he should not worry over the trouble of an imaginary person, so when the series was finished I wrote to him that my letters to the paper had helped me to get a nice position, where I had ten dollars a week out West, and that I was going out there to live with an aunt.

This letter was very similar to one I received in London, just before I began publishing my experience as a housemaid. It was published at the time, but I here repeat it to show that kind and sympathetic hearts are to be found among the young mechanics of England, as well as those of America.

It came in answer to the advertisement I inserted in the *Daily Telegraph,* for a situation as housemaid, and it ran as follows:—

"Dear Miss—Seeing your advertisement, I am moved to write and say that I admire your pluck and am glad to know there is at least one young woman with sense enough to see that there is no disgrace in domestic labor. I would like to marry a girl like you, if you are not too old, or ugly, which I do not believe you are. Please state age, complexion, height, temperament, and personal appearance, and tell me if you would accept for a husband an honest mechanic, aged 28, and earning £200 a year. If so, give me your address and I will come and see you with all honorable intentions. It is much better for

a girl like you to be married and have a protector, than to be a housemaid."

But these proposals, like some I got during my masquerade as an American heiress, when, had I possessed the bank account I was imagined to have, there was no reason why I should not have become "my lady" several times over, were gained under what may be called "false pretenses." The young English mechanic desired to marry a housemaid; the young American aspired to the hand of a factory girl who was starving and freezing on three dollars a week, and the Englishmen of noble lineage paid their courtly devotions to a supposed Miss Moneybags, who had dollars to burn. I take no credit to myself on account of them. They were not intended for me, but for the person I misrepresented myself to be.

It was to myself, in my own proper person in my humble capacity as journalist, that the following highly inflammatory and amorous epistle was addressed. I found it on my desk one morning when I was a "yellow journalist" in New York:—

"Adored Mademoiselle—I read always what you write in the papers with vivacity, and I watch you sometimes when you go from the door, and see that you are *chic*. I follow you in the cable-car when you do not know, and I walk before your home, up and down, up and down, on the sidewalk. I know you not, but I would your friendship be glad to make, when I would love you and have the felicity to hold you in my arms. I am in a strange country, and

like not the New York women—only you. I read the paper always, and watch for your name; but you have not traveled enough, and I would take you to my dear France. I am a gentleman and noble, as you see by the card. I have been in diplomatics, but not now. My name you may have heard, for we are very proud. I do implore you, mademoiselle, to let me pay my respects at your residence and tell my adoration. Adieu!

"Most respectfully,

"_____ _____"

According to the card inclosed my admirer was "le Comte," and had at one time served his country as a diplomat. I did not answer the letter, and two days later there came another love-lorn epistle, along with a huge bouquet. "I send you the roses," it ran. "They are La France and American Beauty. Will you not wear them, and let me know that you return my devotion? I will marry with you and take you to France, and you shall be la belle American. I had no thought to insult you, which you may think; I love you for the vivacity."

The roses adorned my desk for many a day, but I wrote not to my would-be wooer until my life became a burden, for a dapper little dark-eyed, mustachioed Frenchman haunted my footsteps, and jumped on to cable and elevated cars after me, on one occasion losing his balance at the Park Place station, and being pushed back violently by the iron gate as it swung to. I knew, of course, that the man who followed me so persistently must be the writer of

the letters and the donor of the beautiful flowers, but whenever I saw him I tried to appear as though I did not know it, and put on as unconcerned an air as possible. Once I met him on Fifth avenue, and he doffed his hat and said, "Ah, mademoiselle, you are too cruel!" and I rushed up a flight of brown stone steps and rang the bell violently, inquiring for someone I knew did not reside there, to get rid of him. But the next day a letter, more violently lover-like than ever, came to me, all scented with heliotrope, and along with it a box of bonbons. I was heartless enough to eat them up, and then I wrote presenting my compliments, and expressing thanks for the honor he doubtless desired to do me, but begging him to cease his attentions, as my heart was otherwise engaged. In reply to this there came a passionately-protesting letter, to which I replied that any further letters he wrote me would be turned over to my editor for insertion in the paper. I never saw nor heard from "le Comte" again!

I once went to interview a large landowner and wealthy cattleman from the far West. I wanted his opinion on the subject of girls being employed to herd cattle in the West. A very interesting and unique American was this man. He was possibly forty, tall, athletic, tanned brown by the sun. There was no pretence of polish about him, and his speech showed him to be a man of little book learning. He had been a cowboy in his youth, and now he was worth an immense fortune. I had never lived so far West as the state from which he came, and I had never met this manner of man before. He was blunt,

bluff, brusque, yet underneath it all there seemed a kindness and respect for women which could not but put me at my ease.

"Say!" he exclaimed, stretching out his long legs from his chair and pushing back his large, broad-brimmed hat from his face, "do you know I like you, and I've got a notion that you and I ought to be hitched?"

"What!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"See here! Do you like money? I mean do you like to spend it on flummeries and silks and sech like?"

"I certainly do," I answered frankly, "but what of it?"

"I thought so. Now, you listen to me, and don't you interrupt or get scared, fur I've got no idee about you but what's just right. I've been living out West all my life, grubbing away for 'the stuff,' and I haven't had time to think about fallin' in love, and, of course, you needn't think I'm goin' to make love to you, for I've just met you. But I want to make an honorable, business proposition to you. I'm not a gentleman—that is, on the outside, because I haven't had time to learn when to bow and scrape and take off my hat and when not to, and don't get round quick enough to pick up a woman's handkercher when she drops it, and things of that sort. You're educated, and I'm not. I didn't have no chance when I was a kid, and, as I said, I've been grubbing ever since. I always thought I'd like to have money, and now I've got it. If it ain't a million, it's so near it there ain't any use calculatin' how

much less it is. Now, I took a notion to you because you set about your work, quiet-like to interview me, and I says to myself 'Here's a hard-workin' girl. She'd make money fly if she had it, and wear satin dresses with ruffles and flutings every day, if she could afford it. She'd appreciate playing a pianny and she'd know how to help a fellow improve and make something of himself. She'd know an honest man when she laid eyes on him even if he wasn't a dude.'

"My proposition to you is this: Will you marry me, and if we fall in love afterwards, all right, and if we don't, we'll be good friends, anyway. I'll treat you on the square. I'm no fool, and I learn things quick enough when I set my mind to it. You could teach me, and I'd be a good scholar. I'm a young man yet. I want to rub myself up now, stop the money-grubbing and be a Congressman. Oh, I'd get there right enough, if you'd help me. I wouldn't expect you to live on the ranch, not more'n three months in a year, anyway. We'd travel around the country and go see furrin parts. You wouldn't have to do any more work, but just have a good time. I'd be good to you, I would, little woman. What do you say to it?"

I caught my breath. I had had many a strange encounter with men in my career as an interviewer. I had thought I had met all kinds and varieties, and that my experience was wide enough to take in every sort. I had met honest men, dishonest ones, gentlemen, boors, men who openly insulted me, men who tried to cover up their insults in the polished phrases

of the courtier. Here was a new sort, a man pathetic in his honesty, yet grand and noble of character, the kind of man one would fancy God might make when he put forth every effort to do His best. I shrank from hurting his feelings. I wanted to let him know that I felt he had honored me, that I did not see anything ridiculous in the situation, that I would not go away and laugh about it

"I thank you more than I can tell you," I said. "You have done me an honor I shall never forget. Don't ever say again you are not a gentleman. You are. Good-bye."

I put out my hand. "I suppose it's no go, then?" he asked.

I smiled. "I believe that would be the short way of expressing it," I said.

"Well, I'm glad I spoke to you about it, anyway. I couldn't know until I mentioned it, could I? Say, if you ever come out my way, you just send me a line, and if I'm there, I'll see you don't want for nothing. But I'm goin' traveling, I am. You may hear of me in Congress, or governor, or something yet. You wouldn't be sorry then?"

"No," I answered, "I wouldn't be sorry then."

I left him standing on the rug. A kitten had come into the room while he was talking, and he had stooped and picked it up, allowing it to play with his watch chain.

One of Nature's noblemen in the rough, I thought him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN "EDITORIAL BOUQUET."

It is four years ago now since back again to London I came, having finished up my work as "yellow journalist." I have already told what "good fellows" were those members of the different staffs upon which I was employed, helping me over the rough places, and making easy many a road that would otherwise have been hard to travel. They were "good fellows" to the end, up to the hour of my sailing away from my native land. Loud and severe indeed were their comments of disapproval upon what they denominated my determination to be a "regular, right-down Johnnie Bull," and when I was about to take my farewell of the office where I was last employed, they sang out sonorously and in unison a paraphrase of dear old Dinah's "Dixie Song":—

> "Her heart's turned back to Lunnon,
> And she must go."

Nevertheless, to show their good will, and to prevent my forgetting them, as they declared I would surely do, "writing for dry, high-toned English papers," they took up a collection of various knick-knacks among themselves, which one of their number brought to the steamer just as it was about to sail.

Each member of the staff had contributed something from his own personal effects at the office to such a "farewell testimonial for remembrance" as I fancy no other woman ever brought with her to London.

One contributed his pen, one his brand-new pipe, one a band from his straw hat, one a necktie, one his pencil, one a half-used blotting-pad. There was a Japanese doll, known as the "office baby," an almanac, a paste-pot and brush, snatched up from one of the reportorial tables in all its state of much-used stickiness, a jack-knife, a pair of scissors, a ball of twine, a box of pins, a box of cigarettes, an empty ink-bottle that was far from clear and clean, a flash-light photograph of several members of the staff taken in their shirt-sleeves, a French novel, a box of candies, one orange, and a bouquet of flowers. These things were piled in great confusion on to the sofa in my state room, and on the top of the miscellaneous heap was a wire spindle, stuck through a paper, on which was written, "You'll miss us when you're gone."

Miss them! Certainly. Good friends they were. And yet, not to a "foreign" land, nor to strangers did I return when I came back to London to work for English editors upon English newspapers and magazines. I have sung the praises of my American editors and journalistic co-workers, and shall I not now sing those of the English members of the Fourth Estate with whom my work has brought me into contact? Most conscientiously and most truly let now this chapter tell of the virtues of London editors I have known and still do know.

I keep always upon my desk what I call "My Editorial Bouquet." It is a book containing the names of those English editors that I love best. On the pages devoted to each individual name I jot down notes of subjects for contributions that I have in mind to offer them. I turn over those pages now, as I write this chapter.

Ah! here among the first I find the name of him whom I have named my "hard-up editor." By this I do not mean that the gentleman in question, himself, is "hard-up," for such is not the case. I mean that he has a predilection for stories of hard-up-ed-ness. Whenever I am particularly "hard-up" I write a story about it and send it to this editor, and he always sends a check back by return of post. He says that he depends upon me to keep him supplied with articles and stories of this description, and I have always been able to let him have as many as he could use. Only once during my several years' connection with his periodical has he been under the necessity of writing to ask me for a contribution. That was when I was writing a book—*which* book does not matter. I had not sent him any story for the space of two months, when there came a short note from him, saying, "I have not had anything from you for some time now. I take it you are very prosperous these days."

I immediately responded with a story of "A Man in Possession," for which I received the next day a check with this injunction, "Get him out."

I turn over a page or two and come to the name of one eminent, venerable, highly-honored and widely-

renowned editor for whose pages I sometimes contribute. I went to his office one foggy, winter day to consult him upon a most important subject. I have said the day was foggy, but it was not an ordinary fog of the half-light, half-dark variety. It was absolutely thick and absolutely black. I fell over myself several times stumbling up the stairs to the great man's office. When I walked in, the fog had in no way dispersed, yet when he rose from the leader he was writing, to shake hands with me, he exclaimed—

"Ah, the sun has come out!"

And yet they say that Englishmen are lacking in gallantry, and the art of saying pretty things to women!

A few more pages, and I see the name of a smart young editor, whose acceptances from me are many, and whose checks are liberal. He would be such a perfect editor were it not for one habit—that of marking up the manuscripts of rejected articles in such a way that I have to write them all over again before submitting them to any other editor. The first article of mine that he rejected he kept for several weeks, finally returning it to me with this note: "You cannot feel as much regret as I do at my finally having to return this article. I like it better than anything of yours I have read, and I tried to make up my mind to use it, but I know it is not in our line, and now, therefore, I am obliged against my will to send it back. I assure you I did intend to use it up to the last minute."

Intend to use it! I should say so! Why, the appreciative man had it all paragraphed, newly punc-

tuated, and marked with a blue pencil with such observations as "Excellent!" "A little tall!" "Doesn't have the ring of truth here!" "Write her about this." "Not so good!" "Might be improved!" "That's it!"

Now, it happened I did not see any of these pertinent, blue-penciled remarks until my attention was called to them by another editor who helps to make up my editorial bouquet, and to whom I sent the article off, post-haste, when it had been returned by the first editor. The second editor wrote me to come and see him, and then held that queer-looking manuscript before my eyes.

"Now," said he, "I don't agree with the remarks you have been to the trouble of putting on this manuscript. In the first place, I don't call that particular paragraph 'excellent,' nor do I think that there is anything 'tall' in this statement. Where you have written 'might be improved' I find your construction altogether blameless, and I rather like the whole article. But now tell the truth about this manuscript. What does it mean?"

I saw a twinkle of large suspicion in the second editor's eye, and so, without any hedging, I said—

"I expect it means it went to another editor before it came to you, and the other editor intended to use it and changed his mind. But I didn't know the marks were on it. The first page was quite clean, and as I thought it was just in your line, I sent it as soon as it was returned."

The second editor accepted and published the article. If he had not, he would not have been brought into my editorial bouquet. But that does not make

the offense of the first editor any the less serious. He has rejected three of my articles after marking them up in the same manner, and I have had to copy them over, as I have informed him. I now make duplicate copies of everything submitted to that particular editor.

Again to the book of names I turn, and I see the name of an editor who is always asking me to "try a little fiction" for him. He says he believes I would succeed with fiction, although I have never yet got out of the habit of writing only of things that really happened. For several years this editor has been urging me to "make up things" for his paper, and I have never yet done so, though I am a frequent contributor to his pages.

Now, I have mentioned that in the earlier part of my career in London I purchased a typewriter on the installment plan. Well, as the months went by, I managed with much economy and trouble to get the succeeding installments paid till I got to the last one, and for that installment, which was to make the machine my very own, I could not get the money. The people from whom I bought it waited most considerately for some time after the payment was due, but finally they sent a man to take it away. That was in the days of Dinah and the flat. The man was a very nice sort of person and truly sympathized with me, I think, when I told him I could not make my living if he took the typewriter away. Nevertheless he declared he must obey orders.

"It is now," I said, "twelve o'clock. Will you go away and let me use the typewriter till six o'clock, or

even five? I promise you that you shall then have the machine or the money."

"Certainly!" he answered, and he left the flat. I sat down and rattled off a story of a young woman who bought a typewriter on the installment plan. She earned her living by doing work for the newspapers. She could not pay the last installment, therefore she wrote a story about her troubles, and took the story to an editor, and he paid her for it on the spot, and so she saved her typewriter.

I had my story finished at two o'clock, and I carried it to the editor who is always asking me to "try fiction." He was very busy, but I insisted that the story was of a kind that must be read on the spot. He read it.

"That is a capital story!" he exclaimed when he had finished. "I always knew you could do fiction. I'll send you a check next week for it."

"But that will be too late," I said. "The typewriter will be gone then."

"What typewriter?" he asked surprisedly.

"Why, the typewriter that the story tells about. The man's waiting for the money, and if I don't carry it back to him he'll take the machine."

The editor sank back in his chair, gave me one stare, and then laughed long and heartily. "I don't know if I'd advise you to try fiction, after all," he said, and then he took his pen and wrote a check, and I went back and paid off the final installment on the typewriter.

Another editor on my list is one I call my "serious editor." He is a very busy man and always in deadly

earnest. I went to his office shortly after my return from America.

"Where have you been all this time?" he asked, "and what are you going to do for me now? Some really good work you ought to do."

"Yes," I answered, taking a seat. "I've been on the music-hall stage, but now I shall try to get into high-class drama and play Shakespeare."

"What!" he exclaimed, frowning terribly. "You've been on at the halls!"

He looked very pained, very serious. He is one of those who have always encouraged me to do "better things."

"I only meant I have been doing 'yellow journalism,' and now I want to write for your high-class magazine," I answered.

"Then why didn't you say so? Why mention the halls? Why frighten your friends?"

He is the typically serious Briton, this editor.

There is one editor on my list whose great kindness to me at a very trying time in my London career will always be one of my happiest recollections. He had asked me to write on a certain American subject for his periodical, and I had asked him whether on the completion of the article, it would be convenient for him to pay me before publication.

"Certainly," he said, "I will do it with the greatest pleasure."

When I was writing the article I found the subject a most difficult one to manage. I was to have condemned certain American things, certain American customs. I had not been in England very long

at that time, and I found it more hard than I had imagined it would be to criticise with a sharp-pointed pen any institution, however bad, that was a part of my own country. I feared also to offend certain persons in my native land. As a result, the article I wrote was useless for the purpose for which the editor had intended it. It was deplorably weak. I had "hedged," and in "hedging" I had spoiled my article. Yet, when I handed it to the editor I did not know of these faults. He sent me a check immediately, and then several weeks and a few months went by and I heard nothing of it, though I knew he had expected to make early use of it. Finally I wrote asking if anything were the matter with the article, and he asked me to call on him.

Was ever a great and distinguished editor so kind to a struggling contributor? "I found it would not do at all," he said, ever so gently. "I wanted something very strong and condemnatory, and you have written a bright article, but you have been afraid to say what you thought. You have 'hedged' terribly! It has seemed as though you were afraid to offend some of your countrymen. Now, let us read over some of these pages, and see if you don't agree with me."

We read it over together. He pointed out the mistakes, the weaknesses, the truly awful "hedging."

"Yes, I see it all now," I said. "I was afraid, as you say. I was afraid some of the papers in my country would pitch into me and hurt me in some ways. But I shan't mind it now. I'll take the article, now I see the mistakes, and I know I can make it

what you want. I'll re-write and revise it all. You have paid for a certain kind of article, and you have the right to demand it."

"I think I will not let you do that, though you offer," he returned, smiling. "I believe the kind of article I want is not the kind of one you ought to write in your present circumstances. You write for some of the American papers. You will not want to gain their enmity by criticising your own country's institutions. It may do you irreparable injury for this article to be printed. I hope the time will come when you will be independent enough to use your pen for principle for the sake of principle, whether or not it offend certain classes. But the time is not yet. You are not old enough, nor advanced far enough in your career to take such a stand. I will not publish the article I so desired, even if you write it for me."

I started back in horror. "Oh, but you have paid for it!" I exclaimed. I did not add that I had used the money to pay a very pressing debt, and that I had no means of giving it back to him, but I think he suspected it. He answered laughingly—

"That money is safe—well invested! Never fear! You will one day write for me such an article on this subject as will make us both glad that this one was a failure. I want you to feel that I have paid you that money as one pays a lawyer a retaining fee—to secure myself for the good, strong, non-hedging article you are going to write for me on this subject some time in the future, perhaps within the next five or

six years, when you are in such a position that you can and ought to write it."

Three or four years afterwards I wrote the article he desired. I did others on different subjects for him in the meantime, for which I was paid as though I were not largely in his debt. "I now pay you my debt," I wrote to him, when I finally felt that I was able to do what he wanted. "Thank you, thank you," he wrote back. "I find in reading your manuscript that you have paid me a very good rate of interest on my little loan!"

Good friends, indeed, I left in America, and good friends I came back to in England. Would that all struggling, half-discouraged women journalists might fall into the hands of such whole-souled Anglo-American editors as many of those for whom it has been my good fortune to work!

Again I turn over some of the pages of the book of remembrance on my desk. I can only mention a few of them out of the many. Here is the editor who always writes to me in a hurry. His letters are somewhat like telegrams, so brief and so to the point are they when he sends me an order for a "rush contribution."

"Can you not write me some typical American love-letters? I would not wish them to run to more than four or five pages. Faithfully yours——"

This was the startling communication that came to me from the "editor in a hurry," about a year ago. I considered it altogether too terse and abrupt, not to say brutal, even for an editor, to write thus on such a subject, even limiting one to the number of

pages on which she might express her feelings, so I dispatched the following answer:—

"I'm afraid I cannot. Your request is altogether too sudden. I had no idea that you would desire anything of this sort. Even if I attempted it, I greatly fear I could not suit you, and I certainly would not wish to be limited in this peremptory way. I would advise you to try an Englishwoman, who would be more apt to meet your peculiar requirements, than an independent American woman. Faithfully yours——"

Of course, a somewhat more lucid and enlightening epistle followed. It seemed that people of all nations were writing love-letters for publication, and he desired to print some samples of American literature of that sort. He added, "Of course, you see, I'm rather pressed for space, but if you can't manage it in four or five of your type-written pages, I could grant you a little more perhaps, but do be as brief as possible."

Certainly. But, as my "serious editor" asked in regard to the music-halls, why didn't the "editor in a hurry" say what he meant in the beginning?

There are many others. These are but sample blossoms from my "editorial bouquet."

CHAPTER XXV.

ON INTERVIEWING AND SOME INTERVIEWS.

It is one of my chief ambitions as a journalist to become a really excellent interviewer. That goal I have not yet reached, but it is one towards which I strive. Interviewing, or doing what in newspaper parlance is known as "personal write-ups," is, it seems to me, the most pleasant, interesting, and edifying branch of journalistic work that can be taken up by a woman. It throws her into contact with the great, the extraordinary, and the interesting people of the world.

I consider that, other things being equal, women make much better interviewers than men, for the reason that they are usually more tactful, and have—well, yes, I feel that candor compels me to admit it—a far greater amount of adroitness among their natural characteristics. They are also quicker and more apt at observing and taking account of the little things of life, and more capable of making "much ado about nothing" when they return to their offices after having been in conversation with a prominent personage. If a woman knows herself to have no tact, no adroitness, and has not the talent for turning small and apparently unimportant things into interesting "copy," then she should never attempt

the "personal write-up" department of journalism, for she cannot succeed in doing anything but boring her readers.

In the days when I was a "heroine" a young English woman journalist called to write me up after I had several times been interviewed by other papers. She found me sitting at my typewriter, but not writing, for there were four kittens, three weeks old, in my lap whose mother had forsaken them, and I was warming milk for them over a spirit stove, and feeding them with the milk, each in its turn, from an after-dinner coffee-spoon. Judge stood beside me, eyeing the proceedings with great interest, and as each kitten was sufficiently fed he would take it gently from my lap and carry it in his mouth across the room to the sofa, just as he had seen its mother do.

"I can't rise and shake hands with you properly," I said, laughing, to the young woman as she entered, "because, you see, I'm a woman of family, and I've got domestic duties!"

The young woman journalist took out a note-book, and when she was seated asked where I was born, where I was educated, what I had done in American journalism, and what was my opinion of the woman's movement, all of which things had appeared in the papers dozens of times before. How dry, how altogether uninteresting, were the facts relating to my birth, my education, and even my opinion of the "woman's movement"—if I had any, which I hadn't—compared with my feeding of the motherless kittens from after-dinner coffee-spoons, and Judge's carrying them about in mother-cat-like fashion!

There was that young woman's story, but she failed to grasp it.

Some time later another English woman journalist came to write me up. She had no note-book, and when I discovered that fact I made up my mind that she was a good interviewer, for the best interviewers do not carry note-books. They are the signs of an out-of-date, dry-as-dust journalism. Judge had met her at the door and conducted her to my sitting-room. She patted him, inquired his name, and said it was so singular for a dog she could not possibly forget it. We talked on all sorts of subjects. I told her the story of how I had once demanded to be treated like a man on the Southern paper, and some of my experiences in Peru. We had tea together, just like two women friends, and when she was leaving I said:—

"Of course, we've been talking informally, but I know you understand what I'd like to have go in print and what I wouldn't."

"Oh, yes! It will be all right," she said, "but if you wish, I could send you a proof of my article."

"Never mind about the proof," I returned. "I believe you to be the model interviewer, and I leave myself in your hands."

I could not have done better than to have left it all to her judgment, for such a bright, entertaining account of her visit to me did she write as to confirm my opinion that she was the model interviewer. She had the tact, the adroitness, the art of turning little incidents into entertaining "copy," and, being a student of character and human nature, she had

"sized me up" most wonderfully well. That was several years ago, and she is now one of the finest interviewers in England. Many are the newspapers and magazines I pick up to find in them her bright little personal sketches of people of the day, and I always know that she can turn even the most uninteresting interviewees into interesting "copy."

One of the great disappointments of my journalistic career has been that I was not able to interview Mr. Gladstone. It was my desire to write a character sketch of him for both an English and an American paper, and one day about six years ago I went to Hawarden Castle for that purpose. I carried with me a letter I had previously written, telling him that I was an American, that I desired not to interview him on any particular subject, but only to see him, that I might put my visit to him in my journalistic book of remembrance. At Hawarden Castle I sat on a chair in the hall. It was quite near another chair which, I fancied, had served as a tea-table for little Dorothy Drew, for on it was an apple-core and a bit of a broken dolly. The servant carried my letter to Mr. Gladstone while I waited in the hall, and he returned presently saying that he had delivered it and that his master would send his reply in a minute or two. My heart beat high with anticipation, for I believed that the Grand Old Man would see me. He could not, I thought, turn away an American woman who had gone so very far to see him.

I had waited, perhaps, ten minutes, when a carriage drove up to the Castle, and there alighted from it a woman, whom, from the portraits I had seen of

her, I recognized as Mrs. Gladstone. She had with her a little girl, doubtless Dorothy Drew. When she got into the hall she looked at me in amazement, then came towards me, very near, and observed me again, but she said not a word. She went a few steps and called to a servant. I thought I heard her ask, "Who is that young person?" He made some explanations which I knew referred to me and my motive for calling upon Mr. Gladstone, and she hurriedly went up the stairs. In two minutes there came to me the message by the servant.

"Mr. Gladstone's compliments, miss, and he regrets he cannot see you."

"Was Mrs. Gladstone the lady who passed me just now?" I asked.

"Yes, miss," he answered.

Had she prevented it? I do not know.

I was, I believe, the first woman journalist who ever interviewed that wily old Celestial, Li Hung Chang, and the first woman to whom he talked after he arrived in England. I had heard he was an early riser, so I got up very early one morning to call on him before I had my breakfast. When I asked for him at Lord Lonsdale's residence, they told me I had got there too late, that His Excellency was about to go driving.

"Please go and say to His Excellency that an American woman journalist called to see him before she had her breakfast, knowing that he was an early riser, and that she is sorry she got here too late. Tell him that the Americans are also early risers, and that the American woman will call on him to-morrow

morning at seven o'clock, and if that is too late she will call the next day at six, and if that's still too late, she will come the next morning at five, but that she *must* see him."

This was the message that gained for me admittance to Li Hung Chang, for in ten minutes the attendant had returned, saying:—

"His Excellency will be delighted to see the American lady."

He was very nice and polite, in his way, was Li Hung Chang, though instead of my being allowed to interview him, he interviewed me. When he asked me my age and my yearly income, I thought he was getting too personal and did not deserve to know the truth, so I added to my income all that I subtracted from my age, and when he demanded to know why I did not get married, I hedged as best I could. He gave me a medallion portrait of himself in a purple morocco jewel-box, and told me always to keep it memory of the Old Man of China. Notwithstanding all the things the Powers credited, or rather discredited, him with during the later days of the Chinese Question, how could I feel but kindly towards Li Hung Chang? For from England he went to America, and, being interviewed by the representative of a Chicago paper, he referred in a most complimentary way to an American woman who had interviewed him in London, and asked to be introduced to some more just like her. The gold might wear off of that medallion he gave me—indeed, when I look at it these days, I have sometimes thought it

was not quite so shiny as it was the day he gave it; and no matter what happened in China, I have always felt down in my heart a sneaking liking for the wily old man.

When I was employed on a New York paper, I went to Lewiston, Maine, to see Mr. Dingley, and tell him, what, as an American woman, I thought about his outrageous tariff bill, and "one-hundred dollar clause." I took along with me a lot of ribbons and laces that I had bought in London, and some that I had bought in New York, in order to give him an object lesson in the difference of prices, in the two countries. I called his attention to the hat I had bought for a guinea in London, and explained that in New York it would have cost twenty dollars. I told him how he was the cause of turning honest American women into smugglers. Mr. Dingley was about the most unreasonable and unconvincible man I ever interviewed. I did my best to get him to change his mind on the tariff question, and especially to have repealed the obnoxious hundred-dollar clause, but he was smiling adamant. However, I remember him as most kind, pleasant, and helpful, so far as giving me "copy" was concerned, and none laughed more heartily than did he, when my terrible arraignment of him as "The Enemy of American Womankind" appeared in the paper. When he died, four years ago, the little "In Memoriam" I wrote came from my heart. A kind, good man, and the typical American gentleman, was Mr. Dingley, of Dingley Tariff fame.

I have also the most pleasant recollection of an interview with the late Henry George. "What will you say about me?" he asked laughingly, after we had had a chat during the days when he was running for mayor of New York.

"I will say, Mr. George," I replied, "that I have interviewed an honest man, and that man was Henry George!"

"Ah, thank you! Success to you, my friend," he said as he shook hands. It was but a few days afterwards that I was sent to get some of the details of his sudden death, which came just at the end of that hard-fought municipal campaign, and I was very glad I had met him, and had been able to write my story of the Honest Man.

One of the pleasantest interviews I have ever had was with Sir Thomas Lipton, a little while before he made his attempt to "lift" the America Cup. Very chivalrous, very observing, very intent upon making his interviewer enjoy the process as much as he seemed to be enjoying it, did I find the great tea merchant. I went to his place at New Southgate, was met at the station by his carriage, and as I entered his door, he shook hands and said—

"Let me thank you for the compliment!"

"Compliment!" I answered. "Which one?"

"The wearing of the green!" he replied, bowing gallantly.

Then I remembered that I was wearing a green dress and a hat with three green feathers.

"Oh, yes," I returned promptly, "I wore my green

clothes purposely, in honor of my visit to the owner of the *Shamrock*."

To be sure, it was not true. I regret to say that my "wearing of the green" that day was an accident, but what woman would not stretch a point with her conscience when a man was so tactful, so diplomatic, and so observant, as to notice and speak about the color of her dress and ostrich plumes? With such an auspicious beginning the interview could not help proving a success, especially as my genial host went on to explain how he had taken his two favorite thoroughbred Kentucky horses from the stable, and sent them to meet his American visitor by way of paying a most especial compliment. He gave me tea of his own very best, and as we were about to drink it he said—

"Now, about that cup!"

Naturally I thought he referred to the cup of tea I held in my hand, so I said—

"Sir Thomas, it is yours! What more can I say?"

"That is very kind, though almost unpatriotic of you, an American woman, to prophesy that I shall win the America Cup!" returned Sir Thomas. Then I laughed, for it seemed we had been referring to two different cups altogether; but when the afternoon had passed, and the Kentucky horses were again brought out to take me to the station, we had another misunderstanding of the same sort. I had become great friends with Sir Thomas's little Pomeranian dog, which he had named "Shamrock" in honor of his boat, and the little dog was, of course, at the door when I took my leave.

"Well, Sir Thomas," I said, "good-bye. May the best boat win, and may the best boat be——"

I was springing into the carriage when I felt a tugging at my skirts and a gentle snapping at my heels. It was the sweet little Shamrock bidding me adieu, and I cried out—

"Oh, Shamrock! Shamrock!"

"That's right!" shouted Sir Thomas as I drove away, "I knew you would wish me luck!"

And what did Sir Thomas Lipton do but afterwards tell a story of an American woman journalist who had interviewed him, and when she was going away said to him—

"Good-bye. May the best boat win, and may the best boat be—*Shamrock!*"

From gay to sad, from smiles to tears. This is the way of life, and this is the way of my reminiscences of some that I have interviewed, for only recently there came to me news of the death of the first person I interviewed after I came to London nine years ago—the man who afterwards became my good friend, Sir Walter Besant. He was not "Sir Walter" then. I entered his office one day with all the self-confidence and assurance of the newly-arrived American girl in London, and going up to him as he sat at his desk, I said—

"I know you must be Mr. Besant. I just loved your *Children of Gibeon.* I'm an American, and I want to interview you on the subject of woman's sphere, so I can put it in the paper."

The kind-faced man rose, extended his hand in welcome, and laughed right heartily, as he said—

"I'm glad to see you. But you needed not to mention the fact of your being an American."

Then I interviewed him, and got his opinion of "woman's sphere," and was surprised to find him so very old-fashioned in his views of it. I earned a pound with that interview, and Mr. Besant wrote and complimented me.

Another time I went to him. It was while my serial, describing my experience as a housemaid, was appearing in one of the London papers. He had written, telling me how glad he was that I had started out in that work. Most of the critics were treating me very kindly indeed, but that day I had seen a notice which I thought was unjust, not to say cruel. I carried it with me to Mr. Besant, and as I talked to him of the troubles of my career as a housemaid, I grew very tearful.

"Never mind! Never mind!" said he. "Why, you have started out on a great work. It will do you good and all the working girls of London. You are going to do in real life what my heroines do in fiction. I shall take the greatest interest in watching what you do in London, for now you are one of my heroines."

So kind, so good, so encouraging was he, that I went away with a greater determination to do my best than I had ever felt before, and the next day there came a note from him, saying, "Don't get discouraged, but do your best, and read the next number of *The Queen*."

So I read the next number of *The Queen,* and I

found there a jolly, jingling little poem entitled, "The Lady Housemaid," by Walter Besant.

"The house and all about it, within and without it,
Its manners and its residents, we know;
Lines of houses, miles and miles—from the ground-floor to the tiles:
How they live and how they carry on their show.

"But the mysteries begin,—deep and dark and black as sin,
When you ask about the Cap and Apron ranks;
How they spend their busy days, what they think of Fashion's ways—
'Let me clear this mystery up!' said Miss Banks.

"So an apron white she made, and a cap, for which she paid,
And she humbly entered down the area stair;
And behold a Transformation! A Fairy tale in variation!
A housemaid, meek and mild, once lady fair!"

On through several stanzas went the little poem, telling how "She had a little book, and observations took," and how now the "lady housemaid" was going to tell the world all about it, "And receive the world's approval and its thanks."

Was there ever a kindlier thing done by a busy author for the sake of encouraging a struggling young woman just entering on her career? And in the years that followed, when Mr. Besant had become "Sir Walter," I went to him and wrote to him often, telling of my work, my successes, my failures, and received from him such kind words and letters of advice as helped me over many a rough place.

"Are you very busy, Sir Walter?" I used to ask, when I went to his office to ask his advice, or tell him of things that happened in my career or the careers of others in which I thought he would take an interest.

"Very, very busy," he would reply, smiling through his glasses, "but not *too* busy." The last time I saw him, a few months before his death, he told me how great was his interest in the "Atlantic Union" as a means of drawing together the United States and England. He explained how American and Canadian men of note, visiting England, were to be taken in hand when they arrived, and be given a "real good time," and shown all the sights by their English brothers. "Be sure you give my 'Atlantic Union' a puff whenever you can, in your letters over to the American papers," he said, in the same sort of simple, refreshing way that a young writer would ask for a newspaper notice. That was the very last thing he said to me, as I was going out of the door. It is a pleasant memory, that he should, for what proved to be his farewell message to me, admonish me to do what I could towards cementing the friendship between my country and his.

I am only one of the many belonging to the younger generation of writers, who have much for which to thank Sir Walter Besant. He was the friend of all members of his craft, but most especially of beginners.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ABOUT MY ENEMIES, AND THE MEANEST MAN I EVER MET.

When I started out to write my "memoirs" I took for my motto the advice which Mrs. Lynn Linton gave me a few years ago, on the occasion of my eventful interview with her—"Guard against bitterness and cynicism. Have faith and hope and charity, especially charity."

It has been my desire, in the main, to tell of pleasant happenings in my career, of kindnesses done to me, of helping hands held out, of struggles with difficulties, finally overcome, of silver linings discovered to my clouds. It was only the other day that, on my remarking that I had nearly finished the writing of my autobiography, one of my editors said to me—

"Ah! Now, I suppose, we must look out for squalls. I suppose in this book you have written up all your enemies and are going to pay off old scores."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I have been writing up my friends, and letting my enemies alone. I love my friends and despise my enemies, and I wouldn't give the latter the satisfaction of thinking that they or their doings were important enough to be put into a book."

I am just wondering now whether, having gone on

this principle, and said little or nothing about people who have done me "mean turns" during my journalistic career, I may not have given my readers the impression that I have only been brought into contact with good-natured, kind, amiable persons who have done their best to make things pleasant for me; that I have not known what it was to be harassed about with foes who "talked about me," tried to pull me down when I have been trying to climb, laid snares and traps for me, and did their best to compass my downfall. It may be thought that, in short, I can always truthfully be singing—

"Oh, everybody's awfully good to me!"

But this is entirely a misconception. Why, during my career at earning a livelihood, it has sometimes seemed to me that I have met more disagreeable, mean, wicked, and positively vicious people to the square mile than anybody else could possibly have met. The "mean turns" they have done me and tried to do me are without number. Enemies? Of course I have had, and probably still have, more of them than I could "shake a stick at." But I do not consider it my business to go about chastising them. I let them chastise themselves, which I have noticed they generally seem bound to do in the end, and then I triumphantly exclaim with David—

"He (or she!) made a pit and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he (or she!) made!"

This much, or rather this little, about my enemies. And now I will tell the story of *the meanest man I ever met.*

I am sorry to say that the meanest man I ever met was an American, though I hasten to add that he was the meanest man not because, but in spite, of his nationality. It is about ten years since I made his acquaintance, and it happened in this wise:—

Just before I came to London I was, as I have related in one of the earlier chapters of this book, employed as society editor on a prominent paper in one of our Southern towns, and one day, wishing to take a run over to New York, I said to the Colonel, the managing editor—

"I want to go to New York. May I use the 'pass-book'?"

"Certainly," he replied; "but it will not pass you beyond Philadelphia, which is only half-way. You can go there and back on it, but from there to New York and from New York back again to Philadelphia you will have to pay."

Inside the pass-book the managing editor slipped a little note which read: "To the conductor. This certifies that Miss Elizabeth Banks is society editor of this paper, and is entitled to use this pass-book between Philadelphia and this city, either way."

Now, if I had gone to New York contented with that, all would have been well with me; but, having got that help which stood for the remittance of half my railway fare, I determined, after the manner of Oliver Twist, to "ask for more"; so I wired on to a friendly politician in New York saying, "Please send pass both ways—New York-Philadelphia." I felt sure I would get that pass, for I had once given that gentleman a "write-up," and he had over-

whelmed me with thanks, and had told me that whenever I wanted to travel on a particular railroad I was to inform him, so that he could send me a pass. The next morning came a letter from him.

"I am only too glad to do this little service for you," he wrote. "I inclose the pass, which you will see is made out for my daughter, as I am not supposed to get passes for anybody except myself and the members of my own family. That, however, is all right. My daughter is about your age, and you can travel as my daughter."

When I started on that journey I used my passbook to Philadelphia. There, though I remained on the same train, a new conductor took charge because the train traveled to New York by a different road. I handed him my other pass, a paper on which was written "Pass Miss Blanketty Blank. New York to Philadelphia and return."

That conductor took the paper, tore it along the perforated line, handed me back a part of it, and I put it in my purse for the return journey.

On the last day of my stay in New York I went shopping, and spent all the money I had except about three dollars. I saved that amount to pay my parlor-car fee (for which no pass could ever be secured) and a late dinner on the train. The thought of arriving home penniless did not trouble me, for my week's salary would be due and waiting for me in the cashier's desk when I got back.

"Ticket, please," said the conductor, when I was seated in the train for the return journey.

"Pass!" I answered mechanically, handing him the

slip of paper which the conductor on the outgoing journey had returned to me when he took up my pass.

"This is no pass. It's a coupon torn off a pass!" said the conductor, when he had examined it.

I was astonished, but as soon as he handed it back to me for examination I saw that he spoke the truth. It was just such a voucher as one leaves in a check-book after tearing out a check. It had on it a number and the duplicate words, "Pass Miss Blanketty Blank, New York to Philadelphia and return," but no signature, no official stamp. I saw what had happened. My pass had said "New York to Philadelphia and return," when it should have been made out the other way—"Philadelphia to New York and return." In going to New York, the conductor had taken it for granted that I was returning there from Philadelphia, had kept my pass and given me back the voucher, which was nothing but a receipt for it. I explained all this to the conductor on the homeward journey.

"That may be true," he answered; "but that does not alter the fact that you will have to pay me the fare from New York to Philadelphia."

Pay the fare! Great heavens! I had only ninety cents, for I had already paid for my Pullman seat and for my dinner.

"I can't pay the fare!" I answered. "I haven't got it!"

"Then I'll have to put you off the train at the next depôt."

Now the "next depôt" was little more than a log cabin in the wilderness. A pretty plight, indeed, for

me to be turned off there at night, and in the thunderstorm which was raging. If I could only get to Philadelphia I knew I would be safe, for a new conductor would take on the train. I would give him my proper newspaper pass-book, and I would be myself again. This, however, I could not admit to the present conductor, for to do so would be to confess that I had been traveling to Philadelphia under false pretences. The trouble this would cause me would be slight compared with what would ensue for my friend Senator Blanketty Blank, who had given me a pass made out for his daughter.

"I wish you would let me go on to Philadelphia," I said persuasively, to the conductor. "I have friends there with whom I could stop over night while I telegraphed home for money.'

"Can't do that," he replied; "but I'll tell you what I can do. I will telegraph to your father if you will give me his address."

My father! It suddenly occurred to me that the conductor was referring to the eminent Senator Blanketty Blank.

"He's not in New York," I answered; "he is on the road to Chicago, so you could not reach him. Let me think a minute, let me think!"

"You'll have just twenty minutes to think in, Miss Blank," replied the conductor, sneeringly, "and then off the train at the next depôt you go!"

"You seem to be in trouble. Can I assist you in any way?" I heard a voice saying, as the conductor moved down the corridor. I knew it must be the voice of the man who sat in the chair opposite me,

for we two were the only occupants of the car. My heart leaped for joy as I looked into his face. Here was my deliverer! I would give him my card, and tell him my story, and he would laugh, after the manner of a gallant American knight rescuing an American maiden in distress. I liked his face. It seemed kind and benevolent, though in his dress and manner he looked a veritable man of the world.

"Have you heard the conversation between me and the conductor?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"You can render me great assistance," I returned; "but if I accept it, I must take you into my confidence and tell you the whole truth, which I dare not tell the conductor. May I confide in you?"

"Most certainly you may!" he replied.

Thereupon I told him everything; how I was not Miss Blanketty Blank at all, but only myself. I gave him my proper card and showed him my newspaper pass-book, and my editor's letter of identification.

"Have you no money at all?" he asked.

"Ninety cents!" I said, laughing.

"The fare to Philadelphia is two dollars and eighty-five cents, is it not?" he asked; "and I take it you would like to borrow one dollar and ninety-five cents?"

I answered that this was the fact, though I wondered how I was to get home from the station when I arrived at the end of my journey.

"Very well. I am able to make you this loan, of which you seem to stand greatly in need; but you are a stranger to me, and how do I know I shall ever

get it back again? A few minutes ago you were passing yourself off as the daughter of Senator Blank. Now you show me papers that would go to prove you to be some other person! How do I know you are that person either, instead of an adventuress trying to get a railway journey for nothing?"

He looked serious enough, but I judged he was one of our dry American humorists, and I laughed. There was, however, no answering laugh, and I was puzzled.

"I will lend you the dollar and ninety-five cents if you can give me collateral, something of equal value, which I can keep in case you cheat me."

"I cheat you!" I exclaimed angrily. "Have I not shown you a letter testifying that I hold a responsible position on a prominent paper? My salary awaits me in the office, and you will receive your dollar and ninety-five cents to-morrow by registered letter."

"Excuse me, but, as I said before, you have been traveling in a dishonest manner, and I am not willing to trust you without collateral. I notice that you have a ring on your finger. I am willing to take that as collateral and give you a receipt for it. It will, I presume, cover the amount of your indebtedness to me."

My ring worth one dollar and ninety-five cents! My ring with its diamonds surrounding a turquoise! Dared I pawn it for my fare to Philadelphia?

"You say you do not know but I am intending to cheat you," I said. "May I remind you that this ring is worth a goodly sum of money, and ask how

I am to know you are not a highwayman trying to rob me?"

"Here is my card," he replied, handing me a pasteboard. "I am quite indifferent as to whether you accept my offer or refuse it. If you do not accept it you will be put off at the next depôt, and if you do accept, it must be on the terms I have mentioned. I never lend money to anyone without security."

My brain was in a whirl, and I was getting frightened. "I accept your offer," I answered. "Please give me a receipt for it and the money to pay my fare. I will send you the money as soon as I arrive home, and I suppose I shall have my ring back at once."

"Certainly!" he replied, handing me a pencil-written receipt and the money. Then I paid the conductor. At Philadelphia the man with my ring got out. The old conductor also left the train, and to the new one I gave my pass-book, which took me on.

From the station to the office I walked through the pouring rain, and found the editors and reporters still at work. To them I told the story of my return trip, and how I had pawned my ring for one dollar and ninety-five cents to a man of whom I had never before heard—a man who had given me in return a pencil receipt written on the back of a card which gave a name and an address in Philadelphia. At first my *confrères* laughed, but suddenly they grew serious. They supplied me with the money that was needed, but declared that I had better keep it, for I had no doubt been made the victim of a swindler. We got the money off to Philadelphia that morning, and I

waited two days for my ring. The ring I valued, not because of its monetary worth, but because of its associations, and when the second day passed I became a fit subject for a lunatic asylum. On the third day I sent four telegrams after it, and numerous members of the staff offered to go to Philadelphia to try to trace it and the swindler, but when they considered that it must become publicly known that I had traveled as somebody else, and that the eminent politician must be placed in a predicament, that plan was abandoned.

On the morning of the fourth day my ring arrived, and with it a letter, which read as follows:—

"MADAM—The heading of the paper on which I write will show you the responsible position I hold as superintendent of the —— Sunday School, and a worker among the poor and the erring ones of this great town, as well as the business firm of which I am the head. The principle which governs all my actions is that of trying to do good and teach lessons of righteousness. I took your ring, and have kept you waiting thus long for it, in order to give you a lifelong lesson never to travel under false pretenses again. I knew who you were from the moment I saw you, even before you had your trouble with the conductor, having seen you at a reception in your city, and had you pointed out to me by a friend. I knew, of course, you would send me back the money you borrowed, but I took your ring to make you worry, and so punish you for the sin you committed by traveling with a pass made out for another person.

I hope the lesson will not be without good results and an effect on your future life and character.

"Yours very truly, ——."

I could, if I would, give the name of a man well known in the city of Philadelphia, as the writer of the above letter, but I am not too cruel, and I content myself by putting him in this book as the meanest man I ever met.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LOOKING BACKWARD—AND FORWARD.

As I come to the final chapter of my reminiscences, which take in a journalistic career of something over a decade, I find there is a tendency to retrospection—a looking backward. Again I see myself as I stood in the door of the proprietor's office in that newspaper building out West, asking the white-haired man who sat at his desk, "Do you own the paper?" Again I hear him say—

"A newspaper girl! A newspaper girl! Don't think of it! Be anything, but don't be a newspaper girl."

Yet I did think of it. I became a "newspaper girl," and I am not sorry.

Still, I can appreciate the kindly motive of the wise old man in thus warning me off at the threshold. He peered into the future, he saw the struggles, the hard tasks to be performed, the tears, the tragedies, the plucking at the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the learning somewhat of the mysteries of life, the sins, the sadnesses, which must come into my experience, once I had started on the way, so in pity he said to me, "Go back to the grocer and tell him you made a mistake when you said you were going to be a newspaper girl."

Then, as I was not to be turned back, he took me

on and gave me my start—a better start, a kinder start, a more helpful start, it has often seemed to me, than falls to the lot of many girls who begin the life journalistic.

However, I do not think it can be said by those who read this description of the part of my career through which I have already passed, that my experience has been an altogether easy one, or that whatever of the beginnings of success I have already attained, has been the result of luck rather than of hard work.

I speak of the "beginnings of success," for that is all I yet can claim. I am far from that point in my career where it could be truly said of me that I had "arrived" in the proper sense of the term, though in one way I have "arrived"—arrived at the parting of the ways. Up to the present time I have always been engaged in writing about facts, when I have longed to try my hand at something in the way of fiction. My editors and the public have constantly demanded of me that I should go out and "make things happen." They have kept saying to me, "Write about yourself. Write about yourself."

So, up to the present, I have been engaged mostly in writing about myself, and have, perforce, been my own "heroine," till finally I decided to write this, my journalistic autobiography, down to date, and tell all about myself in one book, at one writing, and hereafter it is my intention to begin to "make up things," and write stories with other heroines than myself, and heroes, too. Most writers would, I suppose, have waited till the far-off future before telling the story

of their lives and their experiences to the public. Then they would have written a book of memoirs that would extend over a much longer period than do these, my reminiscences, which I publish while I am a struggling, working, woman journalist, to help to keep the pot a-boiling, while I press towards the prize of the mark of my high calling.

For it is a high calling. Shame to those journalists who write to aspirants who would enter a journalistic career: "If you have enough money to buy a broom with which to sweep a crossing, then become a crossing-sweeper rather than a journalist!"

Who has not read this sort of advice from men, and some women, too, who themselves are successful journalists, yet who try to belittle their profession by speaking thus meanly of it?

No, it is not better to be a crossing-sweeper than to be a journalist! I, perhaps, can speak more authoritatively in this matter than can most persons, for I have been a crossing-sweeper as well as a journalist!

To any young woman who asks me whether she shall enter upon a journalistic career, I say, "Yes, if you are ready." I do not say that you should come by all means, under every circumstance. I say, *come if you are ready.*

The yoke is not always easy, the burden is not always light, but neither are they so in any other profession. If you are ready to work and ready to live, why not become a journalist? Not more ignorant of the world and of life, nor more tremblingly fearful, not more hopeful than was I at the beginning, can

you be now, so let not your heart be too much troubled at the outset. Come and learn, learn better than you can in any other profession open to our sex, what life, great, wide, teeming life, out in the world of men and women, is like. It will do you good. You belong, perhaps, to the Guild of the Sorrowing. Something of sadness has already come to you, and you think your heart will break unless you can work and forget. Come out with me, then, and look upon the sorrows of your sister women, you who hug your little tragedy to your breast, as though no woman but you ever had a tragedy. Look you! See how others suffer and yet live—yet smile, and talk no more of *your* breaking heart. Why, in this work-a-day world—

> "Hearts do not break;
> They sting and ache!"

Nor is that all. Not only into Haunts of the Sorrowful must you go. You must enter also into some of the Haunts of Sin, and even this will not harm you. It will do you good. It will but teach you charity. It will show you how much are we all the creatures of circumstance. You will learn that you might have been as others, had the circumstances, the temptations, the trials, the hereditary influences, which surrounded those others, confronted you. Your work may take you to talk through prison bars to men and women condemned, perhaps, to death for murder, or to years of servitude for forgery, robbery, and it will not hurt you to talk with them, to learn something of their former lives. As I have said, it will do you good, for it will strengthen your character, while making your heart more tender.

Shall you enter upon the journalistic career? Yes, if you are ready! Why not?

* * * * * *

Ah, there is a knock at my door! Though I have written a sign upon it—"KEEP OFF THE GRASS"—by which everyone is supposed to understand that I am engaged in writing the last chapter of my Autobiography, and am not to be disturbed, the house parlormaid walks in and says—

"Miss, the man has brought the gas bill. He says if it is not paid by Friday——"

* * * * * *

I could not finish this chapter until after I had stopped, right in the midst of it, to hurry off a "pot-boiler" to bring in the price of gas consumed. As I have already said, I have not yet "arrived," and therefore I must still call myself a writer of "pot-boilers."

One of the pleasant things to contemplate just at this stage of my career is the fact that I have got to the point where I can rattle off a "pot-boiler" very quickly, and I generally have a pretty good idea of where to send it to insure its acceptance. That I count as one of my greatest blessings, one of the encouraging aspects of my present position. I look forward to a time when I shall not have to write "pot-boilers," and need not be disturbed when I am finishing up a book by such commonplace, unromantic, and altogether inartistic announcements as that with which the house parlormaid just broke in upon my work.

However, there are far worse things in life than to

be obliged to write "pot-boilers." A very much more worrying thing would be not to know what to do with them when they were written, and to have them returned with editorial regrets after they were sent out. My "hard-up editor" tells me that the "pot-boilers" I send him are among my best contributions to English literature, and that he looks forward with dread to the time when I shall have become so prosperous that I need not write any more of them.

* * * * * *

The house parlormaid has disturbed me again. She has brought a long, large envelope, the sort in which I send out my contributions, and the sort, also, which I inclose, stamped and self-addressed, for their return, if unsuitable. It has an American fifteen cent stamp on it. It is a magazine article returned from my native land, and here is the editorial note that is inclosed with it:—

"This thing won't do—that is, in its present British shape. Lend me your ears, my countrywoman, while I tell you that my circulation is entirely among Americans who want *good hot stuff!* I don't exactly want you to twist the lion's tail, but I do want you, as an American woman over there right on the spot, to pitch into 'em. Try those pages over again where you see I have put the words 'too tame.' Give it to John Bull, for he's all wrong there, and it will do him good to be shown what's what. And by the way, I send you by this mail an American Spelling Book, the kind you and I used to study when we went to the District School. Kindly refresh your spelling

apparatus with it, and note that 'favor' is not spelt with a *u* in it, and please correct various other of your English-spelt words, for I will not have our compositors losing their wits over what they call 'furrin tongues' whenever they have anything of yours to set up. And why in the world have you got into that abominable English habit of writing 'I *fancy*'? I *guess* you mean that you *think,* and why don't you say so? Don't go to losing your Americanism over there, and for Heaven's sake hang on to your accent, if you've got any left! Remember you are a citizen of the United States Empire, and don't go to losing any of the visible signs and symbols to that effect which you have been wont to carry about you. And hurry up and re-write those Anglo-maniac paragraphs, and send back your stuff by the next mail."

I put my head on my typewriter and laugh as I finish the reading of this characteristic epistle from my countryman. Then I note his postscript: "Inclosed, find encourager!"

The "encourager" is a check for sixty dollars. After all, I really do find myself singing—

"Oh, everybody's awfully good to me!"

that is, I mean, *almost* everybody, in the shape of editors and "such." Did I not get another article back this morning from one of my favorite English editors? Yes. And this is what he wrote:—

"I consider this article the best thing you ever submitted to me. Nevertheless, I want you to write it all over. By re-writing it I feel sure you will note several things you can greatly improve, without my

telling you what those things are. I have a feeling that you have hurried it, just a little, probably because you have that Autobiography of yours on hand, and as I wish this to be of your very best, I am taking the liberty of putting you to this trouble. I do this as your friend, not as your editor, for, were I but a hard-hearted editor, I should run it into my next number, which I very much desired to do, even though I knew it did not do you justice. Do not rush it, but take your time over it, and may I suggest that you make some of the passages a little less American in their point of view?"

So here I am, with two articles returned, not rejected, but to be re-written. My American editor wants "good hot stuff" written more from the American point of view, "pitching into the British," and hurried up to be sent by the next mail. Well, he shall have it. How can I take his "encouragers," and not give him what he considers their value? And besides, the British do need "pitching into" upon certain subjects.

My English editor wants my article to be of my very best from a literary point of view, and I expect I was a little too "spread-eagle"-like in certain of my paragraphs! He shall have what he wants, too. I will take my time over it, and revise and polish till it shines and shines, and perhaps after a while I shall become what they call a "stylist"!

* * * * * *

And here, brought up to my study, for "company to tea," in a flannel-lined, straw-upholstered basket,

is a black mother-cat with five coal-black kittens. I call them my "lucky literary kittens." They were born in my waste-paper basket in my study. Their mothe was a "stray." That is, I found her sitting on the front step one afternoon, and I invited her to come in. That was several months ago, and one morning she repaid me for my hospitality by introducing me to her five black kittens as I was sitting down at my desk and happened to look into the waste-paper basket. I have great ambitions for these kittens. As they were born into a journalistic atmosphere I wish them to continue to live in that atmosphere all their lives, so I am trying to dispose of them among various London newspapers as office cats. I have called upon and written to several editors in their behalf, and as soon as they are old enough to leave their mother, I have no doubt I shall have them all well placed. Three are already "bespoke," and although one of my editors yesterday declined one with thanks when I offered it to him along with a manuscript, he has very kindly written a story about them, in which he has called upon his contemporaries to come to the rescue and take them off my hands. They are really lucky kittens to me personally, for I have just got a check for a story I wrote about them and their mother, which I have entitled "The Luck of the Black Cat."

Meanwhile, I have the kittens on my hands for several weeks, and very glad I am of their company. Now they jump out on to the floor, joyous, full of life and spirit! They perform wonderful feats at boxing and tail-chasing, and sometimes they climb up to my desk and upset the ink-bottle and create

havoc among my papers. How could one be utterly cast down or remain long in a fit of "the blues" with five kittens having such a glorious time of it, blinking their little blue eyes in mischief, opening them wide with wonder and curiosity?

* * * * * *

Where's Judge?

"Judge! Judge!" I cry out. "Where are you, Judge? Ah, here you are, trotting over to my desk, putting your beautiful, silky black head into my lap, looking up at me with your love-lit eyes! How could I think for one instant that you would fail to be here, close by me, my dearest, sweetest, most faithful friend, when I add the last touch to these 'memoirs' of ours? How shall we end them, Judge? Happily? Well, let's try, for happy endings are much desired. People want to feel glad, not sad, in the remembrance of a book. But our difficulty is that we have been treating of facts, not fiction. If it were a story we had made up, we would now pull the strings, and bring all our puppets together in the last chapter, give apples and peanuts to the good ones, make the bad ones fall over a precipice, and good riddance to them. But we haven't any puppets in this book. We've been writing only about real people and real dogs, and we can't pull the strings and bring them all together and deal with them according to their deserts.

"Some of them came into our life, and went out of it, just like

> "'Ships that pass in the night,
> And speak each other in passing,'

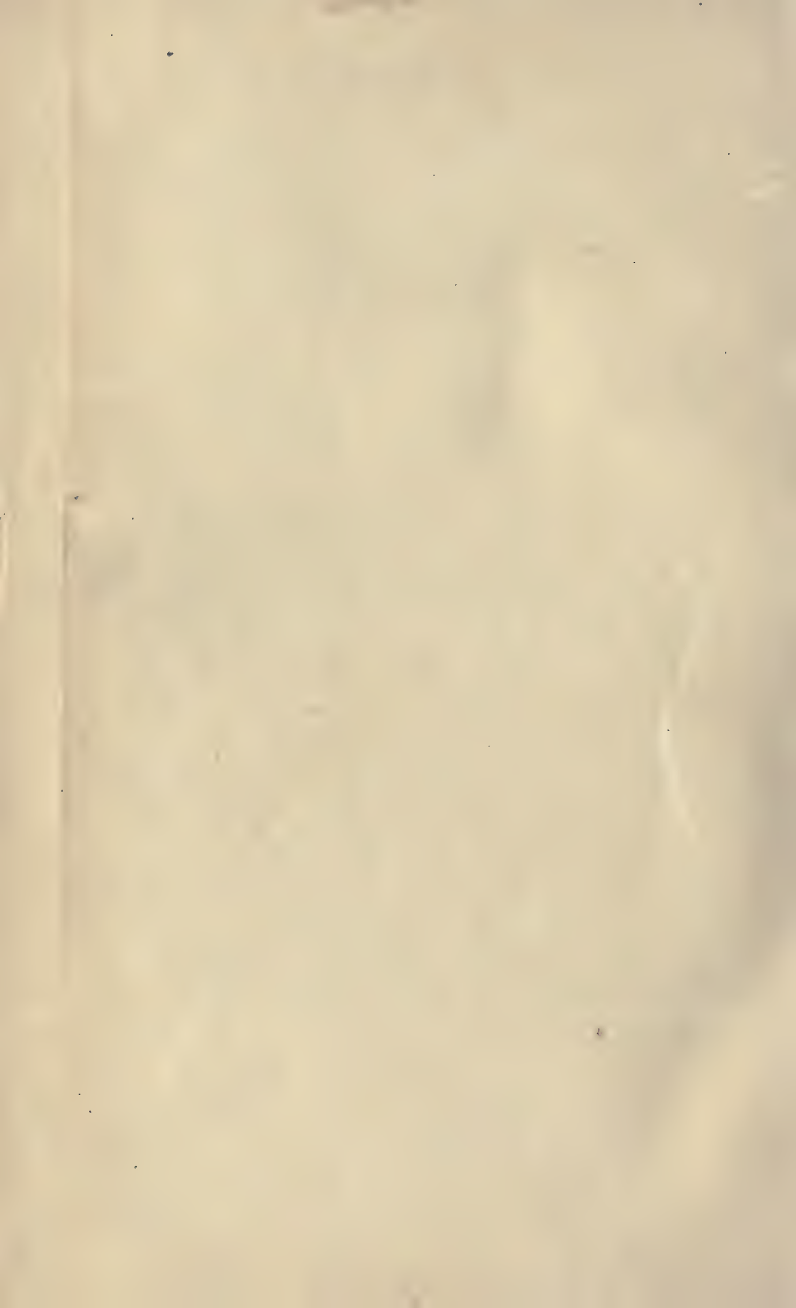
then out on the Ocean of Life they went, toward what distant shore we know not. Ah! would we not call some of them back, Judge, if we could? For instance, now, would we not like to have dear old Dinah back with us? You prick up your ears at her name, don't you? She was one of our very greatest friends, wasn't she? But even she had to pass on, after speaking to us for a little while. She thinks she's doing right, poor old Dinah, taking in washing and ironing and going to camp-meetings, and, as she writes us, 'getting ready to go to heaben by-em-by.'

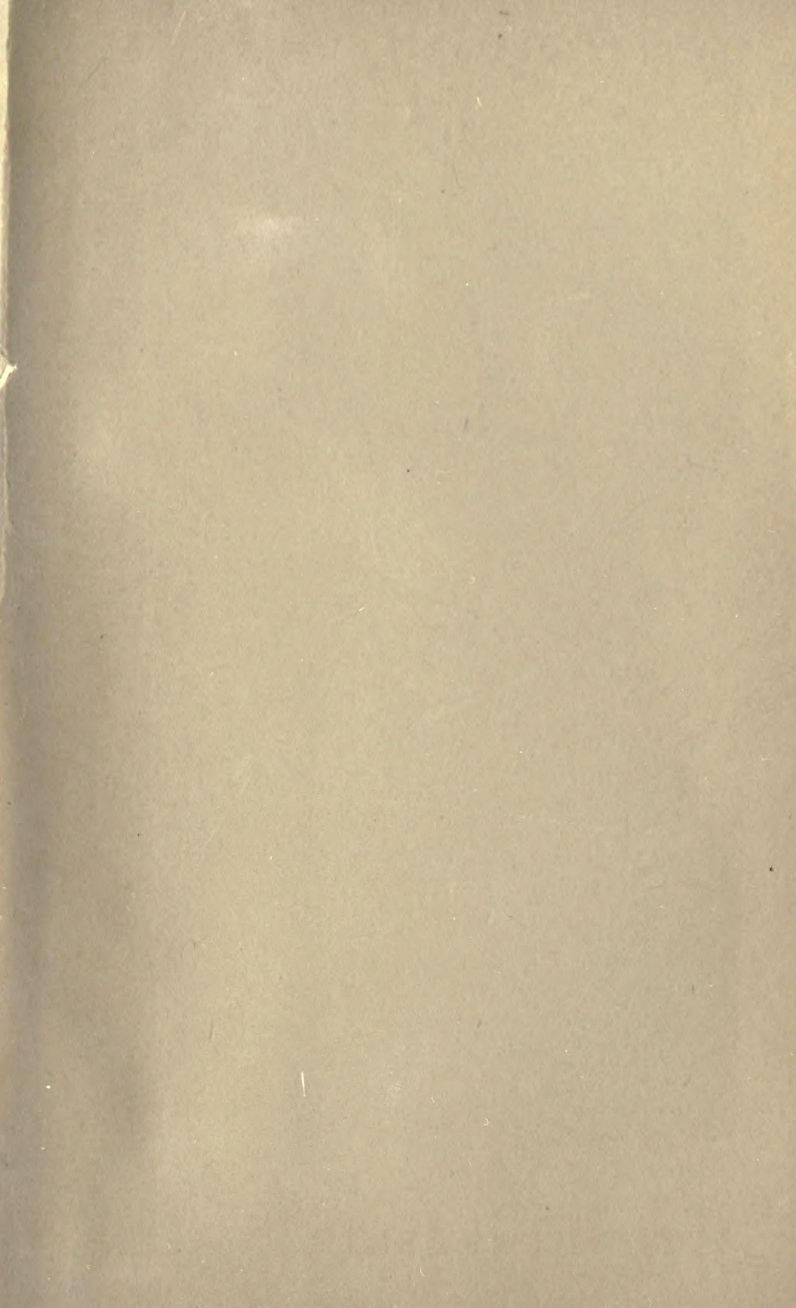
"Just you and I together, Judge, left here to tell our story, as far as it has gone, I the 'heroine,' you the 'hero.' In most books they somehow manage that the hero and the heroine shall be left together at the end, living happily ever after. Shall we not manage that, too, Judge, you and I?

"What's that you're saying, with those speaking eyes of yours? Getting to be an old dog now—thirteen years old last birthday? Why, Judge, what of that? You make me laugh, laugh through my tears, as I stroke your dear head and note the gray that mingles with the black about your ears.

"Listen, sweet Judge! You and I are not of those who dare to measure the love and power of our Creator in such a way that we'd make Him the God only of the two-legged. No, indeed! You and I are going to live happily together ever after."

THE END





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